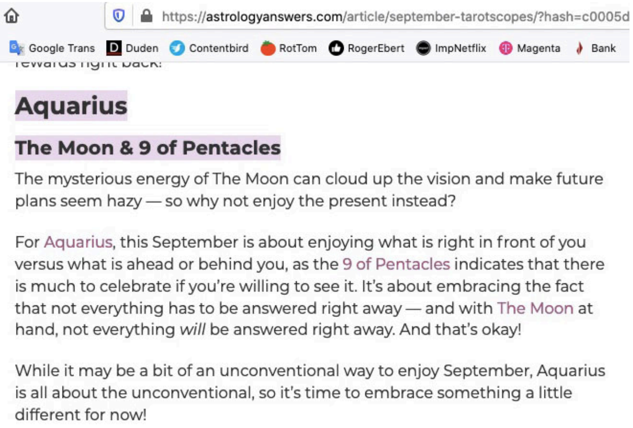
CONTACT DIARY PART 5

September 1, 2020 – February 7, 2021

Original writing with pictures inserted. – Jo Danieli, 2020/2021

September 1, 2020

Fucking September again. I haven't looked at my **horoscope** for many weeks, but today I felt compelled … and here I am, connected to Bob, my "moon".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Aquarius

The Moon & 9 of Pentacles

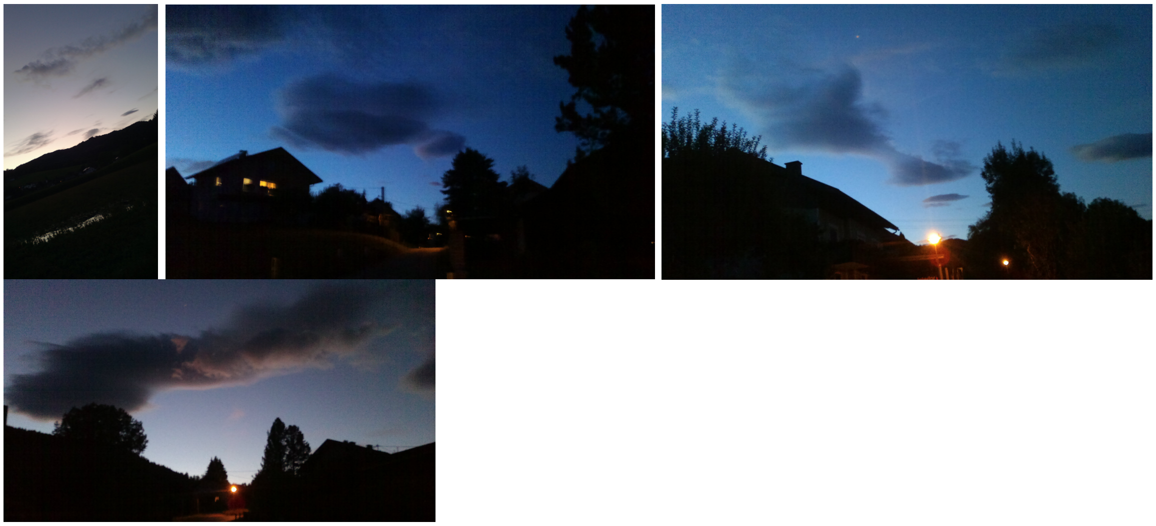
The mysterious energy of The Moon can cloud up the vision and make future plans seem hazy — so why not enjoy the present instead?

For Aquarius, this September is about enjoying what is right in front of you versus what is ahead or behind you, as the 9 of Pentacles indicates that there is much to celebrate if you're willing to see it. It's about embracing the fact that not everything has to be answered right away — and with The Moon at hand, not everything *will* be answered right away. And that's okay!

While it may be a bit of an unconventional way to enjoy September, Aquarius is all about the unconventional, so it's time to embrace something a little different for now!

The sky gave me all kinds of winks today … but I feel kind of exhausted. There was some amazing wild **sky writing**.

Did recognize, in the evening, the mirror image of a **puddle** in the sky. And some kind of paw. And clouds “**holding hands**”, and other clouds expressing a real strong **connection**.



September 2, 2020
Walked the treehouse field … found a light blue **plastic butterfly.**

Yup, and a **dog poop bag**, just when I needed one. Bob would have gotten a kick out o fit.

Went all the way to the Griffen **seminary**, an **adorned door** seemed a sign … very pathetic one, too, but then, I’m sad on such a deep level.

Happened to run in to A. with Marshall and little Isabel on the way back, so my wish came true partially to be out with M. again, and he hand Jacqui were able to run and sniff together for a few minutes. Little guy came to me immediately … not to A. It was so touching, he is so thin that little dog and is desperate for getting out and moving more.

I was very friendly, haven't mentioned anything about the stalking, I'll have to play them.

I had talked to Fe seriously about her helping me with Marshall. Maybe that's already a part of it? A manifestation of me imagining being with Marshall again, along with Jacqui? They did immediately run around together, played and sniffed … it was so sweet. I could tell how Andrea has no clue about the dog, she said, whiney, how „wild“ Marshall was. And I had to bite my tongue not to break out that he isn't „wild“, he just doesn't have enough opportunity to run and do dog stuff. People are so dumb, it hurts.

I enjoy watching "Criminal Minds" and the gruesome murders …

I've been coming across full and rich fruit trees, but people just let the fruits drop and throw them away. Unbelievable. I'm always looking for plums … but the ones I find are wormy ….

September 3, 2020

Velden. Swimming in Saissersee lake.

A moment with my mother when I could clearly see her … change. Like the expression in her eyes seemed to change, and she talked as if we hadn't just talked about the same topic minutes before. It was very hard to watch. At times I think she is improving, but then she seems to be so limited in her thinking, again.

On the highway to Velden, I saw the license plate number "**WO 222 BZ**" and back: the same car again, same car license plate number, too.

And there was a **horse-transporter** … I worried for the horses.

I had seen the **car with a skull-pendant** at the mirror at a Griffen parking lot again.

Talked to Bob coming from Saissersee about 911, our "September 11", the last time we saw each other … and just then a car drove by me from the opposite direction, "**OKAY 11**". Then "**GB 2**".

*(**Note**: On October 31, I'm editing this for putting pictures into the text, and wow, there was an incident with a **horse-transporter** today, and a car with "**WO K 222**".)*

(Later)

Watching "**Criminal Minds**", season 3, episode 9 (having skipped several) … it's all about „everything happens for a reason“, and a person is being ***shot and close to death and sees her life pass by her***. She is saved, and in the course of the events he meets a man who will be her future partner.

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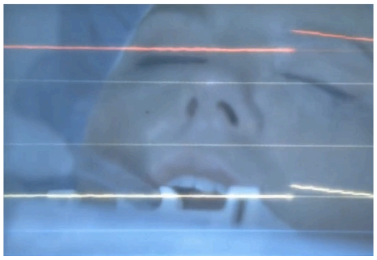


Today, driving, I was imagining how I would meet and work with Keanu Reeves. It sounds crazy, even to me, but I really want this, and I feel it has to be.

I must really keep myself from flashing back to September 2018. It was horrible, back then, to know that Bob's and my time was running out …

Today I had such a dense and clear feeling of his presence in the morning, that it was breathtaking.

I'm feeling pretty healthy these days, clearer than last month … so I'm assuming I'm on to some … I don't know, big fucking final task so that all the shit makes sense that Bob and I and our families have gone through … my little mother who never got to be with the love of her life … I hope and want to trust that she'll be with her true love in the beyond. I want that everything has meaning and is part of my own plan …

When I'm watching those TV crime dramas I realize more and more that ***in mortal life it's all about the soul getting rid of the physical shell again.*** It's **all** about this. *Disease is a tool. Cancer is a tool.* The network of humans and of creatures generally is all about killing each other … because not everyone is supposed to live out all of his or her or its natural life span.

And if people – killers – claim that they feel it their „duty" because of „voices" to kill others, maybe that's actually something true. Of course these people are crazy, but craziness is only a state of the mortal mind, and there is a reason why people are crazy. They have roles in their mortal phases too. ***What if some people's role is to help someone else's soul to get rid of the body?***

Also … all the plants … I walk through the meadow and see all those edible plants … it's all made to feed our bodies …

Today swimming in the crystal clear forest lake I watched my naked body and felt it move … and it really felt like I'm working it, and that I have it … but not that I „am" that body. I use it. It's mine. But it's not me. Later I put my hand next to my dog on the floor … and it was just a hand. I knew it and I appreciated it. But it was a piece of something.

I'm really getting into the full realization of what I really am. Consciousness, living through a phase in the obstructed universe. I know it.

I also know and realized today that if it was really possible to „visit" the beyond in our sleep, this would have long been a big deal in science and philosophy … but it's not possible. Not the way we'd like it.

Recently I keep remembering many things about my life that happened before I met Bob.

I also keep realizing how people kept disappointing me all through my life, it's like I have never found the people - except for Bob - you'd be truly interested in anything I was and am all about.

Today my mother said to me that I have nice hair.

That was almost like a shock. She'd never say that normally, she'd always be critical of me. So … it was nice. But it showed me, how she is not who she used to be. Breaks my heart, mostly in the morning, after waking up, when I really have to try and figure out what all this is about, life.

This morning … *flashing back to Maui* … I experienced that strange crazy wave of anticipation again, I was looking forward to be on Maui and with Bob in our beloved housie again … and Bob was around me doing so many of his typical things, saying typical things … it was painful and nauseating to „land" again … in the here and now.

Looking at my mother I realize that I must make a habit of getting used to the thought that her mortal phase is winding down. So is mine.

I don't like that she has a backache. Today she told me that she had driven to town (Velden) because of her cell phone … so in her way she tries to be among people, going shopping every day, going to the hair dresser's every third Saturday, … but she won't take walks with me or do anything.

This is hard.

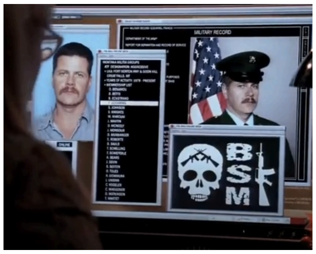
I do want to have a big and wide home where she could live and where I could take care of her or have someone take care of her … same is true for my father and Edith … even they don't give a shit about me. I have some weird kind of generous peaceful bout of attitude right now … very strange compared to the bitter vengefulness of the past weeks.

The moon is in Aquarius now … I'm totally with Bob.

I look up from writing sometimes and straight ahead as if he was here. He is, according to everything I've learned. But to think that he is invisible … wow, my mind sometimes feels so numb.

I really need a big kind of success … soon, to move forward powerfully.

Found a **stone** with ***tiny seeds*** on it. Somehow it touched me. Also there was a scene with a "skull" on "Criminal Minds" in some episode … doesn't mean anything. Probably just my awareness, because I saw that skull pendant on the car mirror today.



September 4, 2020 – **The Pink Striped Stone & Raised by Wolves**

I cried a lot today, walking with Jacqui along the creek. I told Bob that he got to really really let me know and prove to me that everything that happened was supposed to happen and serves a very good purpose. I want him to let me know if I'm on the right track, and if everything is going according to plan. There was a **bent plant stem**, so oddly bent upward again after having grown into a direction unusual for a plant … it made me think of forces …

To our plan, that is. That we made in the beyond before we both chose to be reborn to bring about the advancement of the project „the bridge".

I felt so sad, so sad … I reminisced in detail how it was to come home to housie … the smells, the sounds, what we would do and say … Jacqui looked at me, worried. I lied down on the small wooden bridge over the creek, just after its two arms had connected … and it was the spot where Jacqui, Marshall and I had had good times … I felt more sad because I knew the little dog was behind his fence, nobody walking him.

Lying on that bridge listening to the water, I looked at the clouds … and plane just crossed above me, and Jacqui snuggled up to him …

When I feel that he is getting anxious, I just can't let myself drop into any kind of „down" anymore. So I got up, drove us home.

The evening walk brought the surprise. A man at a house in the neighborhood where I walk by all the time offered me freshly picked plums from Lavant valley … wow! I had so much wanted plums, and he gave me the most perfect ones! So sweet, no worms! I was so baffled. We talked about how horrible it is that people waste all those fruits … a nice man. I keep seeing his wife around. So that was sweet. I brought the bag of plums (at least 2 kilos) home and walked on.

And there: at a corner of two streets, where I often go, a new stone was standing, with the transportation belts still around him! A beautiful **stone with white gray and pink stripes**!

Wow, I thought! A new stone on my path, a cornerstone … and a very strange **pointed arrow cloud** pointing West … and a **wing cloud** emerging … and a little later, as I walked up Schlossberg, I looked back to the area where the stone had been, and the **sky was striped pink**! Like the stone had been striped pink!

Okay, today I'm really in need for messages … but I'm inclined to read „Dani, you are on the right path, I was a ***cornerstone*** for you."

Like that helps.

I did notice that **stone well** that I walk by so often … it wants to tell me something …

I started watching a new TV-series called „**Raised by Wolves**“, it’s sci-fi about androids raising humans on a new planet … and I was so reminded of the scenarios I had described in „Regents of Clouds“ … I started to fee nauseous with anxiousness … I just must get someone powerful to produce and finance it …

I need must want to do this! It has to be! I have the best sci-fi-franchise ever. I want to manifest it. I must. It’s my kuleana.

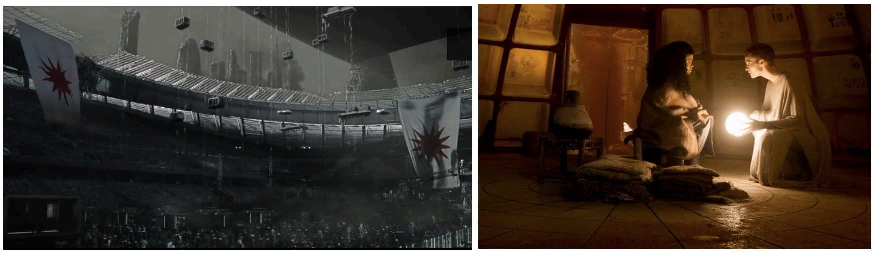
I must follow my intuition and just find the right path, yes, stoneman? Follow the pink stripes? Hahaha.

(Later)

Watching „**Raised by Wolves“** I had emotional flashbacks to last night’s dream, which must have been extraordinary … as those flashbacks feel very deeply significant. But I can’t remember … except that it’s something about positions … in space, or in a room, in corners, me being very … powerful? Able to fly?

I don’t like „RbW“, but I researched who wrote it and I spontaneously emailed his literary agent.

Also I received a rejection letter by the biggest German TV company for all (!) my projects, which is ridiculous … but at least, the guy offered to call me to clarify their „program“ or something. So I emailed him that that I need an agent and contact to Ute Emmerich, that’s all.



Oh, forgot to mention, the „god“ the folks in „RbW“ is called „**Sol**“, ***the sun***.
Haha. Good one.
The storyline is atheists against religious people … and the religious ones relocate on another planet after a great war on Earth … there are some similarities in the story like „Regents of Clouds“, the relocation … the „mother“ (in Roc „**Mother of the Valley**“) who raises children and more … which kind of worries me … but then, what's there to do about it? RoC is unique in it's premise. Maybe it's good that there is something so … usual and generic like „RbW“ … with all the well-known sci-fi-stuffs … RoC is different.

Oh … and in "Raised by Wolves" the mother-android is able to fly by just lifting off, kind of willing herself into the air … I've done that so many times in my dreams. It's so satisfying when it works. So it was kind of nice to watch that android woman just lift off.

September 5, 2020, Saturday - **Empty BOB Bin & The Filipino Snout**

I drove to Velden to swim in the Forestlake and visit my mother. Took an entirely new path in the forest and ended up at a sort of **enchanted place**, with interesting light and moss and rocks …

On the way: I felt deeply touched by this car license plate of a vehicle that overtook me:
„**MT 808 BN**“. It can be „*Empty BOB Bin*“ or „Empty Hawaii Bin“. I kept going through it in my mind, as there are two options to interpret it: In a video production sense „emptying a bin“ means to put all the footage that's in there into the timeline of a movie-in-production to finalize the story. So the story about BOB or about 808, which means Hawaii to me (it's the area code)? The other version is that „bin“ means garbage bin, but not in a dirty negative way, but in the sense of getting rid of something that's no longer needed.

So I said to Bob that I really need him or them to let me know which one it is.

Driving through Velden, I saw „60 PO“ on a motorcycle. This looked like I’d die at 60. But then I saw, right after that „**JO 111 BS**“. That was strange, too.

And then, on the highway, there was „**MT EIBI 7**“.

Now that got me thinking. MT again „empty“? First I read „EIBI“ as „I be“, but then I saw „a b“ in it. No idea what it means. Maybe … „first things first“ or „go straight from a to b“, the „7“ will still have to make sense.

Back home I made dinner and had the urge to watch a „**Criminal Minds**“ episode. So I went to season 3 and, according to feeling, I picked episode 11. The first name that was called all the time, was „**Dany**“ (a guy). Then, the original killer’s name was „**Robert**“. Of all episodes, I picked that one with Bob’s and my name.

In the end, a cop who was dealing with an open case for 27 years, asks the other investigator (Rossi) how long it had been for him to look for a killer, and it was 21 years. The cop says ***„Don’t let it get to 22.***“ 22 is a very significant number, somehow.

It was a strange day.

My mother was sweet, but so feeble. It breaks my heart everytime a little more seeing her, so on her own … but I do understand, too, that she had to withdraw into minimal life after all the trauma she went through.

During my drive I’ve been thinking also about how old age makes the mind to weak for a reason: So that we won’t witness our decline fully. But modern science and health care are forcing aging people to watch themselves decline and mourn their youth and their life they used to have. They are in full awareness of the loss of a partner and of the loneliness … instead, the customs of the past, of natural tribes and such, seem to make a lot of sense to me now. Very old people who lost their minds, where brought into the wilderness and left there. They simply died, and it was fine, because the didn’t really notice anyway what was happening.

There was a scene in that Viking TV-series of which I watched a few episodes a while ago, where the old people were inspired and persuaded to jump off a very high cliff, with the promise they’d experience something wonderful after that.

And I think it’s true and not a bad way to go.

I remember my grandmother Maria, in the old-aged people’s home, how she simply didn’t want to be active anymore after a while … and she was right. There was another woman, old and very healthy and sweet when she came into that home, about a year after my grandmother. And I was very surprised to hear how fast that old lady withered away and died, way before my grandmother … who had been lying in bed all the time, and whose right leg had gone numb, and the question was about amputation! But she died before that could be done. I was in Hawaii at that time. I will always remember watching „Bones“ when Bob told me that my mother was on the phone. I said that I’d call her right back, I needed to finish watching that episode. My mother hung up but called soon again, to tell me that my grandmother had died. I didn't fly back to Austria for the funeral. I don't really remember what year it was, shame on me. Maybe 2005 or something?

I'll look it up.

But today I thought that if I'd see that my mother was suffering and that there wasn't a point to trying to extend her physical life … I'd try to stop her suffering.

I also realized that there is nobody to do that for me. So I'll have to take care of this myself, as soon as I notice that my mind is giving in.

So the drive was very strange … and the „**MT 808 BN**", „**empty the Hawaii/Bob bin**". I'm inclined to interpret it as *„finish what we've started*". „*Take everything you've gathered and put it together to make sense.*" I'd love to, so that this mortal go-around with all the suffering will make sense.

That said … looking at mankind, I could fucking vomit, how wrong we have developed in terms of intelligence, intellect, wisdom.

The old, seemingly so picturesque and naive expressions, sayings, laws and rules, including the „brutal" and the very simple-minded ones, they actually make a lot of more sense than what we nowadays believe to be „true" and meaningful.

Science?

Well, useful in certain ways. But mostly garbage of thinking distracting from the facts of life.

We should never ever have developed ideologies that make us think that when our physical body stops working, life ends. This is bullshit. When the body dies, life shifts into another phase in a different dimension. That's all.

Oh, I keep thinking of ***Mercy Whitney***, one of the first missionary wives in Hawaii, who came with the first ship, the „Thaddeus", in 1820 with her husband, Samuel. Like all the missionary couples, those two were very much in love … but Samuel died after a very short time after they had arrived in Hawaii. Mercy had a daughter, but the poor woman had to live out her long life without Samuel, who had died in his early 20s, and Mercy was one of the missionary to live the longest. What a fucking horrible fate! Memorabilia of Hawaiian history over decades where found in her home after she died … Jesus Christ, must she have been happy to see Samuel again! But decade after decade after decade after decade after decade after decade of living without the love of her life … she was said to have been „crazy" … the locals love her, she was a teacher, but „nuts". Well, I can't begin to imagine what she went through.

I already feel nauseous when I only think that Bob has been dead nearly 2 years … my Bob, gone to the beyond, leaving me here.

Fuck it all.

I bought a **bread baking mix** today at a store and just baked a bread. No idea why I did that.

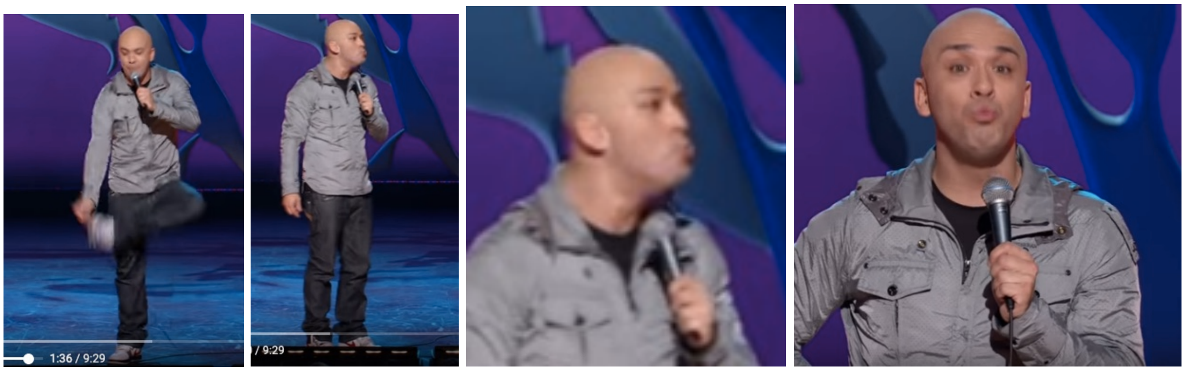
I feel some slight stinging pain in my left breast … have been for weeks. Don't know what that means. Swimming in the lake was blissful today.

My mother said today, to my shock, that she would want to take a walk with me, maybe, but because of the dog … geez. I flashed back to all the horrible situations with her because of my beloved Kimba. I saw her, though, how small and fragile she is … and later she did make an effort to explain herself, telling me that she was allergic against animal hairs. Oh well.

I kind of dread the future. I had thoughts like this, recently: If her time comes, I want her to die in her sleep or in some other way instantly without pain or suffering. But then, she is only 76, that's so young. My father is going on 80 this year … but he doesn't want me around. Well, I'll have to connect with Edith again.

I love the big turquoise lake, as it carries me … er wogt und wogt und ist so tief. So schön.

(Later)
Oh, geez, I didn't think I'd experience something today that would make me smile. But: I put on **Jo Koy**, a standup comedian about which I don't know much. So he said he's half Filipino … now, Bob's and my joke about the Filipinos in our Pukalani-neighborhood had been that they greet and **point with their upper lips!** And Jo Koy talks and jokes about his mom doing this! And his **mom picks stuff up with her feet** … *and that is something I always did in Hawaii, with* ***my bare*** *feet, I'd open doors, pick up towels and shoes … and Bob always got a kick out of it.*



And just yesterday, when I was in that deep reminiscing … I did the movement of opening the screen door with my foot, and, I swear, I did the Filipino-mouth greeting instead of Bob, because he loved to do that. And today I see Jo Koy do both!

There are no odds that this happens by accident. I've watched so many standup comedians in the last week, never Jo Koy. Only today …!

September 6, 2020
Walking through the forest with Jacqui today I suddenly broke out in a long full-fledged self-talk … about how Bob probably had such fear of success … reflected in all he did and did not do … that he'd probably, without wanting it, would have sabotaged our projects still … even if he'd have been free from Taylor Camp.

All those years … so many things he could have done, I prepared everything. I had an agent interested, I had Barbara Eden read my winning script, then, later we'd only have to make an offer to Goldie Hawn and she'd played the lead in „Hulihuli Moon", and it was up to him to only make a few phone calls to get sponsors. Instead he sent me links to workshops how to write scripts and how to find an agent … although I had accomplished all that a while ago. It would all have been possible, but Bob didn't make those phone calls, even though he promised.

So I've been thinking that nothing is possible without him, now … but maybe, even though, in the end, he so much wanted to work on our projects, we would never have? And maybe he wanted to work on them because he knew, on a deep level, that it would never come to it?

And now … I must use the years I've left to make my best efforts to progress in the way he and I would have, together. Just that he is a discarnate not. Personal mortal pain aside … maybe we are, in fact, a better (?!) team now, that he is no longer suffering?

Also I reflected on how the free will of so many people involved can fuck up the best plan that one comes up with in the beyond before all the players are reborn again, on personal wish. I know I've been here before, with the same effort … and that's what was told to me by those people, back in the day, in Vienna, in my twenties … just that then I had no idea what they were talking about.

I just know that one way or another I have to try and accomplish what we've set out to do .. even though the free will of all the people, friends and family members involved in Bob's and my story in this mortal phase, fucked up so bad so many times, including mine, I suppose.

I ended up facing a ton of mushrooms again, and my favorite plant, the „Springkraut", „jumping plant" … and when I walked a path that I hadn't planned to walk, really, I found the one and only „Steinpilz" right on my path! And „**Steinpilz**" translates into „**Stone mushroom**". Just before that I had encountered one single mushroom on a hill … and it's head reminded me so much of a *penis head*.

And I touched it and flashed back in time to two years ago, when Bob and I were so deadscared about the condition of „that" part of his body. His penis was weighed down by an enormous tumor … I don't think I'll ever get over what I witnessed back then, not in this phase and not in the beyond.

To see a man suffer like that … not my Bob. Not him. When I met him, in 2002, oh Jesus, I had no idea what we were in for.

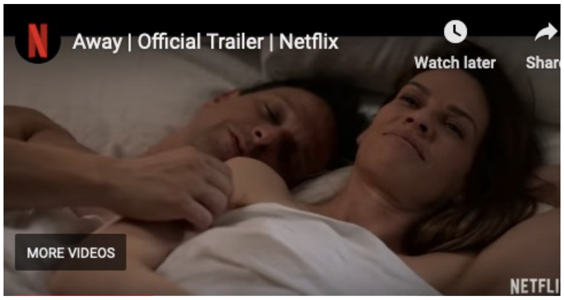
My sweet goofy Bob with the big emotional baggage from his upbringing, just like me from mine, I was so right when I thought that I could make him happy and he me, and we had the most blissful time for while it lasted. And then, the effects of totally ill-directed free will due to influences from childhood and society kicked in … along with age. Bob was almost ten years older than me and not in the best shape from right when I met him.

We were doomed. But it got to have a purpose. It must.

I saw **clouds that looked like they reach out** for each other. And there was my favorite plant, "**Springkraut**" (Himalayan Balsam, Impatiens glandulifera) … a lot of it.

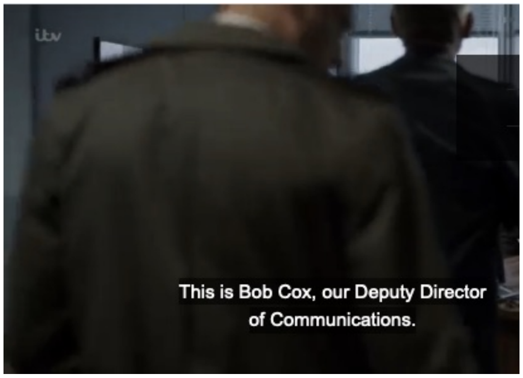
I will do whatever it takes to make „Regents of Clouds“ and this contact diary and the two other trilogies „Creators of Stone“ and „Masters of Choices“ known to the world. I hope I can do it in a good, positive, painless way … by getting into the movie industry.

(Later)
Wow. Amazing.
I read some reviews on Roger Ebert and on a whim watched the trailer for „**Away**“, a space series. A woman is about to go on a mission, and she says „It's only three years“, then looks back to her husband and says ***„I'll be right back“***. That's what I said to Bob when I left on September 11, 2018 to never see him again. And the woman holds pink baby shoes! And I had just photographed a pink baby shoe, that has been in one spot for a year now, and I was going to trash it, but kept it, because I felt I'd need it … And the husband of the main character has a stroke, too … but it's „only“ his walking that's impaired.



And here it is. Is this another film related synchronicity? Something that only I can know in terms of it's significance for Bob and me, and that's why I find it?
I keep telling Bob all the time that I need him to connect with me.

I just shared the stone mushroom with him and some mushroom-zucchini stew and some garden peaches steeped in molten dark chocolate. Oh how I wish I could have enjoyed all that with the real mortal Bob.



This is Bob Cox, our Deputy Director of Communications.

Good to meet you, Bob.
Likewise, Colin.

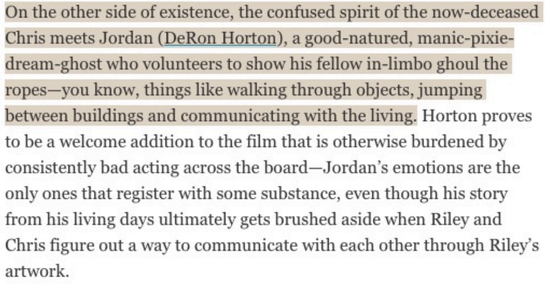
Watched "**Manhunt**" … a certain "Bob Cox" was mentioned. Had to grin, I guess. (Bob's Cock … you get it.)

September 7, 2020
Monday again. After a morning walk in the rain, I felt drawn to a movie review website other than, like I normally do, watch some crime drama with my breakfast. So I ended up with „**Endless**“. It

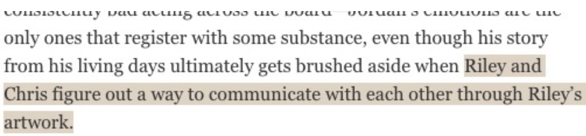
has only one star out of five, and I like to read reviews of films that critics consider that bad because that way I've found movies, in the past, that I thought were actually really good.

And here we go: „Endless" is about an ***inter-realm relationship***. Yup, a dead guy and his mortal girl figure out how to be together. Well, I only read the review, I haven't watched it, but I guess I will.

(Yey, found a free online version of the movie, https://putlockerc.to/movie/endless-2020-stream-123movies/)



On the other side of existence, the confused spirit of the now-deceased Chris meets Jordan (DeRon Horton), a good-natured, manic-pixie-dream-ghost who volunteers to show his fellow in-limbo ghoul the ropes—you know, things like walking through objects, jumping between buildings and communicating with the living. Horton proves to be a welcome addition to the film that is otherwise burdened by consistently bad acting across the board—Jordan's emotions are the only ones that register with some substance, even though his story from his living days ultimately gets brushed aside when Riley and Chris figure out a way to communicate with each other through Riley's artwork.



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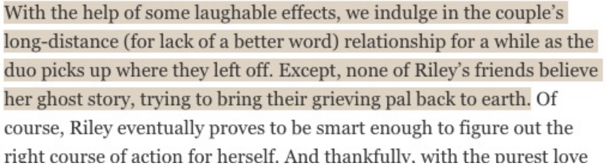


With the help of some laughable effects, we indulge in the couple's long-distance (for lack of a better word) relationship for a while as the duo picks up where they left off. Except, none of Riley's friends believe her ghost story, trying to bring their grieving pal back to earth. Of course, Riley eventually proves to be smart enough to figure out the right course of action for herself. And thankfully, with the purest love

But can't watch now. First I must edit then entire 400+ pages long chapter „L" of my contact diary, because I've finally managed to put the photographs in. Now it's about the headlines and the emphasis in the stories in bold and maybe some editing as of expression.

September 8, 2020

Weird weird **dream**:

My mother and **Elisabeth** in a house like „**Kolonistenheim**", I was on the first floor with my old Honda Camino scooter, and I was going to drive down the road – that was where in reality there is a narrow steep flight of stairs – and I started the scooter and drove. There was a sense of obligation or of some kind of task I had to accomplish, as I needed to prove something to them. So I drove a few meters and was all optimistic - and then the scooter started to slow down. I first thought it was just me, not accelerating enough, but then I saw that the gasoline (Benzin) was pouring out of the scooter and flowing all over the place, along the floor and at the same time along a kind of road … and from then on I tried to desperately wipe up that gasoline, but also to explain to my mother and Elisabeth (who sometimes seemed to be the same person) what had happened and at the same time to even get them to listen to me. I was so desperate because from them came some kind of snarly ignorant sarcasm and no understanding, that I even cried in my dream. And I kept wiping and wiping, being on my knees constantly.

Then the dream changed, and family members of who I've never dreamed before together were together: My mother's brother Hansi and his wife Heidi and their son, my cousin Christian, my mother, my brother Peter and me for some reason went to the old cinema at Velden (that hasn't been in operation forever) to spend some time. It was like we had to do something later, but the only thing we could do to spend time was going to that cinema to watch a movie.

I've dreamed before of that cinema … I remember very well, some of those dreams were repetitive … but this time, we went in from a different entrance, and the show had already begun. I saw a poster that informed us that this wasn't only going to be a film, but there was also a concert and a talk as part of that evening's program.

In my dream I thought about how often Bob and I had been filming at events at the MACC on Maui, and how familiar the set-up atmosphere was to me …

So we walked into the movie theater, and when I asked the clerk if still was okay to enter, he looked at me with some dumb utter bafflement about my question. Like „How do I care when you go in?“

Strangely, there was a **large, dark haired man** coming out of that theater, just when we entered, but he seemed to be of no significance. For some reason I did notice him in my dream, looking at him from my dream-POV, and I thought to myself in the dream that it was strange that he walked out when the show had just begun.

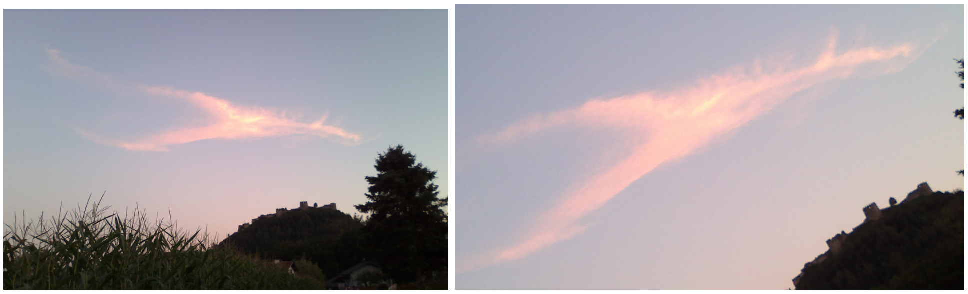
So in the theater we realized that it was tiny … and now it was not that theater anymore that I've been dreaming about, it was some theater in Vienna, one of the tiny old ones, and as I entered, I think I got the tickets, my uncle, his wife and my cousin and my mother (I think) were already seated to my right. I walked by the stage for the concert that was being prepared, and I was surprised how light it was in the cinema, as if it was some kind of restaurant. I think my brother was with me … and went to join the others to get seated.

Then I must have woken up, because I can't remember anything else or the film we saw or anything.

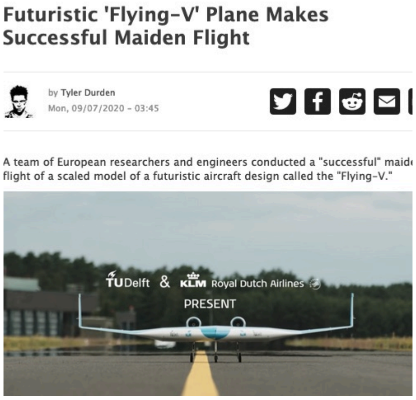
Tonight I woke up several times scratching myself like crazy, my right arm, because I had gotten stung multiple times by mosquitos … Horrible.

September 8, 2020 **– The V in the Sky**

The most amazing **V-shaped cloud-thing** showed up right above the castle … and there was no other cloud in the sky, no other, just that one … pointing West.



But then, I got to share that I had just read about a „**V-shaped“ special futuristic plane** that's being developed …



Futuristic 'Flying-V' Plane Makes Successful Maiden Flight

by Tyler Durden
Mon, 09/07/2020 - 03:45

A team of European researchers and engineers conducted a "successful" maid
flight of a scaled model of a futuristic aircraft design called the "Flying-V."

September 9, 2020

Took a spontaneous detour to **lake Klopeinersee** after shopping in Voelkermarkt … I saw a standup-paddler who reminded me of Bob who always wore the same color swim trunks … and the man was so tall … and I just "was" on Maui …

… and the water was so wonderful, but there was a stalker! He sat there on the rocks when I walked by one way, and when I walked back and found myself a spot to go in, he kept walking past my dog and my stuff … and I simply couldn't relax or swim properly for that matter! I was worried he'd do something to Jacqui or just grab my bag … so when a young couple came walking by, I went out of the water and asked them if they would sit down on the bench nearby until I was dressed, and they were nice enough to do so. I was really spooked by that guy. And upset … I had taken the drive only to have to cut short my swim?

I did see Marshall and his whole family take a walk again - they did already yesterday. But the way his owner Jürgen looks at me, is so disrespectful and in a way threatening, that it's very hard to bear. He doesn't greet me … I mean! I did nothing to him! He attacked me without a reason, he freaked out, he has the dog problem, I was only helping … but I know that I'm a kind of scape goat, because in this family there are so many conflicts, and I'm a very convenient goal of everyone's frustration. That's really great that I got myself into this.

But … aside from everything, I'm really happy to see that they walk with Marshall, even though it's only briefly … and he doesn't really have the full out-and-about-experience, but I hope Andrea will take him for long walks again, too.

Jürgen had the dog do some obedience right in front of my window … well, okay, he is trying. But still, this doesn't change the fact that the dog is alone in the garden waiting every day. They only walk around 7 pm, when it's getting dark already. The girl and the mother with the baby aren't even in the garden, no matter the nice weather.

It's very difficult to see that Marshall doesn't get to enjoy fall either, now that he didn't really have a summer. I see families with their dogs everywhere all the time, having fun together. He must just sit and wait all the time.

I still remember the puppy-like little boy who I had the pleasure to walk with for two months. It was a precious time for Jacqui and me. Walking in nature sometimes cheers me up, at least I have the feeling I understand nature, and nature understands me.

September 10, 2020 **– Laptop disaster, “Empty Hawaii Bin”**
Dream of Bob and Hawaii, all about his dying and me being in Hawaii alone, full of longing.
Got up - screen of my laptop doesn't work anymore!
Geez! That's the laptop Bob got me.
And tomorrow is the day I saw him last, two years ago.
And today I don't see anymore what's on my laptop. That really really sucks.

Thank God I have the even older one. Also got from Bob.

(Later) It's a fucking disaster ... not being able to use my laptop, having jobs to do, the agency having changed to internet only, which I can't do with my old laptop, whilst I can perfectly work on text files only ...

Geez.

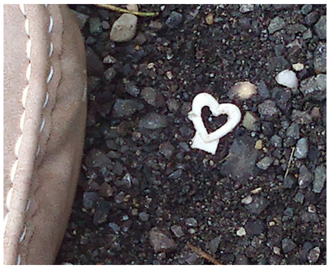
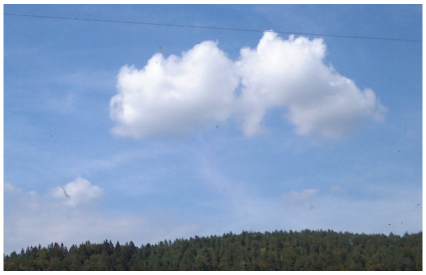
And now I keep flashing back to the car license plate the other day, that said "**MT 808 BN**", "**Empty 808 / BOB Bin**" ... it may have to do with "getting rid of", after all. The tech said that I should really might have to get a new laptop!

Geez!

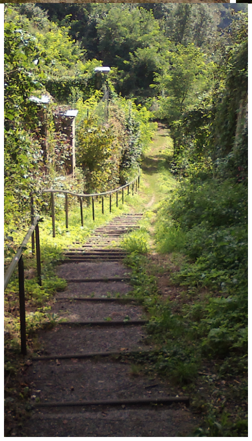
So often I feel the **clouds** “talk” to me … clouds mimicking what I’m seeing, structures that I’m supposed to “read” and lines and combinations that simply “speak” … but my spirit feels so sore. My heart, too. I start to get tired, and it shows on my face.

September 11, 2020, Friday
2-year anniversary of the night that I left Bob to never see him again.

Before driving to Völkermarkt to the biz to do some Content-Bird-editing there, I took Jacqui for a short walk to Schlossberg, and a **tiny white heart** was right next to my car door. (Later, at my mother's, I saw two shapes of hearts, with the hearts cut out of some sparkly paper.) I saw clouds nuzzling, too, don't remember where exactly … but it also looked like one giant butt.

In Völkermarkt I had discovered a **nice path** towards the river Drau …



Hier an dieser Stelle etwa, bei den Drau - Auen, fand der

Drove to the Mac technician Rudi to Lake Ossiach and then visited my mother ...
Just a whole flood of license plate numbers that seemed to speak to me ...
911 and **222** in so many combinations. Including "**LAVA 1**".

I realized suddenly, when I walked back to my car from Rudi's place (Uferstraße 11, shore street 11), that not only was I in "**Steindorf**", meaning "**stone village**", I was also facing a very famous building by an Austrian architect, that attracts tourists, right there, at the lake, and it's called "**Steinhaus**", "**stone house**". And then when I'm constantly reminiscing about my Stoneman's house, that we both called lovingly "housie".

And all that on September 11, the day that I left Bob in 2018 ... with horror, but holding on tight to my optimism. Leaving him in the house, that stormy night, me walking out into the pitch-black rainstorm ... it has changed all that I am forever.

I've been feeling odd in regards to the agency I'm working for ... about yesterday's work challenge (as I couldn't use the new online-only system they are now using) so that they had to send me the old-fashioned word-files, and the content manager boss, Conny, seems very miffed about it. Not my fault, though.

She wants to talk to me on the phone ... she emailed. But I had an absent-note on my email today, so no call. Monday, likely.

Geez. I don't know if I can handle any kind of hassle.

I hope it's something positive she'll tell me.

Took Jacqui to **lake Saissersee** for a walk and a swim. Then had a nice visit with my mother ... then swam in Wörthersee.

Of course there was some kind of mushroom that really looked like a tumor.

On the way back, a car passed by me with a writing across its entire rear window: "**4810 ABOVE**". I'll google that one.

Also: “**SG UT808**"

I wanted to listen to some music, but couldn't bear it. So I said "***You'll have to chat with me, Stoneman.***" Just then a car with "**63 SM**" drove by me! Just then! Bob lived to be 63 years old. He survived his 64th birthday by a month.

I had the urge to stretch out my hand to the passenger's seat and said "***Put something into my hand, and I'll try to see or feel or just know it."***

And I had the impression of an **orange**, one of those that I used to pick from the neighbor's orange trees, because nobody would. Bob and loved to eat those oranges right from the fridge, cut them up and suck them, Bob showed me how. It was blissful. So I told him that he'll have to let me know, now, somehow, if he really had put an orange into my hand, and if now, what else.

I saw the perfect cloud asshole today, too. (I just misspelled and wrote "doo".) And that was at a time when I had to go to the bathroom so urgently, that, a few minutes later, on lake Saissersee, I had to poo into the forest.

September 12, 2020

Waking up this morning, rather early, I realized that it was the actual time minus two years that I left our Pukalani house to never return, as it was on the night of September 11, 2018, Hawaiian time.

A very sad and heavy day.

Very.

Took Jacqui for a walk in a forest nearby, and I met two young people, who told me they had been looking for their Labrador dog named Molly who had run away, for two hours.

I didn't see Molly either.

Back home, I grabbed a very old USB-drive, because I meant to give it to Ingrid, who called earlier asking if I wanted peaches ... and I'll meet her later, but instead I suddenly found pictures of Bob. So I stared at Bob ... and I felt like I couldn't take his life anymore.

Then I thought, well I should work on my contact diary, but instead I googled "Near death experiences", for no reason, really. And I discovered **Phyllis M. H. Atwater**, who is now in her eighties, white haired like me, and she wrote a lot of books about life after death that I sure want to read.

"Funny" I can't do that right now because I'm working on my very old MacBook, and it doesn't let me into the archive.org or book ordering websites ... so I guess I'll take it as a hint of how to feel better, a gift from Bob, and I'll work on my contact diary now (editing for content and picture sizing).

(Later)

Okay, good one. I can NOT work on my contact diary, because OpenOffice can't open the big word file. Go figure. So now what?

(Later)

After writing the above, I read a little bit in Dr. Rene Graeber's blog about all kinds of health stuff, including cancer, and then I got so heavy and sad and lied down, crying. Right then, Inge called, asking me to come over to receive the wonderful fragrant garden peaches.

I went down there, and we chatted. She gave me a whole lot of jams, again, and a ton of peaches. And a bowl of vegetable soup, she had left over, she said. Strange, that she feels that she must feed me. But she was nice, she offered me a small Schnaps (liquor), and we talked about her knee, that got operated, but isn't better.

Just before visiting her I had read an article about doctors injecting Cortisone into people's knees and how not good that is, and Inge told me that the doctor had injected Cortisone. I had also read about the likelihood of an infection based on the use of unclean needles ... and Inge expressed exactly that!

Amazing.

And when I left ... she gave me candy, one piece I picked from a bowl, then she gave me another one into my hand ... I think now, that's very unusual that someone does that (to me), so maybe that has to do with me asking Bob yesterday to put something into my hand and then let me know what it was?

When I was lying on my bed, crying, I had just stretched out my hand again to ask him to put something into it, when the phone rang, and Inge was on.

I'll have to receive more hints about it all.

September 13, 2020, Sunday **– Letters in the Sky**

I'm reading "Across the Unknown" and try to be spiritually mature, but still, I keep reflecting the time with Bob and why things happened the way they did, and what I did wrong ... I know, that's a typical "grief" thing.

Also I realized that I must stop being hateful and resentful and bitter and dream of killing and must work on being loving and appreciative, because, as Betty White described, in the end, all the grievances of Earth-life are just parts of a puzzle.

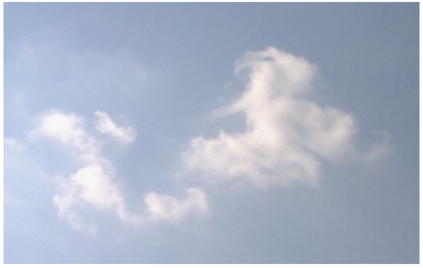
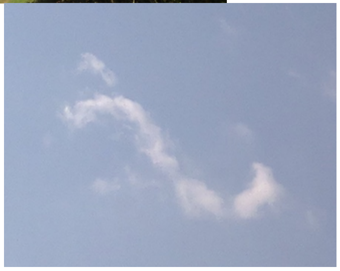
I remember just now how Bob, in the early days of our relationship, kept saying "Thank you for the lesson, mother-father-God" when something upsetting happened ... and I found that goofy and strange, because after the lesson no improvement happened, on Bob's part. He still let people fuck with him all the time.

Just while writing this I flashed back to being with him, to those days, so heavily, like I'd only have to look up and find myself in our Maui home.

But gone. Never again.

My nights have been horrible, tossing, turning and sweating, I discovered something that looks like a small wart on my hand, something I've never had before ... well, I treat it as much as I can ...

Yesterday walking with Jacqui the treehouse field, I saw the most amazing cloud formation, while being in an intense state of communication ... Today they seemed to spell out **letters**, those **clouds**. And they gave me a glimpse of Bob’s realm. I miss being with him so much, it takes my breath away often.

And I realized that me watching the gruesome crime stories wasn't something healthy for me, and I knew it, but I started to be addicted. So what happened? ***My screen went out!*** I literally was kept from watching blood and crime because my screen went black.

Well.

September 14, 2020, Monday

Tonight's **dream** was horrible and yet strangely familiar.

I was driving, in a car like my old car, a Mazda 323 combi, and **Sigi** was with me! I had picked him up somewhere and had to bring him somewhere ... but somehow I passed out while driving, and I was driving sitting on the passenger's seat, strangely, and when I woke up, my car was parked in the middle of Vienna (in the 18th or 8th district or on a crossroads there, because there was the tramway number 38 ...), and Sigi was gone! And I had to find him! And I ran around, desperately, myself in great danger, and there was another **woman**, a tall, dark haired woman, who was at the same time me, but then it felt like she was not me, she was like some super-smart secret agent, and she and I (or only I?) ended up in some kind of foreign underground-women-trafficking-club, where I was looking for Sigi. And I watched that woman how she made her way through the dark rooms of that club ... that, ever again, turned into the streets of Vienna, strangely ... and we'd be in and out an all around.

And somehow, other people showed up and they knew what that woman and I were doing ... and some wanted to help, others were in the way ... it was more a feeling than actually seeing the people, and I can't remember exactly anymore what happened.

Waking up, early morning, I felt exhausted, my back killing me.

I will go to get ointment for my mother's back and mine, today, they drive to her ... the situation with my other broken laptop gets to me, too. Everything things just so fucked up.

Something interesting happened:

I had to lie down in the late afternoon, feeling immensely tired all of a sudden.

And that has happened before ... for me to fall into some kind of *half sleep* right away. This time, too, but I remained lucid enough to think clearly "Now please use this state and show yourself to me!" ... and sure enough, as I was like drifting off, ***Bob was suddenly in front of my inner eyes*** ... he was clearly addressing me, smiling at me, greeting me, looking directly at me! In an outfit I hadn't ever seen him in! He was wearing a white dress shirt, and he looked like he was addressing people around him, but I couldn't see them ... there was just this short moment, that "window" kind of impression where Bob – entirely youthful and incredibly handsome! - ***was smiling at me so brightly!*** I only saw him to his lower chest, and it looked like he was trying to "adjust" something, so that I could see him more clearly or rather more of him, because I did see him clearly! It was like we were skyping with each other, and he was so happy about the established connection, and he just glared and grinned at me! And I felt how this half-asleep state was about to slip away again, in all my excitement I kind of drifted toward consciousness, but I was trying to stay "floating" ... and yet I thought to Bob "Wow, is that you!? You look great ..." And Bob's image changed, he was stepping back in a way so that I could see more of him ... and his face and head and hair and body where the way I remember Bob – but better! And he looked at me, yet very "busy" in his environment, with the people around him, I couldn't see, I only felt that it was a busy place where he was ... and he was aware that I was seeing him, and that I was seeing him change, wearing now a patterned shirt and jeans ... and his sideburns were bushy, and his hair was nice, and his face mirrored the excitement of our connection!

And I consciously enjoyed the encounter, I felt how I was smiling, lying on my bed ... and then I was back in my body and "woke up". I hadn't fallen asleep at all. It was so amazing, that experience, I was lying there, baffled. And kind of happy.

Later, in bed, I read some more of the printout of "Across the Unknown" ... and of course I never read it in all detail ... I'd have to read it several times, but I'm at a point where I totally "get" it what it takes to be a ***"true human".*** Just now I realize that I called the optimal people in ***"Regents of Clouds", "maoli",*** which also means "true human".

Yesterday I talked to myself during a walk, and that means, of course, that I'm also talking to Bob and to whoever is listening ... as I felt myself walking tall like I had always done, kind of a tight posture, shoulders back, belly in, I walked like that again ... and I thought that maybe "they" must know whether or not the mortal me would even be up for the task of filmmaking or working "Regents of Clouds". I said to myself that I am certainly up for it.

Also .... something else came to my awareness:

I felt compelled to dig out the films I've made, because Inge had asked about them ... so I watched a little bit of "Geronia" and of "Arbo", and then I heard myself say "Yes, I'm good at that, I know I am". My laptop screen being broken has forced me to do stuff I wouldn't have done otherwise.

Also it kind of cracks open the reality of my work for the agency. It's a wonderful way to earn money, but geez, I am ... the true me, the me I'm supposed to still be in this mortal go-around ... is not made for that!

It was interesting to see those glimpses into my own work ... it's good work. It was work with Bob. But it's me, too.

I realized that I'm a lot more than the "me with Bob". I do have to start accepting that Bob's path was coming to an end when he had barely met me. His mind was failing him ...

The many articles I read by Dr. Rene Graeber yesterday and today told me a lot of things about the mortal physical human condition.

We should really celebrate old age, says Betty White, and I agree, but that would mean to totally recognize what our bodies are programmed to do and support those processes in ways that avoid pain, but prepare us for the transition.

Life goes on after the body is left behind, it does. I know it.

The "window" I saw Bob in, was real. **I did see Bob.** The way he is now. The way he wants to be now. I was a spectator, I was not making this up, imagining or dreaming it. I watched what opened up in front of my inner eye in my state of half-asleepness. It was very ... sweet. Seeing Bob so happy.

September 14, 2020, Monday - **The Orange & the Money**

Getting the full stress by the agency for the "inconvenience" I'm causing them (because my laptop is broken). They have no idea how it is, sitting in a provincial place like Griffen and have a computer problem. It's not like in Vienna where you walk a few blocks and find a computer shop … My bad. Had I not told them that my laptop is broken, they wouldn't have noticed. It's not like I've been obligated to do the jobs right away, anyway! So my honestly and interest in communication now causes the agency girls (actually just one, the content manager boss, "cmb") to freak out about me not being able to function as usual. But that only means that I can't do certain jobs in the afternoons – jobs that I had the freedom of doing within the next days upon receipt anyway! Geez. That's my life now? Fretting about shit like this?

The cmb asked me *"to see to it that everything is normalized by midweek"* … oh wow, stuff like that lets my inner dragon move. First I wanted to respond, but then I didn't at all. What's there to say? I won't say shit anymore.

Before driving to Velden today, to bring my mother a healing ointment for her ailing back, actually a so called "trauma ointment" I bought for her because my landlady A. told me about it, because she had received it for her backache, and I googled it, and it seems to fit perfectly to what my mother's challenge is, gotten out of bed, sharp pain, some kind of torn muscle or stuff, ... so before driving off, I took a short Schlossberg path walk with Jacqui ... and when returning to my car, I found a **ten-Euro-bill** behind my car! I hadn't seen it when walking away! Interestingly, it took me several closer looks to realize that there was also a **five-Euro-bill** right next to it! So 15 Euro I found.

That's interesting. Was it money, that Bob "put into my hand" the other day, when I asked him to put something in it and then let me know what it was? (***Note****: I didn't pay attention to my inner image back then, I hadn't realized yet how that works.)*

Was it a mentioning of the subject "cash" that I've been having with my mother at my recent visits, and that would come up again, too, two hours later, when I visited her?

She appreciated the ointment, and I brought her some nutrition drinks, too, she seemed very well and lively. I hope and pray that she'll get back to being social, too or will want to go for walks or stuff. But she seems to feel fine in her life right now, and that makes me happy..

Before that I went to Völkermarkt, into the biz and hung out there, because I had told the agency that I'll be available for the content-bird-texts until 12. Nothing came. Then I drove to Velden.

On the way a car with the license plate number "**222 CC**" drove by me, and I thought "This means, that our experiences at Haulani street 222 will be repeated!" That was my spontaneous thought.

Two cars with "... **250** xx" appeared within a few minutes from each other, telling me, that Bob is "calling", as his phone number was 250-8030. It still rings in my ears, him saying it ...

My horrible night keeps haunting me, so I also bought ointment for myself, too ... my back hurting a lot.

I took a swim in lake Saissersee today, it was wonderful. Jacqui refused. I went barefoot through the forest, which was interesting, but I only had forgotten to bring my sandals.

Driving back to Griffen, I was thinking about Bob and how I had read last night that we should really look forward to death and not dreading it ... and make aging a good thing ... when a car drove by me with "KL **910 HI**". And "**910**" of course was Bob's beloved car's number (**MEA 910**) and "**HI**" means a greeting and is the short for "Hawaii". I did feel greeted.

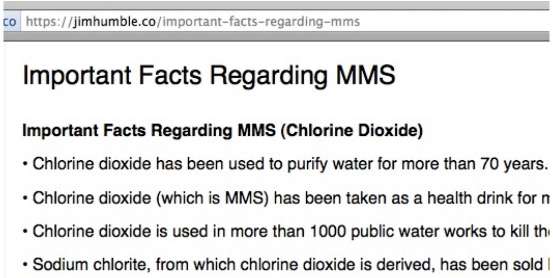
My impression of Bob of last night is still lingering in me ... the look into the window.

Then I find the money this morning. 15 bucks. And the ointment I bought for my mother ("Trauma Salbe") cost 15 bucks and 20 cents!

(Later)

Something amazing happened. Inge has asked me already twice if I knew "**MMS**", something she takes instead of "antibiotics". That said, she is suffering from inflammation etc. connected to her knee problems and vein problems .... But still, "MMS" has come up several time.

Independently from that, I've been thinking time and again about the strange "cleaner" that Bob had me inhale back in 2014 (or was it in 2013?), when I arrived on Maui and could barely breathe. I literally didn't get enough air. I didn't think of stuff like lung cancer or emphysema at all ... I just didn't have enough air. Bob gave me a spray bottle with something that he had mixed up and that smelled and tasted a little sour, and he said to me to inhale it, but he said that "basically it's like a cleaner". I just realized, that it must have been "MMS"!


co https://jimhumble.co/important-facts-regarding-mms

Important Facts Regarding MMS

Important Facts Regarding MMS (Chlorine Dioxide)

- Chlorine dioxide has been used to purify water for more than 70 years.
- Chlorine dioxide (which is MMS) has been taken as a health drink for n
- Chlorine dioxide is used in more than 1000 public water works to kill th
- Sodium chlorite, from which chlorine dioxide is derived, has been sold

Die Anwendung von MMS-Tropfen ...

MMS Natriumchlorit Wass...

From what I read on Dr. Rene Gräber's website, I got linked to Jim Humble's website, who describes MMS, and I'm entirely sure Bob knew about it and tried it, and that this was what I took. I was so desperate back then, that I did spray that solution into the air, closed my eyes, stepped right in and inhaled as much as I could of that mist. It tasted strange, but I felt immediate relief! I was desperate enough back then to do it ... and guess what? It helped! After a few weeks, I could breathe normally again, and I've been breathing normally for years after that ... but that said, I've been having coughing spells ever again ... but maybe that simply has to do with pollution.

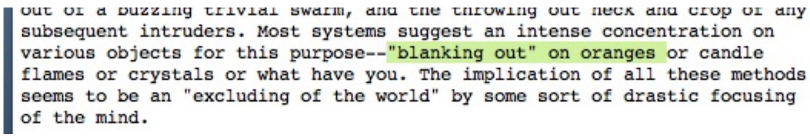
Now that I think about it ... I think a very bad cough befell me, sometime in 2015 or 2016, and that's when I discovered Pilka drops, pure Thyme. I may be mixing up the years ... but the important thing today is, that through Inge I got the answer to my question what the hell it was that Bob had me inhale and that he called "it's pretty much a household cleaner". It was "MMS", **"Master Mineral Solution"!**

(Oh, just now I remember a very wonderful colorless gel that Bob and I used on our skin, against sunburn and all kinds of other stuff, it was called "Master's Miracle". It was absolutely helpful, just not against Bob's psoriasis.)

(Later)

The **orange** showed up!

Okay, late at night, I already wanted to just sleep, but then, lying in my freshly changed bed, freshly showered, I did grab "Across the Unknow". I "read", sort of, because I kept drifting off and didn't read in exact detail, knowing that I'd be reading that section again. But I couldn't stop, and just when my eyes almost fell closed ... there it was! The orange! I ***had told Bob if he had, in fact, put an orange into my hand,*** he'd have to let me know, somehow, if my impression was right! And I "found" and orange of all things in "***Across the Unknown***"! Stewart writes about his take on preparing for "reaching out into the beyond", from religion to spiritual exercises, and he writes:



out of a buzzing trivial swarm, and the throwing out neck and crop of any subsequent intruders. Most systems suggest an intense concentration on various objects for this purpose--"blanking out" on oranges or candle flames or crystals or what have you. The implication of all these methods seems to be an "excluding of the world" by some sort of drastic focusing of the mind.

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various objects for this purpose--"blanking out" on oranges or candle
flames or crystals or what have you. The implication of all these methods

seems to be an "excluding of the world" by some sort of drastic focusing
of the mind."

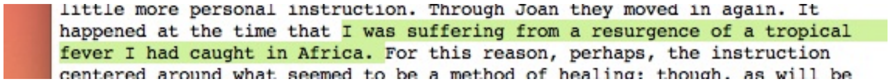
Also, I read stuff that spoke to me so clearly and actually describes so clearly, what I'm going through ... it touched me deeply:

"INVISIBLE: He's got to learn to take his sensitiveness out of the way or he can't be put to work.

The whole point is, any sensitive person is useless in employing the force of the higher consciousness if he is always vulnerable to the return blows of the world. Suppose he is trying to accomplish something, and everybody begins irrelevant personal attacks, obstructions of all kinds. The minute he becomes susceptible to that he is automatically shut off from the power current which was going to HELP him accomplish.

You yourself must look out for this. You have gained access to a shining substance. Now you must learn to use it against a lower element superior in quantity. The toughening process which will make your bit of strength available must rest with you. Little by little, in small matters at first, you must learn to protect your mind against the darts and arrows which poison resolution."

Also, I'm always baffled about similarities between **Stewart White** and me … like his and my many travels to **Africa**, even the tropical fever! I had Malaria, and so had he.

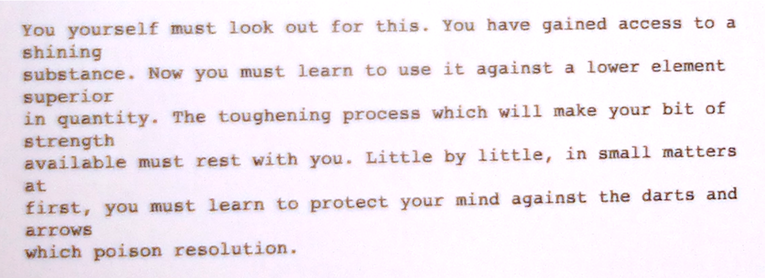

little more personal instruction. Through Joan they moved in again. It happened at the time that I was suffering from a resurgence of a tropical fever I had caught in Africa. For this reason, perhaps, the instruction centered around what seemed to be a method of healing; though, as will be

And something else happened today: When I visited Inge the other day, she showed me an artwork at her wall, a stitching work, of mountains. We tried to figure out what ***mountain range*** it was, but we couldn't. Today I drove behind a car – who had that **mountain range as a sticker on the rear window!** I happened to come so close to photograph it, but the car drove off.

schkolnig
REPARATUREN
VERKAUF & SERVICE
RENAU

September 15, 2020

Reading "**Across the Unknown**" and there Stewart's experiences and thoughts ... I really kept thinking that in a way, I am that man … in a way … Africa, fever ... all the way to the intense experience of agricultural abundance that I'm in awe of every single day, have been, in the last weeks ...



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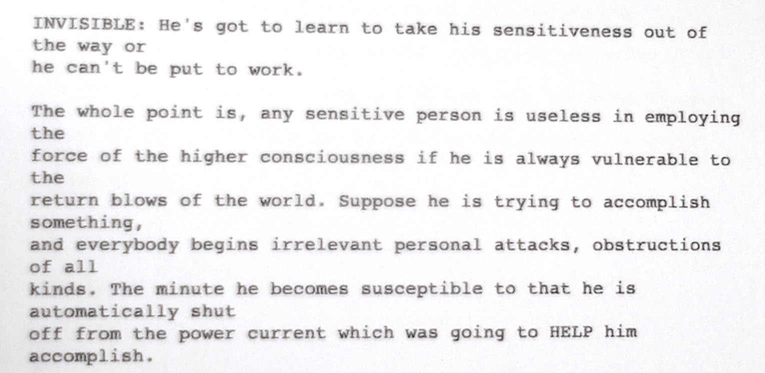

INVISIBLE: He's got to learn to take his sensitiveness out of the way or he can't be put to work.

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I see the millions of gourds every day, the sunflower plantations, the peas and beans and wide, wide stretches of corn (maize) fields ... and I have been thinking all the time how all that is created to feed us, the humans. All comes from tiny seeds, from grains, and the sunlight makes it into our food. So that our bodies can pull off their life span ... to enable us to make our experiences and grow and take with us a lot of energetic substance to our later life in the "beyond".

Interestingly, too, I'm now in the area of the book where the Invisibles describe in detail how hard it can be to fight off the earthly habits and pulls ... and if one allows oneself to slide back into the mud and be vengeful and bitter and all, instead of practicing the ability to withdraw into one's own higher being, then one is "spiritually illiterate". Well, I don't think so, because you can't be illiterate when you know stuff ... you just can't make yourself to practice it.

I don't know what to think about myself.

Today I felt so tense and unhappy about the agency situation, where a very young woman, the content management boss "Conny" had kind of scolded me for causing trouble at the agency - only because I can't work on every text they send me the very same day. This was never asked from me, and I know that the deadlines are days out mostly. I shouldn't have told them at all about my laptop problem! They wouldn't have noticed. But now, suddenly, it's "my responsibility" that they get their texts to the clients, when they organize themselves with such narrow time windows? It is not my responsibility, and I'm very pissed off because Conny wrote to me that I'm supposed to "see to it that by the middle of the week everything is back to normal". "Normal" like? And no, I don't "see to it". The technician has my laptop, I urged him, I have now to wait until he is done. Nothing to be done about it.

I got pissed at my poor dog this morning, and I still feel like such a sucker asshole for it ... I took him outside way earlier than normally, and he totally knew it was too early, so he was timid and strange and crawled and wagged and wanted to give me his paw, but he wouldn't pee or crap. So I got angry, and like mostly when I see him so submissive, I get really angry, and I feel like hitting or kicking him. I didn't, of course, but I did push him. Jesus, I shouldn't do that, I must discipline myself. I just realize that I was an asshole to my first dog Kimba, too, due to personal distress, and he behaved just like Jacqui, and I was violent to him once and regretted it forever, but couldn't make it good again, because Kimba died just two days after this.

I really must heed what I'm reading in "Across the Unknown".

Today I thought that maybe I'm sick, somehow, maybe some cancer somewhere, because I've been feeling so tired and exhausted like never before in my life ... for no apparent real reason. Just slow and now able or willing to be energetic ... not even trying. Jacqui keeps looking at me and wanting to stop or go back to the car or home. Today he even lied down in the grass, several times, I haven't seen him do that before. Is he reflecting me? Saw my favorite plant, "**Springkraut**" (Himalayan Balsam) … I love touching it and feel it explode, or shaking the plant and make the pods explode and the seeds spread everywhere.

I really want to do right by him and take him outside all the time ... but somehow he doesn't feel totally comfortable around here, never has. He always seems alert and worried and barely ever really relaxed. It's different at lake Saissersee or Forestlake. And when he and I and little pup Marshall were on our tours together, Jacqui was distracted by Marshall's wild energy and busy giving way to him.

I don't know really if anyone walks Marshall, at all. I have seen them take him on walks last week, with the baby, but mostly the little dog is just in the garden, waiting, looking and sometimes barking. I really so much want to take him with us.

Tomorrow, again, I'll have to drive to Völkermarkt to be able to work on the damn online-system if the agency sends me jobs via that system.

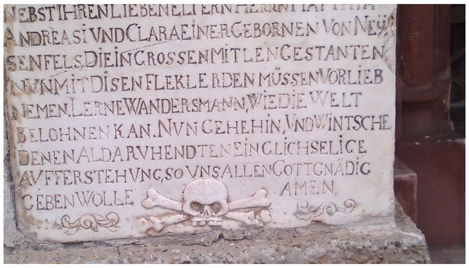
Geez, and I really hope I hear from Rudolf, the mechanic.

September 16, 2020

I've been thinking that I need a small **cup** to feed little cat Momi … and today I found one at lake Klopeinersee.

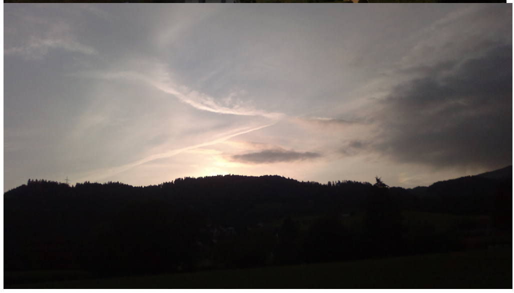
September 17, 2020

Völkermarkt … walked by the **church**, felt drawn there to sit down, interesting writing about some person's life from long ago. Then I walked to another church and a cemetery … interesting **artwork** that I didn't really see before. And a "**mo'o**" … on the car next to which I parked.


ANDREASI VND CLARA EINER GEBORNEN VON NEY
SENFELS DIE IN GROSSEN MITLEN GESTANTEN
NVN MIT DISEN FLEKLERDEN MÜSSEN VORLIEB
NEMEN. LERNE WANDERSMANN, WIE DIE WELT
BELOHNEN KAN. NVN GEHE HIN, VND WINTSCHE
DENEN ALDA RVHENDTEN EIN GLICHSELIGE
AVFFERSTEHVNG, SO VNS ALLEN GOTT GNÄDIG
GEBEN WOLLE
AMEN,

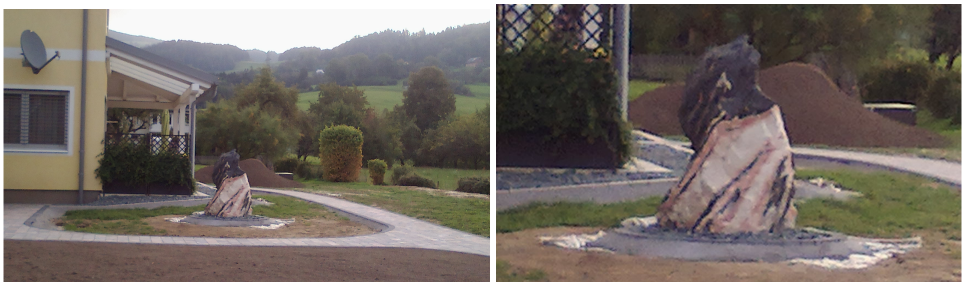
September 18, 2020

Walk in the area … **clouds** seemed to want to **mimic** what I was seeing around me and the **paths**.



… two lines meeting to a **celestial “V”** … for “victory”?

In the evening I saw the **pink stone** again! They had built a whole “plaza” around it!



September 19, 2020, Saturday

A hard week. I felt unable to lead this diary regularly, feeling exhausted and overwhelmed. I managed to read a few pages of "Across the Unknown" now and then, and only today I realized the true "homework" I was supposed to find:

The tech hasn't returned my laptop and is not reachable by phone. My frustration is trying to make me sick. It was immensely stressful to drive to Völkermarkt every morning, I will not do that again. The man at the biz, Thomas Z., was very nice and helpful and let me into the office one afternoon, even though it's closed, so I gave him sweets yesterday. It was so stressful to work there, though, because of the full blast background music all the time and Thomas talking in a screaming tone all the time. But I couldn't say anything, because I was actually working there, and nobody could know. I had told Thomas that it was some kind of system-test, which it was, in a way ... as I was supposed to fully work in ContentBird, exactly during the days where I didn't have online access to it due to my broken laptop screen.

I took Jacqui on walks in Völkermarkt and found nice spots yes …

... but on Thursday morning I freaked out on my dog. I was so frustrated, also because when I go with Jacqui too early for him to pee and crap, he won't do anything and just pull in his tail and be weird, and it makes me furious, because it's no fun to go outside in the early morning for me at all, I do it for him, and then he behaves like a complete idiot). On Schlossberg mountain parking spot, coming back from a short walk, I opened the passenger's side door to put my bag inside, and Jacqui immediately jumped in. This is absolutely inacceptable, as he must sit on the back seat, and I screamed at him to get out, but instead, he moved *on to my seat.* So I got so mad that I screamed at him and opened the driver's side door and literally threw and pushed the poor dog out of the car hard so that he landed on his side on the ground. And what did he do, he ran away! I called him back, and he came, but in his distress, he jumped onto my seat again and then on the passenger's seat! I went after him, foaming, and I boxed his shoulder and thigh and screamed "Out, out!", and he got so scared, that *he bared his teeth toward me.* He was in shock. He didn't snap at me, but I opened the door behind him, too, and threw him out again.

Then he ran away again, entirely in panic, and I kind of normalized a bit, and I called him to me. He came, so we squatted, and his heart was racing, and he was so upset, just like me. I looked at us and me and thought that this wasn't supposed to happen that I can get so stressed out that I then lose all self-discipline ... well, not all, I didn't really beat Jacqui or kick him, but I felt that I had the capacity. It wasn't necessary to freak out and scare him like that, *but I couldn't help it. Oh geez, if it wasn't for Jacqui, I don't know what I'd be capable for. He forces me to discipline myself every single day.* I'd know who to turn to if I really would be willing to allow myself to lose it one day.

So I felt so horrible the whole day and was so worried that he had gotten hurt ... but I think he hasn't. It's now three days later and he doesn't show any signs, also not mentally. He is more alert and attentive, maybe it was good that I freaked out so that he could see that I'm still a serious leader. But when we were at the biz later, and he got up from a snooze, he sat there so lost, his head low and little whiny, that I was worried about him. Later he was fine again.

So what bothered me the most was the pressure there was, suddenly, by the agency … entirely not appropriate in many ways. But this is worklife, I had forgotten about it. Oh, how I miss working with Bob, in our housie, in our own little paradise …

And then the fact that the tech didn't get back to me ... When he did, on Friday, I realized that *he had* ***not*** *done a thing about my laptop* ... he probably had forgotten or shit what. But that he doesn't return my calls now and doesn't let me know how to proceed, this drives me nuts. I got to get my laptop back. And I can't read the guy. Geez. What has my life become.

Yesterday I had a wonderful **dream** of Keanu Reeves. I was in some sort of outdoor workshop setting, there was a forest and some building and maybe a river, and there was a woman, a celebrity, and I think she had two daughters. It's all fuzzy. But somehow she sought me out and liked me, she was very tall and light brunette, with a patterned dress, and she invited me to work with her or come with her. And suddenly, Keanu Reeves was there, too. To my left, he was tall and nice, and I talked to him about something, and because our faced were so close, it felt like we were supposed to kiss. But in my dream I thought that it was odd to think that because we didn't even know each other, so why kiss ... but while talking I did touch his lips with mine ... We talked about how we'd in fact work together in the future, and how it would be great and successful, but not romantic ... yet, he smiled, and he kind of kissed me back.

I woke up ... the past nights I haven't slept well. My right shoulder is giving me hell in the night.

Last night, I had a blasting headache. An interesting dream, again, but can't remember.

Last evening, walking with Jacqui, Marshall's asshole owner J.'s father came towards us with his car, and Jürgen was in it, too. And while they drove by, Jürgen bit his nail, and the way he held his head and looked at me, *ice-cold*, made my hatred towards him boil up sky-high. I just know exactly that I'm right about him, that he is a sadist psychopath, he doesn't feel for his dog or anyone. He is a sicko asshole. The way he looked in that moment, expressed all that. It was chilling. If I only could ... I can't even conclude this thought. I can't stand this person's presence.

Marshall is alone every day, nobody (!) walks him, Andrea not either. I can't bear watching this.

Of the sweet little kittens are only two left, the most, lately I have only seen one. I want to know what happened? There is one big old black and white cat around, and he eats the cat food all the time. The other day, he sat on the path, when we came and didn't see or hear us. I think he is deaf, actually. So Jacqui saw him and ran at him, but because the cat didn't move and only ran when Jacqui was already with him, Jacqui also didn't know what to do – and ran a circle! He didn't want to attack the cat, only to chase him. It was very touching to watch.

Something needs to happen about Marshall.

Last night, something odd happened, too. Inge called me (and later I found out that her husband was not home, so that's why she had time to chat) ... and she gave me a ***full-blast of Jehovah's Witnesses lore***, trying to "convert" me. It was very very very hard and painful to listen and sometimes respond, because Inge isn't a very educated woman, and what she said and believes ... is very hard to bear for me. I was exhausted from it. And then I had a blasting headache the whole night.

Oh Stoneman, the only person to ever talk to and feel understood, in spite of all our differences, was him. I miss him so much, I can barely handle it.

It has happened, in the past days, that I felt so exhausted, that I had to sit down on the path while taking walks. Today, too. And I feel sick, generally. My left boob has a strange feeling to it and stings at time. And my cough keeps coming back.

I have generally a strange feeling of strangeness of myself. Then I look at my bodyparts, and they aren't that much different than they were when I was 20 years younger.

I think of Pukalani so often. I miss it so much. It hurts so horribly.

My mother, on the phone, sounds fine, like always, in her small universe, doing always the same things. She does sound okay.

I was granted an 800-Euro "Covid-help" from the Carinthian government, as I had applied for it, without even expecting to receive something. Well, it certainly is well appreciated.

Reading "***Across the Unknow***n", just now, it's five in the afternoon, and I just snuck some yummies to Marshall, who has been alone all day, nobody walks him ... and I sat down with my egg salad and read some ... so reading I was "told" what's important for me to do: To realize who I am and want to be for my remaining mortal phase:

> "INVISIBLE: Consider carefully a cross-section of each day as you have
>
> lived it, like an apple cut across, making visible its core and the seeds maturing within: so examine your own heart and its activities, ONE DAY AT A TIME. What was your principal aim this day? In the midst of your temporary activities, what percentage of your best energy do you find consciously directed toward an enduring pursuit? In other words, taking this day as a fair example and adding to it A FEW HUNDRED SIMILAR ONES, what would you say you had created? What sort of a person have you built for yourself? Do you approve of your habitual consciousness?
>
> Now take the future, and examine in like manner the allotments of vitality you plan to distribute during your days. Regarding your thoughts and acts as charges of energy with definite amperage and voltage, consider which of these impetuses you intend to continue on persistently, as worthy of a distant aim. Plan to accomplish those first; they are your permanent structure. Then whatever is left of energy charges determine to utilize generously, even to the tiny ones which make gay and humorous sparks enlivening all human intercourse.
>
> Finally, at intervals during each day stop for a moment to rate the percentages of attention and ardor you are actually putting into your various affairs. Examine these percentages as if they were an allotment of finances in a business budget. Then step aside from them a moment,

> return to the concept of your business of eternal purposes, and compare the two. At length, put them together, asking yourself which ones of these ordinary activities you can so vitalize that they help you to unite with other lives in greater inclusion of the consciousness which we are striving to make for you an everyday affair.
>
> (...)
>
> INVISIBLE: The suggestion we are trying to present is that you learn to construct your days on a plan of more varied planes, more in keeping with the country you are now traversing. Let the height, the embodiment of your directing beliefs, be the mountains, the main shaping course of your travels, visible always through every occupation and in every chart of your course. Let your daily pursuits, all the lesser allegiances of your mind, be on the water level, fluid, adaptable to the expedience of the stronger structure. Shape your days mentally always thus in contour, never monotonously, jumblingly lacking in distinctions of structure. Waking in the mornings, review the day from your heights, always impregnably establishing your directions from them; returning to them at hours of the day made habitual. From the mountain top you know where the valley leads and what is beyond, and so can plan your movements in the lowlands.
>
> (...)
>
> INVISIBLE: Only thus, persistently practiced, can you avoid the deplorable banality of flattening your life and entering your next existence unmodelled and unbeautiful, without possession of either tools or design. Your potentialities are visible, the rising and falling of your efforts, the acquisition of much that is nebulous; but the firmly made structure itself is only worked out in daily contours. For however developed and exalted your aims may be, they are only nebulous until you give them perpetuating form in your hourly life visible to others.
>
> This is the awakening ceremony I advise for the entire remainder of your life on earth. Its importance is impossible for you to calculate. Its participation, gradually, earnestly, and interestedly, will, without anything but pleasurable effort, bring you inestimable happiness and power.
> "

Okay, reading this makes the sudden confrontation with some "Jehovah's Witnesses" lore appear even more drastic. These people don't want to shape anything, it's all about believing that God is directing everything anyway, so there is no point in using "free will". I think "free will" is even disregarded ... Inge did say she knows that she will see again her dead grandson, and very often she feels his head touching her body like it did so often ... but she also said that the people who didn't believe in the "Arche" during the "Great Flood" will not "rise again", because when they drowned they didn't believe in God ... and stuff like that. She meant it. And this is a very strange turn of events ... the sweet lady who kept giving me veggies (this morning she sent me a text way early for me to come and pick up more veggies she had prepared) is suddenly some kind of religious fanatic. I tried to come up with a few thoughts about what I know about the history of religion in terms of the biblical Old Testament and the Jesus story ... and boy was there no echo at all. She didn't hear a word.

Well, so thank you, ... whoever ... for the new challenge. It's not I don't have enough already.

I had to think of ***my only idol, Dr. Barbara Thiering*** ... I even mentioned my documentary film project towards Inge ... Dr. Thiering passed on in 2016 ... oh, geez, maybe I'm, in a way, "pushed" towards the subject religion again!? After my missionary documentary ...? ***Mercy Whitney*** ... the woman with the greatest suffering of them all, moving to Hawaii with her great love and young husband, only to see him die so young and being forced to outlive him by more than sixty years?! Sixty years alone, longing to be with the love of your life? Makes me cry everytime.

And Dr. Thiering, ... all her work, forgotten? Unappreciated?

I should so something about it. I just felt it. Maybe I should put my promo film that I made about her work on some crowd funding platform. Without words. Just that, asking people to give me money to make that documentary film?

I don't know?! What about "Regents of Clouds"? I "heard" what I just read in "Across the Unknown" ... I have to pick a path and "be" that person, and not a suffering miserable mortal, otherwise this time around will be for shit again ... but we came far, I think. I re-discovered ... I was going to say "Stewart's and my work", but I meant to say "the work of Stewart and Betty and the others" ... and maybe I'm some kind of "rebirth" of their quality of consciousness, really?

It was told to me in my twenties ... but I was predicted that I wouldn't make it past my thirties ... and here I am, 56, and more aware of "the bridge" and everything around it that ... in a long time. I know I've been there before. I other reincarnations. I kind of feel it. I also know that now, right now, I must do the right things to keep my body functioning for some more time.

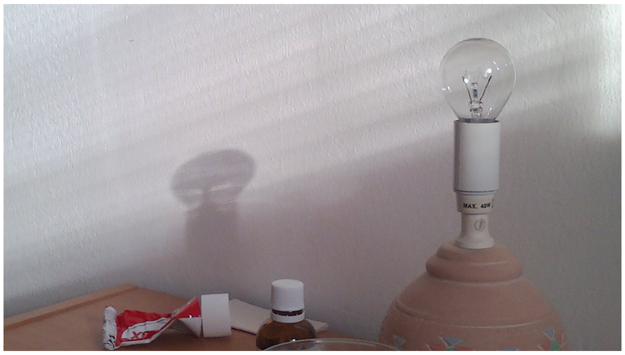
I just boiled ginger again, to make 6-shogaol, as I have the feeling, sometimes, that my body is full of tumors. I lose and gain weight like a Yoyo ... I – as a body – am definitely working through something.

Where it leads ... I don't know. I do honor my "kuleana", my spiritual plight. And I was meant to end up in Hawaii to be reminded of it. I, myself, planned it that way. Could be.

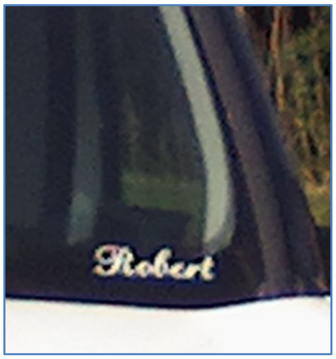
All this will be the story of the two sequels of "Regents of Clouds": "Creators of Stones" and "Masters of Choices". And if I should die, then "C" will be the one to move forward that "kuleana" and make it her own. She is one of "us", I know it.

I expressed my frustration to her, the other day, regarding my laptop, and she wrote back that in the grand theme of things all this earthly stuff isn't that important, at all. In a way, yes. But in another way, *it's entirely important,* as it shapes the playground of all the incarnations of souls to happen still ... including our own, maybe at another go-around. ***And the more we accomplish in this lifetime, the easier it will be for us later***. I has been rock-hard so far.

I've been taking pictures ... I've seen striking car license plate numbers ... and cloud formations, just yesterday, September 18 ... but I was so exhausted that I couldn't make myself write about them ...



M·H ZARFL
Robert



September 20, 2020, Sunday – **The Hui & The Speeding Car Nearly Hitting Me**

It's the ***"222" day***. Okay. Got it. I woke up from a very strange **dream** this morning: I traveled, together with other people, not sure who they were, to some kind of big seminar location in a big city, and an **event** was supposed to take place. One of the people with me was a woman, I realize it now, but can't think of anyone familiar, but it feels like I know that person in real life. Or knew. So the big event was some kind of presentation by a very **famous man** – and it was to take place on September 21. (In real life, this is tomorrow.)

For some reason, the event was suddenly already taking place, and it was a large building with several kind of low-ceiling corridors and halls, like the Stadthalle event location in Vienna. All through the dream I knew that the man to hold the … Oh yes, and **Sigi** was there! Sigi was there intensely, but somehow it was some other "plotline" of the dream. I was supposed to find Sigi, like in many dream before, but I didn't, and yet, he was suddenly there. But he was provocative and aggressive, not necessarily towards me, but to **someone** who was with me. It was also in that event location setting, but all I can remember is Sigi in his leather jacket sitting, his legs stretched out, talking to someone intensely who was directly facing him, but I was on Sigi's right side next to him, watching his profile. The atmosphere was intense, like ***I knew there was a lot at stake,*** and somehow *I also knew that Sigi was really dead*. Then the whole Sigi-thing kind of disappeared ...

And I was with that **man** *who was to hold the workshop or talk,* and he was in a back room preparing ... kind of practicing his speech, looking into a mirror, surrounded by his staff. I was kind of hanging out there, and then he came towards me and I thought how incredibly young he looked, without his beard, and I figured in my dream mind that I hadn't seen him for thirty years, at least ... because it was **Alfred Zoubek**! He was a boss of mine, very long time ago, when a friend of mine had told me that he needed some layouter and writer for an underground satirical newspaper ... and I started to work there, in Arbeitergasse, in Vienna, and the paper's name was "*The Outsider*". Later, Sigi also ended up "working" there ... the fact was, that Alfred was the publisher, but he also had another project, the "Vienna City Times", some kind of tourist magazine to be distributed at the airport, and I was supposed to design and concept it. I had no clue about these things back then, I was so new to it all, and Sigi was in his deepest drug addiction, back then, and he made his and my life a living hell. That was the time I worked for Alfred ... and he was always kind and nice to me. When we lost our apartment (I think it was in 1990, because Sigi hadn't paid the rent of the place he had moved into while I had been in Africa, and he had supposedly quit drugs, but little did I know that he was full on it, again, I wrote it all down in my book "Dunst", later turned it into a screenplay), I was allowed to put my stuff into the publishing office ... it's a very long story. But the man in my dream to hold the workshop, was Alfred Zoubek, so much younger. He must now be in his late sixties, at least, but in my dream he looked in his early forties. I stepped into his way and said to him "Don't you recognize me?"

And he looked at me without saying a word and didn't get to say anything, because the others distracted him.

I went along with them ... but I never really saw that workshop or seminar, but I knew, it was about "Rückführungen" ***(delving into past lives)***! This is something I learned that Zoubek started doing in real life, many years ago, offering to take people into their past lives. Wow.

For some reason I was in the **streets** of that city where the event was supposed to take place ... I now realize that it was a very very *remote strange place* ... some exotic place? ... and I had to give up wanting to participate .... because suddenly I was in the home of a **woman**, with who I had been before, in that event hall, I think ... but now I was *in her home*, her house, in some kind of entrance hallway, that resembles the one of my father's house in real life, and for some reason there suddenly was a y**oung man**, pale and with very little hair, and with watery big blue eyes ... and he was in a fight with that woman. Somehow I remember now that he wanted to become a ***magician***, but there was a crisis with that woman ... so he left her house, while I stood there with her, and she talked, but I can't remember what ...

And suddenly he came back, and for some reason ***his face was painted*** with make up, very white, with red and green circles around his eyes and mouth, and he was dressed i***n something flowing also in white, red and green*** ... and as I looked outside, it was like snow, but there were ***plants***, like grains or grass, and they were moving in the wind, and they were all *also colored white, red and green*, as if those where there natural colors, and they were very fragile and soft and pretty ... and I looked outside and was amazed, while the young man had another argument with that woman and then went outside and stomped away, to the west, through those moving grass plants ...

Seems like I woke up after that.

Last night ... I had read some more of Dr. Rene Graeber's blog articles about all kinds of health stuff ... and today, driving, I realized what it was all about.

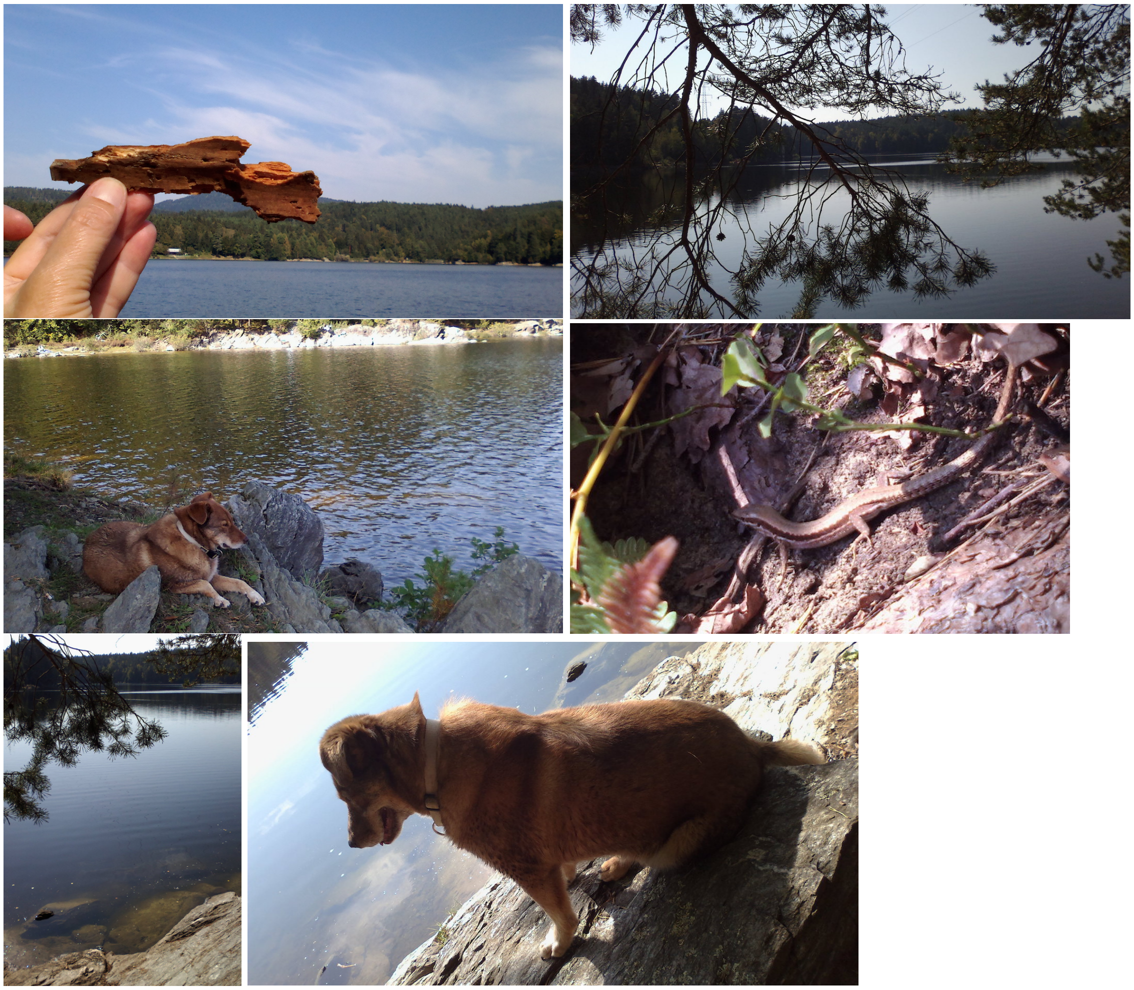
But first ... I took Jacqui to **Forestlake**, and I've been putting him into a dog-harness with seat-belt, just to be safe. I just had the feeling that it's too dangerous to let him sit freely in the back bench. Also, one of my jobs last week was about the proper storing of dogs in a car. Along with the damages martens (Marder) do eating the cables of cars. This was suddenly relevant, because while driving, I came across a dead marten, right on the highway. My thought was strange, though, I thought that Bob was saying to me "I've got martens here, too."

I tried from waking up this morning to take things easy and not get upset - because the fucking tech who has my laptop simply won't respond to me. I thought I'll explode, but nothing to be done. So while driving I thought, well, that's some lesson again. Patience? Things will come about, just not on my time or with the timing I want them to have? Well, great way of causing me even more stress with this lesson.

On the highway I talked intensely to Bob and told him that the whole "the beyond exists" think feels very surreal today, and that I'd need him to – yes again – give me some kind of sigh that he is really alive. Of course, being on the highway in my car, how should that happen? But right then, of course, a car drove past me, with the license plate number "**HUI 1**"! Now, a ***"hui" in Hawaiian is a meeting place***. And, before you enter a place, when you come visiting, you must call out "hui!?" to ask if it's okay to visit! So I asked Bob to "visit" and get the ultimate Hawaiian visit- und place-related word right away! "**HUI 1**"! And it would have another meaning, later.

Also, right after Griffen, "**808 DO**" drove by. And when I drove back to Griffen, "**808 DI**" drove by me ... that I found odd, too. Along with those, there were amazing sequences of car license plate numbers, but I just can't remember them right now ... just in a way "speaking" to me that I kept gasping.

At **Forestlake**, Jacqui and I swam and had a nice time. Because there are very few people, I got to sunbathe in a spot where there is no way to get a spot in summer, and I was lying on a very warm rock surface, of course thinking of Bob.

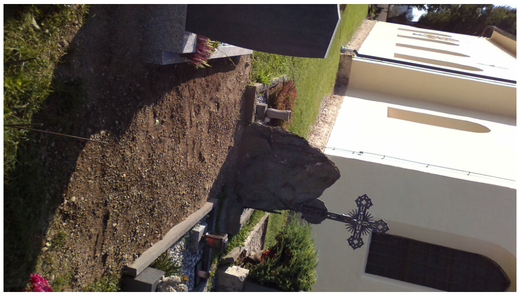


I also met a handsome man who I spontaneously found attractive. To the point that I wouldn't have minded to get to know him. But then I remembered that while I still see myself as my old young self, I come across now as an older woman. I'm not the young Dany who I am inside to people who see me from the outside.

While sun and water bathing all alone at that warm rock under the tree, a young man came and lied down naked very close to me. He watched me get into the water and coming out and drying off and getting dressed, and I didn't mind.

I visited my mother and almost lost it, because she was in the refuse-everything mood, except for the vanilla nutrition bottles I brought her. I bought her a nice squeeze ball for her hands, but no, she doesn't want it. She sounded confused about the ointments I brought here, and she keeps saying "Ja, ja ..." and wants to get rid of me. Today it was so clear that I'm really already her caretaker, and that there is nothing I can get from my mother that I need. Except for the fact that she is kind of okay right now, and for the moment, I've got some slack. But shit is going to come eventually, I feel it.

Anyway ... so after visiting my mother, I took Jacqui to the **cemetery** to check on my brother's grave ... and as we took our usual walk towards the forest, a man caught up with us ... and he used to be the owner of the restaurant very close to where my mother lives, and were she used to go and drink all the time after work. Just yesterday I had a horrible memory of the night when she broke her leg coming from there, "helped" by that very man's son ... who let a woman with a broken leg simply drop into her apartment ... So this man told me about the **priest** who had died recently, I had seen him just day before that, the priest, and I've looked at his grave many times, since. And the man told me that he had talked to the priest ten minutes before his death. And the priest had known that his heart was going to let out soon, *and he had put everything in order and in writing, even the wording of his obituary.* And then he passed on. I can't help but be jealous, at times. Well ... a little later, something amazing was about to happen ...



That said ... reading about those health-things in the doctor Graeber's blog ... I realized more than ever what a complex machinery our body is. It's really not that we "are" the body, it's truly that we "have" the body and use it.

I took a swim in lake Wörthersee, too, and it was wonderful.

Driving on the highway, towards Griffen, I suddenly understood why I had to read all that about the body and the hospitals and the antibiotics, also, for example, *why it's not necessarily good to surgically remove a tumor,* and many things that related to Bob's and my situation. It dawned on me that ... well, first, if I had my laptop with me, I wouldn't have read all those things, but I keep reading because that's what I can do on my very old laptop ... Bob was maybe telling me, that I was right with what I was thinking: Even though, at times, I had been thinking that maybe I had caused Bob to get sicker and die, I didn't really believe this. Because just around this time of year, two years ago, Bob was so well, that he went shopping for chicken and cheesecake and ran errands, driving ... and he was in such good spirits. Then, his mind must have given him some shit so he decided to do what his "friends" John and a Taylor Camp nurse had advised him to do and go to the hospital. That way, Bob had betrayed not only me and my efforts, but also himself, by not trusting me or himself. Granted, his mind was already very feeble ... and I had always thought, well, maybe he had had a stroke and that "made" him go to the hospital that morning. But today I thought, no, he was in a good enough state of mind to make up a story to tell me: He told me on the phone that a dog had run him over at the beach where he and I had been and where he had gone again, and that his tumor had started bleeding there and that he had felt that he couldn't handle this himself and had checked him into the clinic. So he had been aware that I wouldn't have approved of him doing the one thing he swore he'd never do because he knew it would kill him, go to the hospital. He had not trusted "us". He may have been scared, yes, everything ... but it comes down to Bob not trusting me and himself and fucking him and me over in the process. And at the hospital, the fact that they had given him strong antibiotics and told him that he was fucked and also that he likely got his horrible cough right after that from the hospital too, let alone his total breakdown wit vomiting and fever from the antibiotics ... that killed him. All what we had built up with so much effort in the past weeks was destroyed by Bob's decision to go to the hospital. His mind was weak, yes, it was ... but it was not the meds I had sent him or anything we had done to help him, right on the contrary.

And I "got it" today. (And yes, maybe my mind is trying to re-sane itself by trying to make sense of all my sadness and grief. The situation with poor neglected dog Marshall doesn't help. My hatred against those animal abusers is growing and growing.)

And then ... I was coming from my Wörthersee swim and had just turned onto the highway, so I wasn't going very fast, but fast enough. (I must mention here that this weekend was the Golf GTI meeting in Velden, unofficially, but a lot of high-PS-cars were all over the place.) I was thinking about the car license plate I had seen on the way to Velden, but I couldn't recall it, and I was pissed. I had written it on a piece of paper at Forestlake, so I pulled that paper out of my bag and took a look, "HUI 1" ... okay, I was satisfied and kept thinking about Bob and all ...

The car in front of me was also going like 100 km/h, like me, but I was slower, because there was a growing distance between it and me. I had put Jacqui in his harness, and he was rolled up, snoozing. I was thinking about what I have just described above, about Bob betraying us ... And then it happened: *Very fast cars came along behind me*, I could see that there were many.

They caught up with me and the car in front of me fast. I was driving calmly, in the middle of my lane, realizing that the cars who were passing by me weren't passing all that fast, at a normal speed, actually, maybe 120 or 130 km/h. (The following happened so fast that I'm more reconstructing now than having been aware of it all at the time.) I do remember some kind of roaring, and I kind of noticed from the movement that I saw in the left rear mirror, that a white car was coming along really really fast. In fact, it was way faster than the cars that were already overtaking. And I suspect that the driver didn't realize how fast he was compared to the traffic in front of him. So he caught up with the group around me with extreme speed, and there was no way to push the brakes. So the only options were: Crash into me or into the cars that were passing by me. Or pass by me to my RIGHT on the narrow emergency lane. All I saw was something white coming close so fast that I did think it was going to hit me right away, but then the white thing took a turn to the right, and the car was so fast, that I only heard a "shrmmmm!", like a third of a second, seriously, and **the car raced by me on my right side**, cut right in front of me to the left, cut in front of the cars that were passing by me at the moment and sped off by the car in front of me and cut in front of it again, and sped away.

So I stayed entirely calm ... only a minute later I realized that me, my dog and maybe several other drivers could have been dead now. The reason why were are still alive, is, that I had thought about Bob and had not been as fast yet as I should have been after driving onto the highway, and that way, there was a big enough gap between me and the car in front of me. Also, I'm not a driver who sticks to the right, so there was enough space for the racer to make his way by me to my right, even though the emergency lane is actually very narrow and had a concrete wall next to it. The speeder only needed to brush my car a little bit ...

Well, he didn't. We made it through the "**222**" **day**. Alive as bodies.

But I must have felt something, so that I gave Jacqui his seatbelt. He slept through the whole thing. I didn't even push the brakes, what for ... it was a baffling moment for all of us. I don't think any of the other drivers had ever experienced anything like that. Imagine I'd be a nervous driver and pushed the brakes or moved the steering wheel in my shock ... again, a lot of casualties could have resulted.

But no. All went fine. No passing on today. The experience also put the laptop situation into a different perspective.

Yet, I have been feeling so sick, intermittently, recently, that I started to think that something is "growing" inside of me, somewhere. But swimming today ... was just great.

September 21, 2020

Drove to Steindorf, Ossiacher lake, as Rudi hat texted me, finally, that he'd be at home at 4 pm and put my laptop in front of the door. I texted back asking him to add the adapter and the monitor he had said he'd tried out and that worked ... he texted back yes. I took a stop at Krumpendorf, to let Jacqui move a bit, then drove on ... and at 4 pm I received a message that he wouldn't make it until 5 pm. Okay, I drove there, and just as I parked closeby, I received a text that the monitor didn't work after all ... so I knew that he hadn't done anything and likely didn't even have a monitor, and that I shouldn't come (he hoped I wasn't on the way yet!), and that we had to wait for the inverter he had ordered to arrive. Geez! He hadn't read a word of what I had been texting him since Thursday, that I wanted my laptop back no matter what. I called him and said that sure I was already there ad that I wanted my laptop. He said that he was already on his way again, but I insisted. I heard him pant on the other line, so he likely drove back ... and I went there and picked up my laptop, and it stank together with the bag of stale smoke.

Later I emailed a Mac-tech in Vienna, a total expert, to who I could have sent my laptop when it was broken in June in the first place, but I decided not to ... and he told me that the system on the Mac didn't fit the model at all ... and he suggested I'd send him the laptop. So ... wow.

It was such a stressful drive back over the little town of Feldkirchen, high speed country roads with lots of deer crossing warnings ... it was sunset, beautifully red behind me ... so I thought, well, maybe the light is telling me I'm safe. I asked a very nice man at a petrol station in Feldkirchen for the way to Klagenfurt, and he even drove slowly ahead of me to point ... very sweet.

But I had made it to a swim in Wörthersee too.

Also ... on the way, I had to laugh, because a **sausage** was lying on the side of the road! A raw pretty good size sausage! The interesting thing is, too, that the "hero" of last night's dream, **Alfred** Zoubek, would always **eat sausages**, just like that, without anything else, the "Knacker sausages"! And Sigi and I would always find that weird .. but he loved them, uncooked, and would always eat them. So strange that a sausage (!) was lying actually on the side of the highway. And I saw it so clearly because it was just before a tunnel, and I wasn't driving very fast.

Back home, I was just wiped and felt really numb. The clouds showed me “**explosion**”.

September 22, 2020 **– The Sunflower Bean**

Woke up too late, because of shooting in the night and very very intense **dream** of Bob.

I was so close to him, physically, he was there ... but it was in some kind of "**cave**" style location, and there were other people, and there was something about **small animals**, maybe? It's fuzzy, I only see Bob standing front of me, and then I was snuggling up to him, under his chin, and it was such an intense Bob-feeling that I'm getting a heartrate rush only writing about it. Strangely, in the dream, he had cancer. And he was all smiley ... okay, just now I recall some other aspect of that dream, something about deep ocean and diving? But it's gone already ... except that Bob and I were, although sometimes seemingly under some kind of roof, out in the open at some kind of beach ... okay, and my mother was there, too. There was something about her health ... and I took care of her? But nothing clear right now.

So Bob was there, tall, facing me, wearing some kind of colorful patterned shit, smiling to me, and we were hugging, and I knew in my dream that he was dead sick and would likely die, but there was hope ... and we talked about his treatment and his condition, but I don't recall what. Yes, there were other people, intensely so, and they all had to do with Bob and me ... it was like they were swarming around ... and I think they all knew that Bob was so deadsick ... and always the ocean theme, where I had something to do ...

And somehow, at some point Bob was lying on his back, with his legs kind of up, and I saw that where his balls should be, there was a **hole**! And I asked him, oddly, how his balls were, and he said, kind of surprised that I didn't know, that they had been taken already four weeks ago. And I thought to myself, in my dream persona, "wow, but that's in the time that he and I had been together again, and that this still happened without me knowing?" So that was an interesting aspect. So seeing Bob without his balls, just a hole between his legs, was baffling.

Of course my subconscious may have played on some real life experience I had yesterday ... I picked a **tomato** to give to my landlady Andrea as a gift in return for her giving me a jar of plum jam, and as I plucked off the actually big heart-shaped and kind of scrotum shaped tomato (the variety is called "ox heart"), it didn't come off easily, so I used force. And as it popped off, the stem kind of glided out of it's socket, and a hole was visible in the remaining stem of the tomato. I thought then, wow, that's why those fragile looking stems are able to hold those big fat tomatoes!

There were other things in my dream, too ... and when I woke up I was filled with the impression of the physical encounter with Bob.

So I went to the biz again to work on the content bird. system

Last night I had still emailed with a person, "Hr. D.", who wants to sell a MacBook pro for 350 Euro, and I'm inclined to buy it. Can't do the driving to Völkermarkt and working at the public biz anymore which is at the same time the unemployment office.

Plus I will send my old laptop to Vienna to have it checked.

I'm kind of like "electrical", so upset, so nervous, just all alone with all the shit ...

Not sure, what to do.

(Later)

Drove to Villach (85 km, one way) to meet with the guy "Hr. D." who offered his MacBook Pro for sale. Turned out it was a health worker, very nice, kind of odd in his shy behavior, but he absolutely wanted to make sure that I tested everything ... well, there wasn't much to test, I got into Content Bird right away, via Safari, even though the CB-tech had said that it doesn't run on Safari, and I bought the laptop!

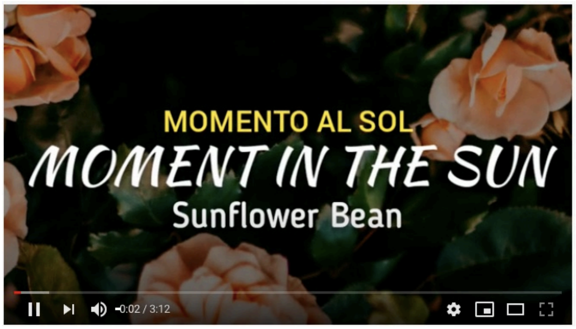
Right after driving away, I saw a **glove** on the side of the road, and immediately **I "gave high five" to Bob,** and right after that a **hat** lay on the side of the road, and I said "Thanks", for lifting his hat. I was very much into wanting to be with Bob today, yes. I had thought about the dream while driving, and that fact that he had lost his balls ... and the thought came to my mind if this was an answer to my question why he went to the hospital and betrayed us and our efforts, and maybe it means "already weeks before I did it, I had lost the courage to try on my own". So he had actually wanted to go to the hospital while on the other hand he had been dead scared of it and refused to involve anyone except me because he was so afraid they'd put him into a hospital and he'd die there.

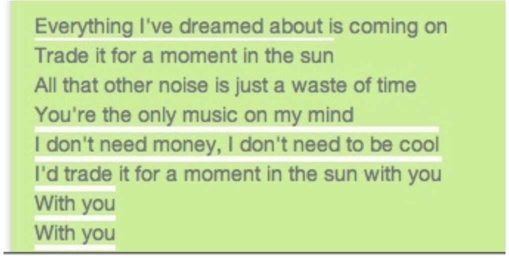
Those thoughts were on my mind ... it started to rain, heavily.

On the way back to Griffen, I swam in lake Wörthersee and called my mother. She seemed fine, ...

On the way to Velden, I forgot to mention, I switched the radio on, which I barely ever do, and if, then only for a few seconds, as I can't stand music ... I'm getting so sad ... I was really really struck when the presenter introduced a band by the strange name of "**Sunflower Beam**" (***Note***: *I checked later, it's actually "Sunflower Bean", yes, like the plant, which is even more interesting ... because of all my many walks between the sunflower fields and the bean fields, and I walk by bean fields every day!!!*) , and the song they sang was "One Moment with You In The Sun" ... oh, geez, all they sang ... my heart broke in so many pieces again! At the same time I thought, wow, is Bob telling me something through this song?

Die Band Sunflower beam rockte am Sonntag das Chelsea. ©APA/HERBERT NEUBAUER





Everything I've dreamed about is coming on
Trade it for a moment in the sun
All that other noise is just a waste of time
You're the only music on my mind
I don't need money, I don't need to be cool
I'd trade it for a moment in the sun with you
With you
With you

"Moment In The Sun" / Sunflower Bean

I wished for things I thought I loved
I reached for stars, they set me up
They do, they do
Oh, they do
It's raining gold, the sky is black
Our summer's gone, I'll live with that
I do, I do ... Oh, I do

Everything I've dreamed about is coming on
Trade it for a moment in the sun
All that other noise is just a waste of time
You're the only music on my mind
I don't need money, I don't need to be cool
I'd trade it for a moment in the sun with you

Winter, spring, summer, fall
A moment's fine but I wanna feel them all
I wanna feel them all

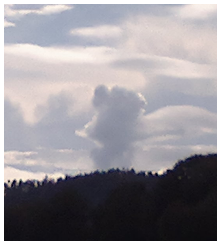
(...)
Geez, really ... REALLY.

Also, this morning, I was in shock because my phone didn't work! I went to a handy shop, and the guy plugged it in and it worked fine! Geez!

September 23, 2020 **– Interlocking**

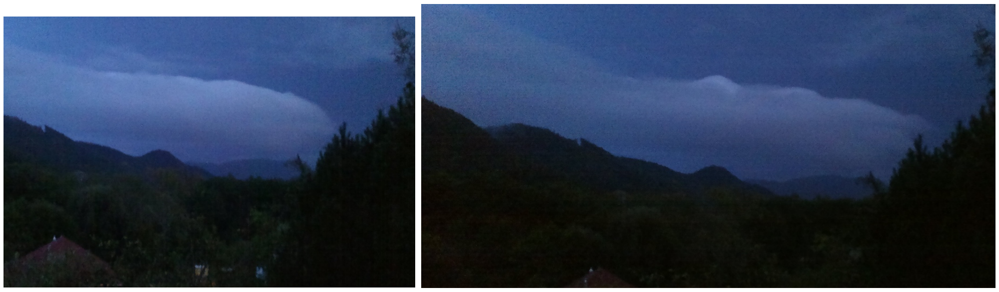
Turns out my new MacBook Pro has a ***hard drive that I can't access.*** Geezus fuck me, what else???

I sent my MacBook (that I got from Bob) to Vienna to a Mac-specialist I know. 12 bucks. Overnight. Interesting car license plates … "**48 KW**" to me is a hint at "sound", as always … so I'm listening.



The **above and the beyond are touching and interlocking!**

The clouds in front of my window **mimicked** what I was seeing!



September 24, 2020 **– The Blue Thing with the White Spot**

Very disappointed of the agency ... one of their writers had troubles with the display of the texts I sent her retour, and they immediately blamed it on my side and told me I couldn't put the work on my bill because they had to involve another editor! Without communicating with me properly! So the decision of their content manager head to ignore me and let someone else do the work again "to save time" lead to her telling me I won't get paid? I don't fucking think so. This is a very disappointing experience, to say the least.

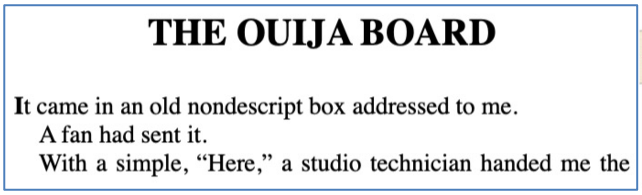
I communicated with the seller of my new MacBook Pro, turns out he himself installed the hard drive and he has no idea what's wrong or what he was doing. I contacted an Apple specialist from Vienna, and they told me that likely the hard disk had been formatted in MS-DOS and not for Apple

Mac. Alright. So now I can work in the fucking ContentBird-system fine, get online, but I can't use the hard drive.

All that frustrating shit aside ... there was an amazing incident of synchronicity today.

I drove to Wolfsberg to shop for dog food, but before that, I drove to St. Andrä, where there is the lake and the long walking paths along the river Lavant ... and Jacqui and I walked there. I picked some apple from a wild tree and at it, and shared it with Bob ... and I got so very deeply sad and yet I had a very intense impression of him being there ... so I opened my hand, like had done before and said that he should *"put something into my hand"*. Right away, what I "saw" was something **light blue and round-ish with some round white or light spot,** like some blue plastic or rubber toy in the form of some animal, but I didn't "see" an animal, just something light blue with a bright round spot in it. I didn't think much of it, because it was there so quickly and easily ... and Jacqui and I walked those long paths between the fields ... and I enjoyed the view of my "Haleakala", the mountain Koralpe that really looks my beloved Haleakala.

Then, back home, I worked a little, the had some dinner, and then I felt so drawn to google archive.org and "talking with the dead", and it was very frustrating, because I didn't feel happy with what I saw on archive.org ... I ended up with **George Noory** and read a little bit of his book ... don't remember the title, but he talks about his experience in his radio studio with a "***Ouija board***" and how supposedly something "evil" was expressing itself in it ... and I was so pissed off about it.

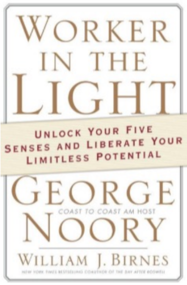


THE OUIJA BOARD

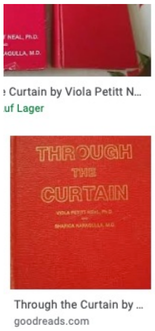
It came in an old nondescript box addressed to me.

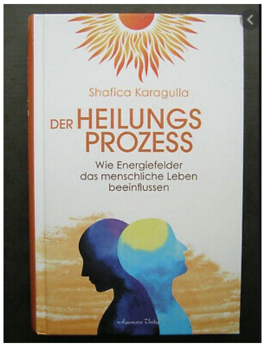
A fan had sent it.

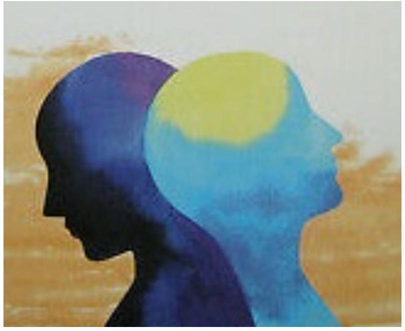
With a simple, "Here," a studio technician handed me the


WORKER IN THE LIGHT
UNLOCK YOUR FIVE SENSES AND LIBERATE YOUR LIMITLESS POTENTIAL
GEORGE NOORY
WILLIAM J. BIRNES

But I noticed the mentioning of a name, "**Shafica Karagulla**", and for some reason I googled that ... turned out, it's a New Age writer, dealing with chakras. She was from Turkey and very much into mankind's hidden spiritual and energetic properties ... that felt interesting, to have encountered that woman's work all of a sudden ... so I clicked on images to see her book titles ... and there it was: One of her books features: a **light blue human head with** a around light spot in the middle! THAT was what I had "seen" when I had asked Bob to "put something into my hand".


Curtain by Viola Petitt N...
uf Lager
THROUGH THE CURTAIN
Through the Curtain by ...
goodreads.com


Shafica Karagulla
DER HEILUNGSPROZESS
Wie Energiefelder das menschliche Leben beeinflussen



I was baffled shitless. But like always, my bafflement is in some way very deep in me, I don't even express it, all I can do is just stare and sit and think "Wow, I get it. Thanks, Stoneman."

I do have the feeling that "they" are watching me all the time. What I've been reading in "Across the Unknown" really is supposed to keep me on track ... I know that too.

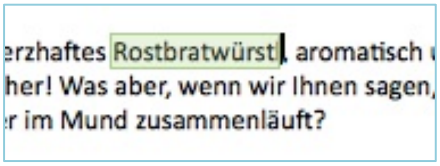
So the beans ... the song ... the putting something into my hand that worked twice already, with the orange and the blue-white thing ... am I evolving?

Also, I realized that there is something else that may be meant – a *blue* **kitchen towel t**hat I bought just recently. Oh, how many times have I wondered if Bob is in the kitchen with me, how often have I imagined him standing right next to me …

That said ... I've been talking to Bob and to myself a lot recently about the need for people to learn in this life to be better off when starting out in the next one. And the fact that Inge had talked to me about Jehovah's Witnesses' lore and that I flashed back to Dr. Barbara Thiering's work and that way to the Old Testament stories of a wrathful "God" who wants people to be punished for their wrongdoings ... I've been thinking "Shit yes, people need to be punished when the fuck up! How else would they learn? What's the good in letting fuckers and wrongdoers get a way with their shit? They should learn that they did wrong and regret it and suffer, too! That will be healing and good for them, and that way they have a chance to improve before they pass on ...!" Punishment is some kind of redemption, it is ... isn't it? How else would humans learn? In their mortal forms ... they, we, are just idiot fuckers, altogether. The old testament writings about the angry and vengeful God have their merit.

All these thoughts remind me of how I always was repelled by people who were all lovey-dovey and shied back from people being angry. Oh I'm fucking angry, no shit. But I do know about myself that I'm a really good person. This doesn't keep me from wanting to destroy wrongdoers ... in a way that they simply can't keep doing what they are doing hurting others, including animals ... oh if I had the powers, I'd use them for doing good in that sense. Shit yes I would ...

Also, one of my jobs contained the mentioning of a **sausage**! "**Rostbratwürstel**" (sausage fried on a grill), and that's more than unusual ... but think about it: *I just saw a sausage on the side of the road the other day!*



erzhaftes Rostbratwürst, aromatisch
her! Was aber, wenn wir Ihnen sagen,
r im Mund zusammenläuft?

September 25, 2020

My **dreams** lately ... wow ... always with my mother and my brother, today also with my grandmother ... something very intense and maybe dangerous, but challenging, I don't remember exactly, but I had to overcome a lot of obstacles to connect ... I'm not sure anymore, but it was intensely emotional and deep and strange ...

Just now I notice that I don't wake up with that fever-burning feeling anymore, at all. No more hotness in the night ... I've been drinking cooked ginger again, for several days, I do have the feeling it's doing me good. I also have been taking for a week or so, irregularly, Boswellia Serata, what I'd taken in early 2019, when I had felt so sick and full of bumps, like inside my bladder, and it had all gone away. I still have some left, so I began to take it. So yes, I'm trying to keep my body functioning for some longer, I feel urged to it, but I'm not sure, for what.

Well, reading "***Across the Unknown***", I understand the inspiration, somehow:

> *"You don't really own a thing unless you use it. You can have titles of possession, but they are only scraps of paper. Can't you imagine a man who doesn't know how to read, owning a library with every book in the world in it? All he owned would be stuff. He couldn't eat it. He couldn't get ANYTHING out of it!*
>
> *How do you benefit from your body? Not by just possessing it. You exercise it! And it is just the same with the higher consciousness. It's worth nothing to you, or anybody else, unless you use it."*

This morning a tiny *little* ***baby cat,*** one of the litter of several, tried to run after Jacqui and me to come with us! She came to me and was so eager to be patted, so so so sweet and fragile, so thin and bony and all alone! Why! Where are the others? Either the farmer took them with him, or they were taken by a fox, or the mother cat, who also has disappeared along with all the other cats that I used to see there all the time, took the others away? Jacqui jumped at the baby cat, and she fled. Stupid dog. He was so excited. I'm not sure what to do if this little critter runs after us again. I bought cat food again today and litter stuff, for a litter box. Just in case.

After communicating back and forth, I was told by the Vienna Mac-expert that the MacBook is just fine, only some plug and the akku didn't work. The screen works! Geez! I don't know anymore what "expert" to trust! So they refuse to have me come and be there when they check out my MacBook Pro because of the hard drive, but they insist to return-mail-send my MacBook, and then I have it to work with it and send them the MacBook Pro. Motherfucking complicated. Or not. I guess I should be totally happy that there is someone who listens.

I walked the ***treehouse field*** today, with Jacqui, in the pouring rain ... and the ***gourds*** are about to be harvested! What amazing impressions, seeing them all lined up, ready to be picked up ... and others are gone and only the remainders of the gourds are there, maybe to function as fertilizer?

Standing at the stove, today, I suddenly had the feeling that Bob was standing behind me. I actually expressed this impression and stood there, closed my eyes and went all into the Maui feeling, as if I was in our beloved housie. I'm not sure what this is about. I feel so desperate all the time.

Read a little bit of "***Across the Unknown***" last night, too, and there was, of course, something that totally related to me, again:

> *"DESIRE to receive is but half the span of the bridge. Visualize this as the exact condition of your present spiritual progress. You have constructed but HALF THE SPAN of the bridge. Without the completion of this work you will have but struggled in vain; because the reason for its being is that, when finished, something may pass over it from the free field of spiritual perception to the congested consciousness of the world.*

> *The mere desire to receive, alone, is not sufficient even to establish effective contact with the informing intelligence above yours. In fact, it has a great difficulty to be overcome in what might be called a SUCTIONAL quality, which precipitates the force above it, reduces it to a lower manifestation in which it no longer functions as a quickening inspirational force. It becomes merely an intellectual 'record'--not a gift of growth silently available through you to others."*

September 25, 2020
I took Jacqui for a walk at the river Lavant ... and I had that very intense conversation with Bob ... and I told him that I really need to see him or get a clear sign from him ...

So I drove towards the highway close to the side line, on the way back ... and **a huge bird of prey** *sat on the street right in front of my car,* and I wasn't very fast, because there was a huge truck coming at full speed on the right highway track so I had to wait ...

And t**he bird of prey rose like in slow motion to the right of my car** as I gave way, and it rose above the front of my car and ***flew on the level of my windshield right in front of me*** for a few meters before slowly rising and disappearing above me.

I think it was a ***falcon***, in Hawaiian "Io", like "Jo", my name … or a ***buzzard***.

I came across some story about a reading by a “medium” … and there was Hawaii in the background. I was really truly sad again.

#oprahwinfreyshow #OWNTV #Oprahwinfrey
A Psychic Medium's Chillingly Accurate Reading For a Grieving Family | The Oprah Winfrey Show | OWN

September 26, 2020 **– Car License Plates “Talking” & A Reading For Me!**
Synchronicity struck again ... in the most amazing way.

I keep seeing the tiny weak kitten at the former chicken farm just down the street, and I kind of think if I see her getting worse, I might take her with me one day ...

On September 24 I **dreamed** of **big fat snow flakes** ... I don't remember much more about that dream, but it was a situation where snow was entirely unlikely, and I thought as much in my dream ...

And today I drove to visit my mother, and as I was driving along the highway, suddenly I saw the Gerlitzen ***mountain – white***! All the mountains around, covered with snow, way deep into the valley, and I was looking forward to my swim in the lake. It was odd.

My mother was sweet, and I realized that her self-sufficient days may be coming to their end, but I hope not too soon ... because it happened twice that we talked about something, and right after finishing the subject, she started the subject again as if we had never talked about it.

Also, I brought her some nice oatmeal and chocolate cookies, and she only too a look and said no, she didn't want them, certainly not. I decided to not get offended or upset and to just accept it. And a little later I said that it was a pity that she didn't want to try the cookies, and she immediately got up to get Tupperware boxes for the cookies, and I almost gave her all of them.

The most amazing license plate numbers turned up ... I even had to write them down, yes, while driving ...

Like on the way to Velden I drove behind a truck with "**PO 9YM21**". It just feels like a significant kind of "word". Then there was "FE 80 FE"! And that's important because I keep talking to Fe Fischer, the lady because of who I have Jacqui and who died a month before Bob in 2018.

Then there was "**672 BS**", and that's significant, because "672" (ZB) was my former license plate number, of the car I still had when I met Bob in 2002.

Then there were "**S 80**0", then "**900 DJ**" and "**808 ES**" ... and the strangest one" "**DUB 500 BS**". So strange those double zero numbers, one after the other! Sometimes I feel like they're kind of chatting me up. Just that I don't get what they're saying, Shucks.

I went for a swim in Wörthersee, and it was wonderful.

Then I got home and kept watching "***Friends***" on Putlockers, I've been binging it for a few days, while crocheting. Yes, I've started to crochet a net, I'm thinking as some kind of safety device for the case I should have to take the small seemingly sick and so feeble little cat with me one day. But then, can't have a sick cat with my dog ... so I don't know ... I keep going there to feed it good stuff, but often the two guys are there, farmers or something, I don't know what they are doing there ... I mean, the leave bacon and raw egg there for the cats ...

So in the evening, while watching "Friends", I had the urge to watch something in terms of mediumship. I just couldn't help it. After brief googling I, of course, ended up with **John Edward**, a very famous medium who does live audience readings. I picked just the first best ... and I was stunned. Not only by the accuracy of those audience readings, and the people there really don't look like actors, I do believe that they are genuinely baffled when John Edwards tells them incidents and greetings and stuff that only their dead loved ones could have come up with. Like I've been describing in this contact diary.

STUDIO 10
CROSSING OVER WITH JOHN EDWARD
THE FAMOUS PSYCHIC MEDIUM IS READING OUR AUDIENCE

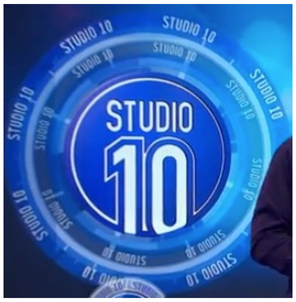
And then it happened: Suddenly, ***there was a whole streak of stuff that did not apply to anyone in the audience!*** Mind you, that was a recording from several years ago, not sure when ... but:

John Edward was told be a dead person by the name of "**Robert**" also called "**Bob**", and along with that person he got the impression of *"a dog that had some kind of an issue at the age of three, something happened there"*. Now, Jacqui almost died of poisoning at the age of three, in 2017, and that was the exact time when the wart appeared on Bob's body that later turned into that tumor! So **nobody (!) in that audience reacted** to the "Bob" and "the dog that had something happen to him at the age of three, something like a sickness or an accident"! I was stunned shitless ... especially when it went on - still it didn't relate to anyone in the audience: An invisible gave John E. the impression of "**illegal driving**", and *Bob didn't have a real driver's license from the US*, but he only had a very old one from the Bermudas that was expired long time ago! I had been having Bob driving in his beloved Honda Accord on my mind all the time, lately, and there it was ... and a date was related to all of that too: "**November 4.**" I kid you not. And nobody in the audience claimed that information, but it all related to ME! Who was watching this show years later! And he came up with two more aspects: "**The Sound of Music**" ... which is a part of my Hawaii script "Hulihuli Moon" that Bob loved, and: **taking something out of a car** ... and that can relate to the last car Bob and I used together, the white Toyota Echo that he bought in September 2018, and that was registered in my name. The "taking out of a car" can have so many meanings, but in "**Hulihuli Moon**", the protagonists have a car problem, having driven the rental car into a ditch, and in that scene, "The Sound of Music" is an aspect of the dialogue, too. Also ... I've been singing Hawaiian stuff in my car, recently. And ...

... remember the "**Sunflower Bean**" song "**One Minute In the Sun With You**" (I heard on September 22)!? All that relates to me, what John Edward said that Invisibles wanted him to express ... and nobody in the audience reacted! But John Edward insisted that the Invisibles wanted him to spell this out because it did related to someone in the audience ... it looked like he was wrong, but the audience was - ME!

Okay ... and there is something else that struck me:

The **blue and white thing** that Bob "put into my hand" got another dimension of meaning: The John Edward incident happened during a **studio 10** event, and their logos .. blue and white and looks like this:



September 27, 2020

Saw the **tiny kitten** again, it was near dark, and it came right to me and Jacqui, and it was trying to meow, but only some croaking came out of the little body. Then I gave it the cat food mixed with milk I brought for it, and she tried to lick and eat, but she immediately gagged and threw up. But she kept eating later. It was also dramatic, because I had picked her up, and she totally snuggled up to my chin, and it was so touching to feel that very think light body, *when a van came!* It drove right towards that remote spot where I was, and I had to get Jacqui, who I had left sitting closeby, and when I bent down to him and to grab the leash, he got excited and jumped, and the tiny cat got spooked and jumped off my arms, from so high ... and I had to walk away, right into the head lights of that van, and I had to leave the cat behind. The van jut dropped something off and left again, and I was only around the corner with Jacqui and returned to the baby cat. I got her back to her food, and she tried to eat.

Oh I can't stand the thought that it's all alone out there, so fragile. But I can't just take her with me! There may be a better life out there for her … maybe she is meant to be a healthy outdoor cat, and I can help her? A part of me really wants to take her with me! (Later I began to call her "Momi", "pearl".)

I watched "**Friends**", and when Chandler looks back into the empty apartment, after he had moved out, I had to cry a lot again. Bob's and my home … is it empty now? Is someone else living in there? I don't even dare to think about it too much, yet, I keep doing it. And scenes like those point me right at my own thoughts. Mostly I think that it's Bob's way of proving to me that he is "feeling with me". And that he knows what I think. How does that help me in my mortal ordeal? He may be alive, but he is freaking invisible and inaudible, damn'd!

September 28, 2020

I had a very deep insight today ... but I can't remember it. Shit.

(An hour later, while ***crocheting the net*** that I might need when housing a kitten ... the other day, a few weeks ago, I found a **net** (!) on a field path, and I photographed it. I thought "Weird, there's a net, and it feels like it's supposed to have meaning …" Now I only can hope that I didn't erase the picture ... but hey, I photographed a net! And a little later a net became important in my life ... as an idea, I'm crocheting one! Right now!)

The Vienna Apple expert kept talking about the *estimate* they were going to send me ... but instead ***they simply did all the repairing*** ... maybe because I had told them how much the laptop means to me as Bob gave it to me ... and today they sent me the invoice, and it's 600 Euro! Now I already paid 270 Euro to Rudi for the repair ... wow, that's really the price of a very good new laptop ... because the one I bought recently, and whose hard disk isn't working ... well, that cost 350 Euro and feels like a super model race horse.

Anyway ... I kind of see Bob chuckle about that ... me having that old MacBook repaired for that much money ... but then, it's the one he bought for me in 2018. It's absolutely worth it.

September 29, 2020

Amazing amazing **dream** ... of a challenge, something with the color dark teal or petrol, and with a man like Sigi, by the name of "Karl" ... I was in some kind of school or hotel environment, and my stay there came to an end. It was high up, somehow, on a mountain, like in a resort, and I met that man, Karl, and it was just before some kind of holidays, like school break holidays ... and he said good-bye to me, but we had a close connection. He wore a kind of heavy coat or jacket, and he was dark haired, a bit like Sigi, but not Sigi, and he was in his mid to late forties, very sweet and kind and some kind of a teacher figure ... or some authority, but not obviously so, more some kind of gray eminence.

Somehow, time had passed, and I had returned to that place, in a hotel-type school or seminar setting (but nothing had happened in between that I can recall), I was just there and the man showed up again, and he smiled at me, and I was kind of confused, because he seemed so disappointed. Then he handed me a small turquoise blue plastic toy figure, like a dinosaur, but not really, but something with many teeth and eyes and not like a complete toy body, it seemed to have a hole ... and while he gave it to me he asked me why I had never responded ... and I said wow, I never got any message. So it turned out that he had to leave right away, but that I had been supposed to join him in that time that had passed, but I had missed the information by him or his communication. He did, somehow pointed out where I had to go, it was to a city closeby, but my destination was not that city but a place like a refuge of a certain name that I can't remember right now ... and "Karl" disappeared. Somehow, there was a woman, a friend, as it seemed, but I don't think I know her in real life ... and other people showed up, and when they saw the little figure, they all talked about "Karl", so everyone seemed to know him. A younger chubby man showed up and I told him about my confusion and Karl having disappeared, and the young man told me that I only had to go to the place that Karl had pointed out to ... and so I went.

There is some side plot in that story that I can't recall properly ... it involves me having diarrhea and finding out that I had shit into my pants, but only a little bit. And before I could go to find Karl and cross an immensely wide valley, I had to clean my pants, that were sort of olive green, and it was hard to do, but I did it.

I was conscious of a spot of cleaned out shit on my pants all the time ...

And then I walked away from that hotel-school setting, because it was abandoned. My longing for Karl was so strong, and I was so disappointed in myself for not having hooked up with him before and for having missed his communication ... but this time he had somehow left me a clear sign that he loved me and wanted me and that I only had to walk after him and I would meet him again, and we'd be together.

That woman, my friend, kept showing up ...

Just now I had a flash of a memory of another dream part that involves me somehow climbing up a pole ...

... so I walked down a wide slope through some desert-y kind of territory with wide view over brown plains with rocks and dry patches of trees, with a city in my view, but far away. It was very hard to walk, and I was thirsty and felt nauseous, as I had a very back taste in my mouth ... I did have somehow some kind of provisions-bag with me, I think, because before I left I had been in a spot with a wooden bench or table where Karl had been, in his dark coat ... and there I had gathered stuff to take, but I don't know what ...

So I ended up in that city that was so far away ... only to realize that Karl wasn't there, but that I had to continue walking past that city, and that it was a least again that same huge distance ... I was so desperate.

The young man showed up, suddenly, and it turned out that he was also very crazy about Karl, and that yes, I had to continue walking, as the place where Karl was now was not just in that city on the elevated spot where I was ... and the city seemed abandoned in the desert-type sunshine and heat with the wide view ... but Karl was way further away, but I could reach it.

I knew that I had no choice than to move forward to find Karl ...

... and then I woke up.

September 30, 2020

Took Jacqui to the vet in Völkermarkt for his yearly vaccination. A nice redhead, a young lady ... and somehow we chatted way more than usual, and I ended up sharing the short version of Bob's death story. Which made me really sad, but mentioning Hawaii and that I had lived there ... on one hand it was like looking into some other dimension, on the other hand, that was ME. I miss being with Bob so much and everything that I could vomit sometimes. My shoulder gives me hell ...

And I realized a very painful spot on the upper side of my right lower arm, although there is no reason for it. Working on my laptop at night - after running to see little cat Momi, she was really there, although I had seen a bloody spot where she lives and had feared the worst, and feeding her some good stuff and patting her, she wants to crawl all over me to be patted, and her little friend showed up too, so, good, I know she's not alone - I noticed my hand getting ice cold. I went to bed and began to tap my arm with my left hand fingers to fix a possible blood obstruction, and it hurt. And slowly my hand woke up. So I'm officially aging. Good.

October 1, 2020 **– The Circle of Stars & GABI 1**

I had an epiphany today. Including the realization that I must be on the right track and in the right flow ... otherwise things wouldn't fall into place the way they did. I decided to drive to visit my mother today, even though it's Thursday and I could expect jobs from the agency. Still, at about eleven thirty I drove off ... first doing part of the treehouse field ... and I got so sad and broke out crying fully.

I got to say here that it stresses me out to write down all these things, because I have a hard time believing that someone will ever read it ... and to put it all in words ... brr ... but like many times before, while driving, I realized that it's much likely my own plan that I'm living out right now ...

and again, I realized that I must be on the right track.

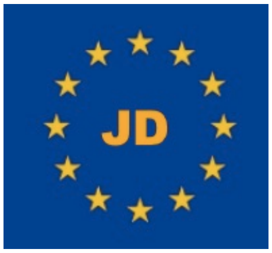
I totally cried on the **treehouse field**, and there was a cloud that insisted on forming some kind of "**puzzle**" shape, so there was always a part that stuck out reaching for the cloud next to it that had the perfect indent for that sticking out part.

I was so much in thoughts and feelings of loss that I nearly missed the turn onto the highway and made it just in time, crossing the stripes and double lines ... good things no car was behind mine.

So on the *highway*, I sunk even deeper in my mourning, and I thought about how I have begun to even "talk for Bob", as I'm saying things that he'd say in the situation, and I'm answering as me. I also thought how much I really want to connect to Dr. Alice, the medium, and I must finally email her for an appointment, somehow, even maybe have her do the session on her own and let Bob give her stuff for me as evidential.

I was talking out loud how all that is such a big heap of shit, me still in the mortal phase ... already on the field I had thought of all the people who are dead and who I cared about ... and I got so bitter. But at the same time I couldn't help thinking that there must be a plan to it all ... it's not a coincidence that Stewart White and I are so similar, and that his wife also died of cancer, and he lived on for seven more years ... so I kept musing while driving, and suddenly:

I realized that I was staring at **a spot on the truck** that drove before me. First I had noticed the license plate number, which was interesting, but didn't speak to me: "038 E 039". But I was staring at the upper corner, and suddenly it hit me, that what I was seeing was double my name: It was **a circle of stars (the EU-stars) around the letters "JD".** So "*Kaleilauhoku*" meaning "***the circle of stars***" around "Jo Danieli"! Geez! I was stunned shitless ...



(Picture-composition by me.)

… and I said out loud that I truly must be on the right path for me to even get into the situation to see this! No coincidence! I was on the highway in the right direction at the right time to see that ... and then I was thinking that only "C" would be the right person to "get" all of it, and that it's good that she's so much younger than me, but also I keep feeling like imposing on her, only thinking this ... and now I must give away her real name, otherwise what follows has no meaning: Just as I was thinking about her, a car passed by me with the license plate number "**GABI 1**".

Wow. I wrote it down, because this time I had put paper and pen next to me on the passenger's seat ... as if I had known that cool stuff was about to happen.

After taking some photographs I finally passed by the truck - and caught a glimpse of the number "500" on it, and immediately I remembered the other day, driving on the same highway noticing that strange car license plate "**DUB 500 BS**".

Another car drove by, with "**Firewall**" written on it ... Which I found funny. And then: "**500 GN"**! Then "**WOLF 2**"! So I laughed out lout, saying ***"Oh, Wolf is here, too?"*** Then: "**800 DM**", and "**88 FE**". Then I drove by a sign that I must have seen a hundred times, but only today I read "**Marche**". And that has special meaning because I had been thinking about how it came to be that I met Bob through Hadas indirectly, but because of Hadas I had met Yolanta, and she had brought me to Bob, literally. And her last name was "***Marche***".

It was all so intense ... and kept saying "wow, wow" thinking that "they" are really all around. I also talked to them and myself about how I and they must be working on some kind of plan to keep me, the mortal, strong. Maybe, in former lives, I didn't manage to handle the pain and the grief and the pressure, and so this time, they and I must kind of be advanced, in a way, because in spite of all the fucking tragedies of my life, I'm still not dead or a drug addict or deadly sick. Not that I know of, though. I do feel pain in my left breast, sometimes, but I refuse to check it. And there is something in my lung, I know it. But other than that ...

I talked out loud about that maybe this time we'll be able to accomplish something ... but how?

Another prompt by that Netflix movie program "Imagine Impact" (by Brian Grazer and Ron Howard) was published today, it's for a "female led thriller".

I drove to ***Saissersee lake*** and walked the other side, the water was very warm, but I needed to go see my mother and be back in time to do a few jobs if there should be any. My mother was sweet and feeble, and I thought that for her age she looks great and what a pity that she just hangs out in her apartment filling her days with a ridiculously redundant routine, driving to get her mineral water and her "Kipferln" every day. I'm beginning to worry that she doesn't eat much other than those white flour bakery things and her vanilla yoghurt - and the nutrition drinks I bring her.

What a shame that I didn't think of getting those for Bob when I was with him ... in many ways I behaved like a full idiot back then, and I must blame it on the shock.

I took a swim in Wörthersee lake, and it was wonderful. Not too cold. I felt so "me" ... like always when I'm swimming.

Driving back to Griffen, I had a million thoughts ... and **more double 00** cars drove by, like with "**600 GI**" and more "**500**"! I don't know yet what that means.

I was thinking about that new prompt by that Netflix movie program "Imagine Impact" for a "female led thriller", and I have several such ... but somehow it feels natural to submit "Parelli - Two Souls of Mine", because that film was a dream I wrote down, and it once won best screenplay.

Nothing in my life seems to be meaningless ... and since it was a dream ... well, I certainly will submit it. Submissions start on October 15.

I've read online that people really doubt that the thousands of submissions are even seen by the staff of that company ... and yes, I'm very disappointed about not having heard back about "Hulihuli Moon". I was sure, if an actual human mortal person would see it, they'd pick it. People suspect that Artificial Intelligence is sorting through the submissions before even a real person sees them.

Well, whatever.

I'll have to do what I have to do.

At times, like today on the field, I have the impression of Bob being so close ... as if I could really see, hear and feel him.

For some reason it felt significant today to see that the **mushrooms** I had hung up to **dry** ("Judasohr", "Wood Ear", Auricularia auricula-judae), shriveled into tiny pieces ... very strange to see them.

(Later) I took the evening walk with Jacqui to see ***Momi*** **-** and the little cat came running right away and was so happy to see us. She is so fragile and wouldn't eat, but some meows begin to come out of her instead of the croaking. Jacqui was so tense and at one point snapped at her, which made me angry, but I didn't let it out on him, it's not his fault. Momi, though, at some point, went under his belly and between his front paws and came out there again (I was holding his collar, and he looked away pretending he didn't notice, it was actually funny) ... she is so trusting. She lies down under me, I mean, I'm a giant and could crush her ... it was so sweet. Another cat appeared, and that's when we left, because I think that Momi eats when the others begin to eat ... and even if she only gets a few morsels, that's fine, because I've begun to bring the high-nutrition stuff. Yesterday I managed to put some anti-flea and anti-tick drops onto Momi's back ... so that will be good for her.

She is so sweet ... if I'd live in different circumstance, I'd totally adopt her.

I saw the name of Rudi (Stroj) on a house yesterday, in Völkermarkt ... and I kept thinking that I intended to ask him about rentals near Velden, as he might know ... but I had sent him a text message, once, without response ... but then, I don't know if it's still his number.

I should seriously work on putting together the contact diary layout for the section L until today ... geez, I feel so weak and powered out, sometimes.

But the swim today was grand.

A feeling "like home" ...

So I walked back from visiting Momi, in the dark, and we approached the ***lit stone with the bed*** still in front of it. A donut shaped plastic water mattress or ball has been lying next to the stone or on the bed lately, it always reminds me of Mark Rodin and the donut shaped Rodin-coil ... and the conversations that I had had with him in the first year that I was with Bob, as Bob had filmed a workshop Marko had given. Later I met Rebecca (of who I don't know how she is) and it turned out that her daughter Chrissy is the mother of Marko's son Nalu, who I met when he was very small and who has been living with Rebecca for a while ... geez, I must email her.

So while approaching the lit stone, I heard the music, as always ... the sound of the bass and some voice talking ... and how many times have I thought that it's very strange that this music is on all the time, from morning to night ... I wouldn't be able to stand this, at all. And suddenly I GOT IT: ***That was the impression of anyone approaching Bob's housie – hearing the sound of some music and some voices, as his edit room window was toward the street.*** The last years, when I visited, already in 2013 and also in 2014 and especially in 2018, I had noticed how loud the sound coming from Bob's window were now, as he had begun to be hard at hearing.

And it had taken me a year to put that fact of constant music or sounds together with the stone and the bed ... it was just like walking up to "housie" and hearing Bob at work. That's how it had been when I had come there for the first times ... and how many times have I heard it, coming back from shopping or somewhere else.

My life on Maui. My life. I'm so often at a loss ... like today, driving, only to get answers right away.

And yes, I know they are actually from me to me.

I know we are some kind of "committee" working on "the bridge".

Driving back to Griffen from Velden I also thought today about my mother that some soul had used her physical pod to make my physical pod ... and actually I'm curious to meet my mother and my father in the beyond ...

I probably do in a way, like mentioned often, during my sleep, but ... anyway.

There was something else I talked about with Bob today … I said „You're my fan, huh", because Bob often said that he was my greatest fan (meaning my writing), and it was a pun, because I've been thinking about that analogy of a fan spinning so fast that you can't see it's wings or blades … like a helicopter … which is an example for frequencies that make things disappear … like mentioned by Betty in her work.

And Bob responded (in my head, with me saying it) ***„Who you're calling a fan?"*** That's so Bob.

That's so Bob and me.

I've been saying out loud recently „Bob Stone is dead … deceased … no longer alive." It sounds so odd.

Whenever I think about that fan, though, I realize … things. It's like I „get them" better. Today I had a moment driving when I „saw" us, the bodies, moving around on the surface of this planet, really *just pods for the great souls that are inside our bodies,* using them. All have a job to do. All those people who had to think and do stuff so that I'd be able to see the circle of stars around my initials today … wow, talk about a network. Obviously, in the beyond there can't be „time" like we know it or „space" … I wish „The Unobstructed Universe" was a serious subject of study in every school of the world … along with all the other books, by Ruth and Emmet and by Betty and Stewart, and by all the others!

Oh I want to manifest „Regents of Clouds" and the other films! I'd totally explain everything to mankind! I need money. Yup. Will play in the lottery. Using the numbers I've been seeing recently?

October 2, 2020 – **Friday, Bob's Birthday & The Nose Chin Kissing**

It's a **222-day**, like our address was … and it's Bob's birthday. I bought myself a new phone, no brand, just a simple phone by the name of "Redmi 4A". It cost 120 bucks. And I bought it from Robert Z., who was a friend of Sigi's and who helped me with my laptop once. I also asked him to check if the akku for the MacBook is still charging.

I was just thinking that actually the birth of the physical body is truly influenced by energetic stuff, like the position of the celestial bodies .. so astrology makes a whole lot of sense, actually.

I'm not particularly sad today. I'm more … pensive. The phone is my birthday present to Bob because it's meant to show that I'm moving forward.

Stuff must happen, though. I just got the rejection letter from the Carinthia cultural office for subventions, they won't help me make the Carinthian dialect superhero movie "Dogmän". It's a shame. I got to win in the lottery. I got to.

I saw interesting car license plate numbers on the way to Völkermarkt today, but forgot them all.

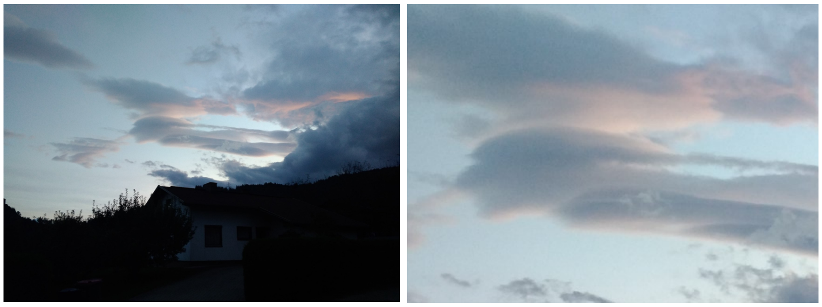
Happy B-day to me. Because for Bob it doesn't matter anymore.

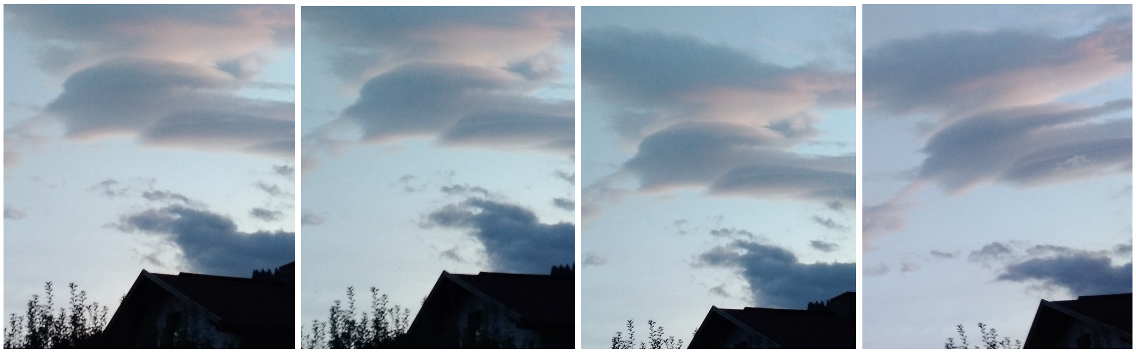
Now I remember my **dream**! Oh wow, what a dream! I was with Bob at the Forestlake, wandering around along the forest paths, and there were other people, and even some kind of house where something was taking place that Bob and I were part of. And then Bob was gone. There was a man who could know where he went, I knew that, but he didn't help me. So I moved back and forth along the paths, at the water, desperately looking for Bob. I didn't find him. I woke up very early, at 5.30 am, don't know from what, then I fell asleep again and slept until 9.30! No jobs this morning, so I decided to go shopping and get a new phone, as my old phone (a gift from a former Vienna friend, Petra, who I called on her hash addiction and since then she refused to talk to me anymore, same thing with Inge, who I called on her alcohol and tablets addition with the same result) didn't ring anymore and a few days ago refused to work altogether.

Well, I've got a new phone now. I thought as long as I have the money … but that said, I need and want to win in the lottery. I'll totally go for it.

(Later)

I went to see Momi again, and I had to turn around three times because the farmer's car was still there in front of the shed, and there was light in the shed. I took Jacqui for a walk to the old mill, and as I looked back – wow, Bob's profile! **Bob's profile in the clouds!**





And other **clouds** …

It was dark when I arrived at the shed, and tiny skinny momi was already there, at the same spot like always … and I was happy, and Jacqui was much more relaxed, but when I poured the cat food into the pot, Momi wouldn't eat! That cat is so skinny and small … it's not right! She seems to have a hard time breathing … oh, I don't know what to do! So I cuddled with her, and she'd climb up on my lap with her tiny ice cold paws … and then I had to leave. I think that the other cats come and eat, as I have seen them do that … and then Momi might take a bite with them … it was hard to leave.

(Later) I watched an episode of "**Friends**" … before that I had tried to share food with Bob (earlier I had a spicy pork steak, which was great, also some marzipan with rum plums) … but I had a hard time imagining him, it was hard. I ended up lying on my bed (right before the evening walk), and I managed to "be" entirely on my Maui bed, I even heard the sounds of the Maui house, and even Bob's car doors, a typical sound … I was so "there", that I was kind of confused when I heard Jacqui breathe next to me. I don't know what to think anymore … then the Bob's profile cloud … the cat …

Then, in the "**Friends**" episode, which I imagined Bob watching with me, people were hugging and hugging … and *I really wanted to be hugged by Bob* … and again, so many episodes of our tragic life together came up again … they have been doing this a lot lately …

And suddenly I **realized that the skinny cat Momi** that so much wants to "hug" me and be all over me … that's "Bob". So skinny, so fragile like I saw him last … so soft and with such cold hands and feet … so into me and yet so weak and helpless … can it be, the "Momi" "is Bob" for me, for now?

And on top of it: Rachel talked about a friend of her's by the name of **"Dr. Robert Bobby"**! Yes, today, on Bob's birthday. Also, on "**Friends**" the **dad** of the character "Rachel" showed up … and the actor in real life also reminds me of Bob.

About Ron Leibman: Ameri…
peoplepill.com
Ron Leibman, who starred in Friends …
news.com.au

The dream tonight … it was so disappointing, so so disappointing that he didn't come back, that I didn't find him …

Also, I felt kind of sensitive for that Handy-Shop guy Robert Z., I'm sure he used to be into drugs, he has his company logo on his computer screen with two crossed syringes (!) … and he seemed kind of "down" … I can imagine that it's maybe harder than he thought to be his own boss.

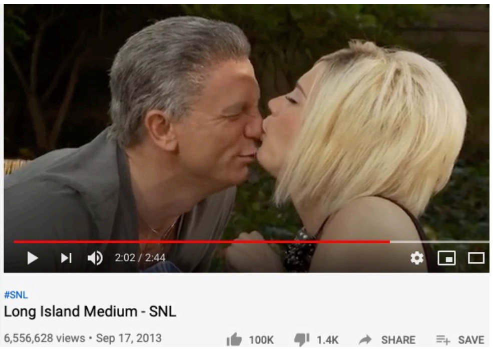
Also I had a phone message today, from Johann, a man who had rented out an apartment on lake Ossiach a while ago, but I didn't want that one, but on the phone, back then, we had a really wonderful conversation … he left a message asking if I had already an apartment and that maybe we could chat … well, I thought, this man doesn't want to know me, he shouldn't, I'm not a nice person. Also, today, Robert explained the handy to me as if I was a really old person who had never had to do with a computer or a modern phone … geez, I'm a filmmaker. I'm an editor. I am … I was.

I don't know who or what I am now.

Skinny lost Momi all over me … oh Bob definitely had a cat-like trait to him … and remember the blue eyed cat I found, months after his death? Momi reminds me of her.

Ha! "**Dr. Robert Bobby**" is Rachel's chiropractor on Friends, season 3, episode 7. She calls him "Doctor Bobby". How nice! Today! On Bob's birthday! I come across "Bobby Bobby" or "Robert Bobby"! And that after I had said Bob's name so often today! It came right back to me! On "Friends"!

(Later) Can't believe what I just saw … it's past 1 a.m., and I just couldn't stop skipping through stand up comedy clips and even SNL clips, which I have never ever done before. I intended to go to bed, but couldn't … and there it was: Exactly what I had done earlier with my invisible Bob, our "**kiss nose or chin**" way of kissing!



#SNL
Long Island Medium - SNL
6,556,628 views • Sep 17, 2013

It goes like this: I kiss his chin, which causes him to naturally kiss my nose, and then I kiss his nose, and his lips automatically find my chin … ***I had done that earlier, pretending Bob was standing in front of me*** and I had shared wonderful new pralines with him … and there it was: I was attracted to the persiflage on the performance of a medium, by the name of Teresa Caputo … a real life medium who I had watched in the last days a few times. So there was an SNL clip about her … and that's where she and her husband, played by Daniel Craig, did the **nose-chin-kissing!**

What are the odds? None!

October 3, 2020 – All Played Our: the Van!

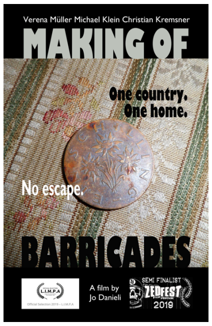
What an amazing day. First – an amazingly **horrible dream**: I was driving a **dark van**, maybe blue, with my uncle H. in it (my godfather, with whom I've never had much contact and who is kind of sick, as far as I know from my mother, and who has given me a lot of grief related to my late brother), and my niece J. And my nephew P., but about ten years old, and my cousin Ch., who is two years younger than me, was in that van, too, and about the same age as J. and P. I was driving overland and onto highways (and one of that highway resembles a highway I was at in previous dreams) … and it got dark, and I went into villages … and I lost my way! It was kind of a garbled story, at some point I found myself driving with the top of the van open. At the same time I got lost on very *dangerous tracks*, like in *danger of mudslides or the road breaking off* while driving on it, ***a recurring dream***, *actually, me driving on the very edge of a hillside with pretty much no space for the car and a situation where a car couldn't possibly make it along that road, with various outcome* … this time it wasn't that dangerous yet. But there was the familiar situation with me not being able to control the van properly, failing brakes, not enough acceleration when necessary … and that has also been a recurring dream … and I couldn't find the way, or the button for closing the top of the van.

At some point I was alone in the van, had left the children on some kind of meadow or in a village to pick them up later, and sometimes I was with them instead of in the van, and at other times I was in the van … but not with my uncle, who kept disappearing, and there was somebody else … but my uncle finally ended up next to me again and showed me where the button was, to the left of the steering wheel, and I thought, wow, one glance and I would have found it myself. So I was able to close the top, maybe it was raining? But then I had a hard time to pick up the kids again.

At some point I heard Marshall's owner J. shout the dog's name … and I didn't know, waking up, if that had been part of my dream or a real thing. Some work was done in the house this morning, so there was a lot of noise around 8 o'clock, and I woke up. I did fall asleep again … and I think the van-story continued … but I don't remember the ending.

I drove to Velden to see my mother and with the intention to take a swim in Wörthersee.

On the highway I was ***imagining driving up the hill to Pukalani and Bob next to me:*** Immediately a car with the license plate number "**222 HR**" drove by me. I was alert. I asked Bob, talking aloud, if he also regretted how his mortal life played out and was sad and longing to be with me again … and right then, RIGHT THEN, "**FK 911**" drove by, and I read "*fuck the day you left*", which was the 11th of September 2018. I was just processing this impression, when "**911 LS**" drove by! And it meant "*leave Stoneman*" to me … so was that Bob, talking with me? I started to talk about how I don't know how to deal with this new rejection, not having received any subvention for "Dogmän", and that this path seems to be over, as even Carinthia would help me make films … and just then, "**1 MOB**" drove by, "**MoB**", being the title of my film "**Making of Barricades**" that Bob still knew. I realized that I must involved that work, somehow, in moving forward.



MAKING OF BARRICADES
A film by Jo Danieli

The question about moving forward or not was with me and on my mind and I talked about it while hiking around **Forestlake**. It was just Jacqui and me, only my car on the huge parking lot that had been packed in summer. It rained a little, and intermittently it rained hard while I walked around the lake … constantly talking with Bob, to Bob and doubting … just my path.

I didn't go for a swim, although the water was crystal clear and warm … because I didn't want my clothes to end up entirely drenched because I didn't bring an umbrella, only used my very old wind jacket that I always have in the car.

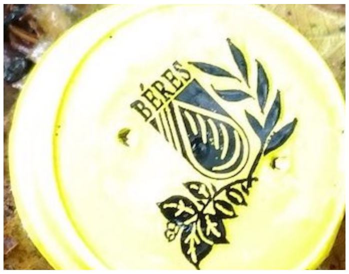
It felt intense to see the one stone again, on which Jacqui and I had sat … and as I approached it, I had the feeling that Bob was indeed waiting there for me … I went there with my heart beating, thinking about the "nose-chin"-adventure from yesterday … and Jacqui ran ahead and jumped on the stone as I went there and touched the wet surface, greeting Bob. And then Jacqui did something utterly unusual: He looked straight into my eyes, being on eye-level with me (!) and came with his face close to give me a kiss! Geez! My dog never does that! This was not my dog doing it! He also was so excited that he totally hecheled and fidgeted and turned and jumped right off again and dashed all over the place!

Has Bob used my dog to kiss me?

Weirdly, walking alone, I began to think about what I would do if some guy would show up and threated to shoot my dog and wanted to rape me … I thought to myself, wow, what fucked up thinking, rape … I would say to the man that I was an old woman and I hadn't taken a shower today … and the thought of having sex with a stranger was so appalling and yet in a way even exciting! Yikes!

It rained harder, and the water was beautiful … and the sight of the leaves, and the drops … I loved it there, and I even said that I was not in a bad mood at all …

And then: As I walked on around the lake, I realized that this was the opportunity to visit spots that were usually full with people in summer, but they were empty now … and ***I felt drawn to a certain path*** up a small **hill** …



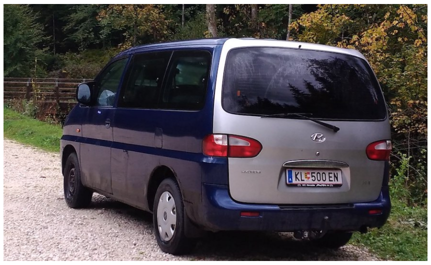
And as I walked a few steps onto that path, something shiny and golden lay in front of me … and it was a **cap of some bottle** or something! But the picture on it! Leaves and twigs and a drop and the word "**Beres**", like "B R S" … all letters relating to Bob, Robert Stone! There were NOT OTHER caps around there or anywhere! Just this one! Wow!

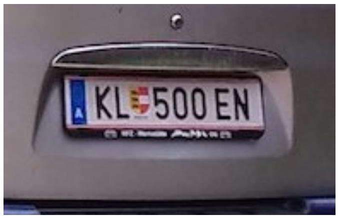
And then, as I walked a few steps further, I barely trusted my eyes: a **condom**!

And I had just thought about rape and sex with strangers! I have *never* found a condom before! Except today when it fits so perfectly!

So a few minutes after that, a woman with a **Bobtail** dog (!) showed up, and he was just a year old and named "Filou". Jacqui hated his guts, and he gnarled at the wild youngster … but the woman and I had a short nice chat. She asked if the car on the parking lot was mine, and I was glad to hear it was still there.

And then: I arrived at the *parking lot*, and there was – the **van from my dream! With the license plate number "500 EN"!**





Remember how I've been **alert about the number 500 on the van** the other day and the **license plate numbers with "500"?** And today – the van of my dream of a woman with a Bobtail dog with the number "500 EN"!

Also, just yesterday I had **dreamed** of walking around that Forestlake and Bob disappearing … walking away … like that Bobtail dog … (It was a Hyundai Van CRDi; today I saw a Honda CRV in Griffen and said to Bob that I remember this is the car he wanted.)

I visited my mother, really briefly, because a thunderstorm was coming, and Jacqui was in the car alone with the windows partly open … I brought her some marzipan, which she liked … and then I drove in the pouring rain to the swimming spot at Wörthersee lake and swam in the pouring rain, too, with Jacqui watching.

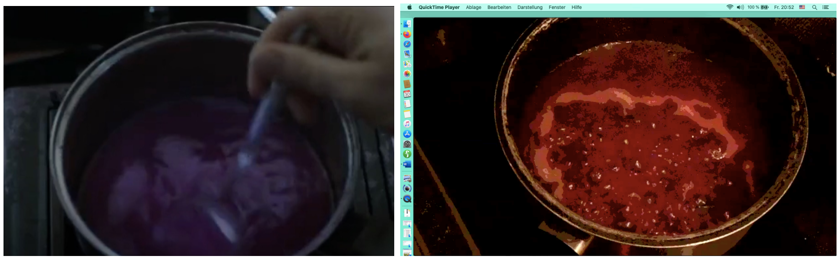
It was all very … deep and intense. I'm on the right path. Bob is communicating with me. A **rainbow** showed up right in front of my window.

(Later) Oh, man, and how (the communicating)!

I felt like watching something online and started with Stand up comedy … but then I went to Putlockers movies, and there is a movie called "**Dead**" (set in New Zealand, it says "Aotearoa" on the police uniform. (Oh, I've see a ga-zi-li-on of "AO" on license plates recently, today alone maybe four). It's about a guy named **"Dane" who can see and speak with dead people when using some mysterious instrument,** like some **potion injection?** He is asked by a dead policeman to help him find justice …

Oh, early in the movie there are scenes of a dead **old man sitting right next to his still mortally alive wife,** but she has no idea that he is there, but she can feel him … and the "medium" Dane acts as a conduit between them … oh, it's so sweet! And then the dead man disappears …

Is it the answer to my oh so urgent request to Bob to see him? It's so much fun because when the guy cooks his potion that makes him see dead people, there are scenes like I have in a music video I once made, "**Beauty**" … wow! A **pot with red boiling stuff in it!** This is … just … wow.



The plot revolves around a dead cop who wants Dane to help him catch his murderer.

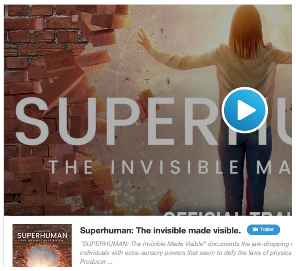
One of the first things Dane says to a mourning woman is *that the dead can choose to pass over or stick around!* ***The dead can choose to pass over or stick around!***

Oh man. This guy does it so natural, the talking with the dead … bless the screenwriter. Quotes: Dane's dad says "There are two feelings in this world that are totally useless, and one of them is regret." And the other one? (I read up on the potion Dane uses to see dead people, it's Marijuana and his dad's neuro meds.)

In the end, the dead policeman is redeemed and "*goes into the light*" …

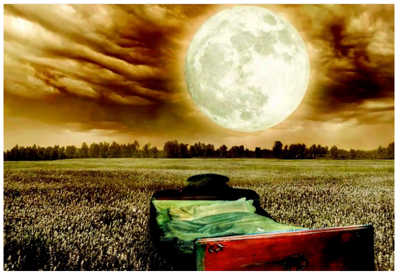
I also just discovered the documentary "**Superhuman**, The Invisible Made Visible". Wonder what that has in store for me.

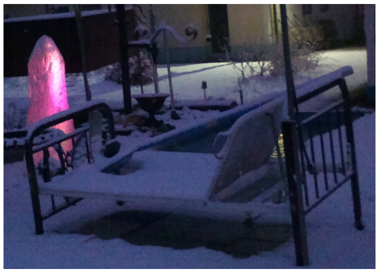
(Later) Watching “**Superhuman**”. Well. That’s exactly what I’ve been dealing with: the true nature of the human existence – consciousness. And mind-blowingly: In a collage, people say that they think that we, as “avatars” of our true selves as pure energy = consciousness, we may plan our own existence in the mortal physical realm. Of course … the **moon over the bed** … that just blew my mind to begin with. ***(Remember the bed I keep seeing where I live with the at-night-glowing stone next to it?)***



Superhuman: The invisible made visible.

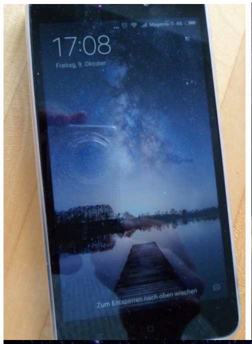
"SUPERHUMAN: The Invisible Made Visible" documents the jaw-dropping
individuals with extra-sensory powers that seem to defy the laws of physics
Producer ...

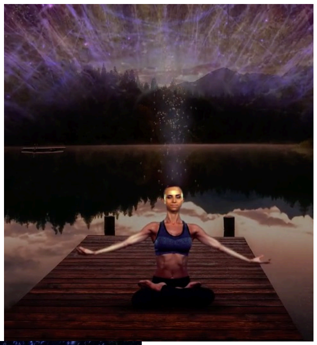


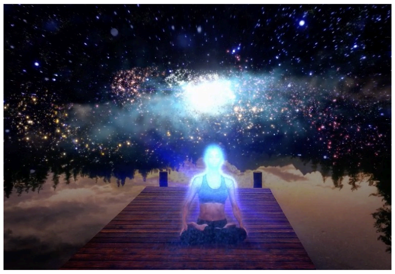


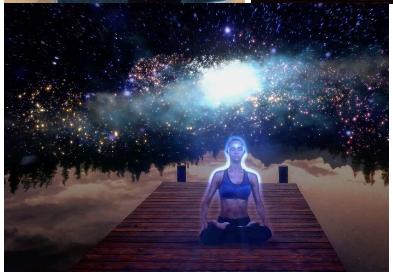
I’ve been playing with this thought all the time … and there! People just say it out loud! It’s about “remote viewing” in the first part of this documentary, and Hadas studied that before she brought me to Maui … and Dr. Eben Alexander showed up and mentioned his near-death experience … in a way, I’m kind of worried where the plot goes, I’m only at minute 27 now, and it’s two hours long.

(Later) Wow! The **image** showed up that I picked today as my **phone’s screen**!







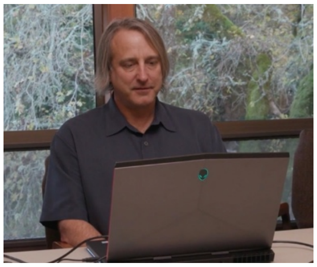


It was kind of “me” the way I’d like to be, all meditative and all … but I can’t be like that … I don’t have the patience and I can’t take the time.

And: the **500** showed up, too … I’ve see it so often at car license plate numbers, recently. And especially: **on the van!**

Ventilador cuadrado

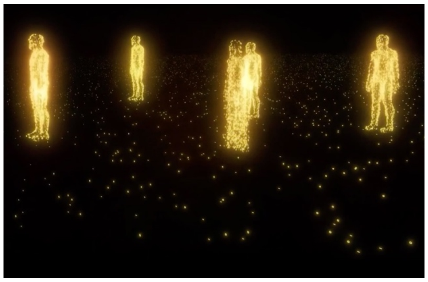
I've been thinking about the example of the **fan** and the frequency, and even a **fan** (!) showed up! *And also "van" and "fan" are very similar, right?* I told Ingrid about that "look through" effect of the fast moving blades of the fan … And I had just dealt with spiders, with the "Weberknecht" (weaver spider) in my apartment … and I had thought about the incidents with the wolf spiders in our Maui housie … and there it was, the **spider**, too …

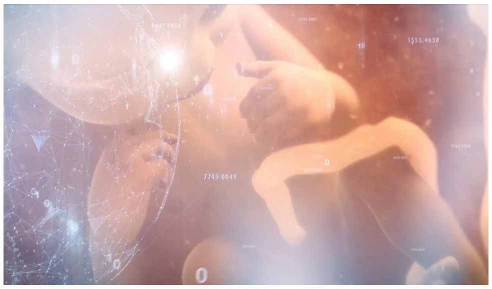


And that **scientist** that was so much like Bob … the one who was working with sound and the computer, oh, Bob would have loved that. And another scientist, an older one and his **hand**! So often I saw Bob's hand on the mouse … and there it was!

Server Stream
Server Premium

The docu talks about how w*hat we say affects what we experience* … of which, of course, I've talked long time ago in my Hawaii documentary, "I ka olelo no ke ola a me ka make", "in the language is life and death" – ancient Hawaiian proverb and deep knowledge …





It's very amazing, what this documentary postulates … the problem I see, though, in the personality of the presenter, she may be a sweet lady, Caroline Cory, but she is trying so very hard to appear young and "Jeannie"-like pretty, that her appearance borders on not-trustworthy and evokes the impression of phoniness. (Oh, how close my time with Bob was suddenly, he and I, such a great team on production … and I thought it would go on like that … dumb-ass that I was.)

Still … baffling! The "**500**"! Seriously! The wooden path out on the water with the stars as an extension – that I picked for my phone! It just appeared in the doc! Just … baffling. My book "We Creators of the World" is entirely reflected in this film. Along with this "contact diary" … wow, it kind of makes me sad what a looser-life I have.

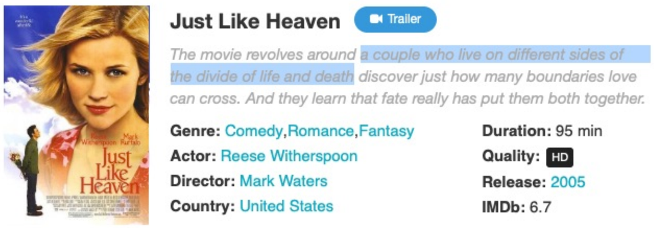
There is a scientist who resembles Bob …

And the story about people **being able to literally see without their eyes, but with their consciousness** only … it makes me feel the same kind of helplessness about "knowing" … and not being able to use it to change mankind.

Info
Vision

October 4, 2020

I'm realizing there have always been quite a few movies about "inter-realm relationships", so the subject has always had weight in human culture … "**Just Like Heaven**" about a dead woman … I remember seeing it a long time ago, but I can't remember what I thought …



Just Like Heaven Trailer

The movie revolves around a couple who live on different sides of the divide of life and death discover just how many boundaries love can cross. And they learn that fate really has put them both together.

Genre: Comedy,Romance,Fantasy
Actor: Reese Witherspoon
Director: Mark Waters
Country: United States
Duration: 95 min
Quality: HD
Release: 2005
IMDb: 6.7

Just Like Heaven - Trailer

At times I just can't get enough of videos about near-death experience …

THIS MAN DIED DURING SURGERY, MET GOD & ASKED HIM, "WHAT'S THE MEANING OF LIFE?"

Watched “***Friends***” … the one where they go on a weekend in a winter gut … and “Ross” comes to help them when their car runs out of gas, and the l*icense plate number of Ross’ car is:* “VLC **222**”

October 5, 2020

Dreams! Wow, the **dreams** I have … all about challenges and danger and traveling … I’m feeling exhausted, though, in so many ways, and I don’t really remember the dreams until I find the motivation and energy to write anything … Found a broken **spoon** of all things.

October 6, 2020

Wow, again such a **dream** … about a town and a hill and a steep road, and there were two guys, with bikes, and somehow they had to do with me, and it was like I was chasing them … but then, they suddenly were at Kolonistenheim, and where the old washing room was, right next to the big heavy front door, they decided to move in together. And I was so horribly excluded, I couldn’t stay … but I don’t know where I had to go. The two guy were familiar, but I can’t remember right now who they were.

Somehow there was a section of the **dream** about a kind of garden with a fence, but in … okay, suddenly I had a flash of a memory of some kind of disaster that happened in that town, and there was a lot of rubble, and destruction, and I had made my way through it … and I ended up at that **fence**, and there was a dog, a **puppy**, kind of, covered with **thick blue color,** all over him even over his eyes … and a **woman** was squatting in front of him and trying to give him food, and I thought how stupid, one must first free his little mouth and his nostrils and eyes, and I was thinking of what I could use, and I was about to do it with my hands … but somehow that woman had a wipe, and it worked like a little hose, and the little dog got clean very fast … I saw a very big heap of dogshit closeby, on a pavement, and it had some pinkish slime-cover … and for some reason I stepped into it … and someone said “Wipe it off, wipe it off”, and I thought that of course I was going to do that … and I wore shoes with big profile soles, and the dog shit was all over it, and I tried to get it out with a stick … it was so disgusting.

Last night, now I remember, I dreamed of Walter S., an old friend (haha) of mine and buddy of Sigi … it also had to do with traveling somehow … I can't remember much more …

Something funny happened today:

I took Jacqui for a walk, and instead of putting on clothes especially for the public, I wore my white (!) home shirt, which I never ever wear outside … I just was in such a don't give a shit mood, and it was very hot … I saw the **stone** on the table again, close to the **bridge** … and next to it, was another **stone**, I think in the shape of a heart, on a **bench**.

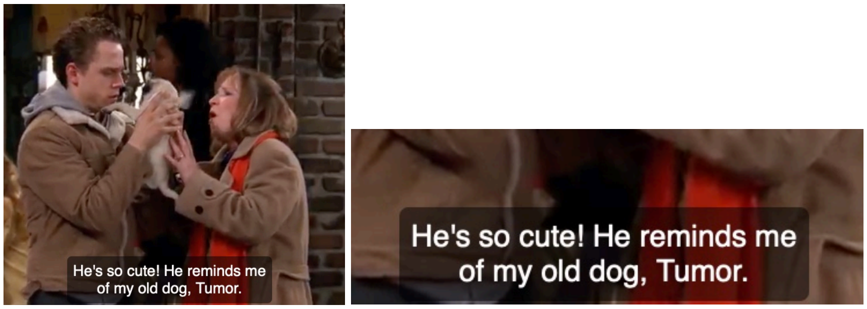
I saw **clouds** that looked like **limbs** … and finally a *space between the clouds* like a huge **penis**.

So I was walking quite far and then along the **big stone field** … and I took a few pictures of the **new bean plants** that were coming up, and I tasted a **turnip** and saw two **poppy flowers** close together next to a rotting sunflower head … And I talked out loud to Bob the whole time … I just am in such a desperate mode right now but so angry at the same time, I feel so stuck …

And as I returned to my car, a big white truck was blocking a bit part of the parking lot, and it had "Linde" written on it and a sticker on the front window: **"Passion in White".** I couldn't take a photograph, because how to explain it to the driver, but I was very touched by it …

Seriously. I stood there with my white shirt (that I have never ever worn outside, visible for the public!) … and I read "passion in white". There are no odds for this. None whatsoever.

Watched "**Friends**" some more ….



He's so cute! He reminds me of my old dog, Tumor.

He's so cute! He reminds me of my old dog, Tumor.

October 7, 2020 **– "Bob Passed Away"**

Can't stop thinking of the little cat out there … all alone, so fragile, it's getting cold at night, less than 10 degrees Celsius … but maybe her owner will accept her and pick her up?

My **dream** tonight, wow … This time I can remember it pretty well … With some people, who kind of tried to get me to hurry, and I don't know who it was, I entered some **room** that reminded me of my *old school room* in the commercial academy that I attended for 5 years until the age of 19 … and in the righthand corner, seen facing the door, I realized that there was **stuff that belonged to me**. I knew that I had to leave to go somewhere else … and again, there was the impression that there was some kind of disaster outside, but basically I knew I had to get out of there and I was to never return. There were two long things, like ***two wooden poles*** that I picked up, and I was emotionally very touched that they were there … it felt like I didn't have an idea that they were there. *Danger* … yes, there was danger around me, also having to do with the people who were with me, kind of. So I was supposed to get the stuff and leave for good. But already I realized that there was too much for me to carry, and that the things were very precious and I had to take them all.

Weirdly, as soon as I turned to leave, holding on to my treasures, I saw that at the opposite wall there were several **cardboard boxes**, maybe five of them, with all kinds of stuff that all belonged to me and that I could not leave, no way. I knew that I would return … but I kept that to myself, didn't share it with the people around me who tried to usher me out of that room. It was a familiar situation … I had dreamed that many times, that I ended up in a room and found a lot of stuff there that was mine and that I wouldn't abandon but could also not take with me at the moment … mostly in armoires, boxes with clothes I had left behind once … weird, now that I think about it. How often have I dreamed that!

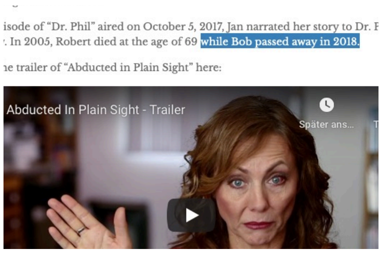
And it came true: I left a lot of things in Bob's house. And now they are somewhere in a container with his sister Joyce in Anza … maybe it's some kind of hint … it sure was a premonition kind of series of dreams.

And tonight … again … I knew I would return, that I wouldn't just give up that stuff, but I had no idea how to do that. Somehow there was the impression that I had a car, in my dream … but not sure. Also, there was a **thick and gooey light green … stuff in the dream.** Like some **marshmallow creature** … or some … insulation, I don't know. I remember it vaguely.

This afternoon, after coming from Völkermarkt shopping, I took Jacqui on a short walk up Schlossberg, even though I had intended to go somewhere else, but I went on a whim …

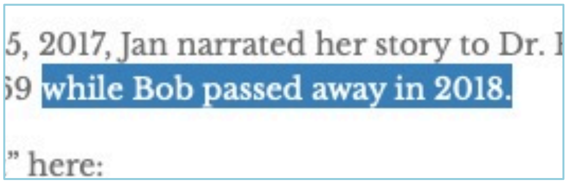
And a **lady** came towards me, with a dog, a shepherd dog, "**Lotte**". We chatted a bit … and then longer and ended up exchanging phone numbers! Her name is **Irene** Leeb, and she lives in the area of the Erlauf lake and Mitterbach, where Jacqui and I had vacationed, last year! Wow! We got along so well! And somehow I ended up talking about Bob and cancer … and it turned out that she had survived ***cancer*** in 2009, but that her ex-husband has breast-cancer right now! And I ended up suggesting the cooked ginger to her and Cat's Claw and Boswellia Serrata, Incense! It really feels like I was supposed to meet her … it felt so natural and good and comfy talking with her. It was wonderful. And Lotte and Jacqui also like each other. She has a mobile home on the reservoir … there, where I had been just recently, close to where my uncle Karli died in the reservoir! She will call, she said, so that we can take a hike together, one day. I'd like it!

I watched trailers about famous serial killers, one film is called "**Abducted in Plain Sight**" … and I read up on it, and there it was, the line "**while Bob passed away in 2018**". No shit.



isode of "Dr. Phil" aired on October 5, 2017, Jan narrated her story to Dr.
. In 2005, Robert died at the age of 69 while Bob passed away in 2018.

ıe trailer of "Abducted in Plain Sight" here:



5, 2017, Jan narrated her story to Dr.
9 while Bob passed away in 2018.

" here:

October 8, 2020 – **Rabbit & Plane in the Sky … and the Speeding Car**

Drove to **lake Klopeinersee** today, and I swam! It was wonderful! Looking towards the sun from the water, I could see the steam on the surface, and the bubbles were golden jewels … beautiful.

First, though, I took Jacqui on a walk along the creek and onto the first field I discovered when I moved here, where the rabbit ears are and where I found the hat, and there were such amazing cloud formations … that seemed to truly speak to me. I chatted away with Bob, like always … and somehow I found myself saying ***"I want to be the biggest Influencer, and I'm not talking about the disease!"*** That would have been Bob's kind of humor, and right away I posed the "evidential challenge" with *"influencer" / "influenza*" and asked him to confirm that he was there hearing it! I'm so curious now!

I also looked at the sky to find out whether or not I was supposed to drive for the swim, I'm always wary about the ***crazy drivers*** along the route … and the "signs" said yes. I thought of **Fe** and also of "Heinzi", as I was wondering, if those synchronicities are messages from the Invisibles, who had been put out the messages when Bob had still been alive? I thought my brother Peter, for sure, … but could be anyone dead I ever knew … and suddenly, poof! "**Heinzi**"! An old friend of mine … I mentioned before. We were incredibly close. It was a deep and tragic friendship, and he killed himself in the same time that I was pregnant and running around with a *small wooden rabbit* … which I put on his grave … it was altogether a very dramatic story. And I saw him in front of me so clearly, suddenly. Of course, Heinzi must have been around … I meant a lot to him, and he to me. I would like to "hear from him" now, somehow.

So I drove through the ***village of Seelach*** at the lake Klopeinersee, where in summer I could barely drive through … and I was kind of baffled to see the entire shore area around the lake completely empty of people, except for a few leisure walker! It's like a ghost place, a ghost town on an ghost lake!

Jacqui and I went to our usual promenade swimming spot … it was so wonderful to glide into the water, 19 degrees Celsius, according to online info, whereas the air had 17 degrees, I was told by three nice ladies who came by. I looked at the sky … a **rabbit or a cat head**! And definitely an **airplane** … made of **clouds**.

On the way back I had an intense talk with Bob … and I also thought of Fe, the dog lady and I asked her what he job was, because there was a reason why she had died, and that I was still alive, dealing with all the stuff I'm dealing with!

And just then – bam! Car drove by (from the opposite direction) with "**250 FE**"! That's Bob's phone number and Fe! My spontaneous interpretation was "Bob and Fe are together, and I can reach either through the other". Then, the next car: "**480 BS**" (not sure about the BS, but something directly relating to Bob), and it seemed to indicate a hint at the number "*48000*" that has been so important before, as it means a frequency in video production sound! And I said to myself "Okay, they hear me when I'm talking, that's what the sound reference means …" And just then:

A car came towards me on my side of the road, in high speed! It swerved back to his own side, and I saw a white haired man in the car … I had been cursing all drive long about the idiocy of the people driving, crossing the middle line all the time, and just seconds before I had to give way and drive onto the shoulder … so collision was avoided … and I did thank Fe and Bob and everyone for protecting me. I do not wish to die in a car accident. And I want Jacqui to be safe.

Driving up the hill, there was another **airplane** in the sky made from **clouds**! So much like the view Bob and I went to admire so often on Maui, right behind the airport … where the planes took off right above the dunes.

(Images depict Thailand and the Caribbean)

Also, the **purple car scent tree** showed up somewhere. But then:

Coming home, I was "greeted" by Andrea, who asked me to not feed Marshall anymore, as they have a camera installed and have seen me three times … shit, I saw the camera last night, but I didn't realize it before. So fucking what, I thought … and I did tell A. that the big deal is rather the fucker (didn't say that) J. calling friends of mine behind my back which counts as stalking … She was so nasty, but when she talked to me, I realized that there was something off in what she said, as she had events backwards in time, and her talking seemed weirdly garbled. I'm assuming now that she has dementia. I don't want to repeat all the shit she said, basically she told me that she had never had so many troubles like because of me … I thought I should really spit into her face. These people are all idiots, and nothing of what she said was true … so I really really worked on staying calm, and it was easy because Toni, her husband came, and seeing him calmed me down. In his remarks I could hear how much he despises of J., and that pacified me. So I told A. not to worry, I'm looking for an apartment anyway.

Probably my learning is really that I must finally accept that mankind is fucked up, mentally … and the idiots are everywhere. Okay. After some inner upheaval I calmed down pretty fast.

Too bad that they saw me feed Marshall, but then, I kind of suspected it anyway.

I mean … A. told me that Marshall has trouble with his food, well, when he was with me, he ate everything and was happy and had no diarrhea … so I was very tempted to tell her to think a bit what that means … his troubles started when I didn't walk him anymore … but I also realized that these are people who will turn everything around, because they are dumb and unable to have any insights. So poor Marshall is now labelled "allergic" dog … when all he is, is mentally and emotionally deprived … these people have forgotten how they have neglected him and treated him wrong … and how still he doesn't have enough opportunity to run and move … he is alone all the time. These people are too dumb to have a dog … Marshall just pulled the shit card.

I did see him come into the garden, down, where the sheep are, this morning … and I'm not sure these fuckers know that he is able to get out. I really wish for him to escape, I do. I'm just glad that I never tried to remove the stone that they put into the hole under the fence …

I will have to talk to the animal care woman again … give her an update. I will move away from here. I wish I could take Marshall with us.

There is also the Momi-situation … will go down to that abandoned farm earlier today to visit the babycat. The **clouds** seemed to speak to me …

If it only wasn't so fucking hard to find a place to live …

Also: I've been thinking of buying a basket, in case I should have to transport a small cat one day … and there was a basket (!) in the garden with the antique chairs and tables! I haven't walked there for a while, but today – and it was there! The car that's always parked there has a very interesting license plate number, too: " …"

October 8, 2020 **– Seeing Myself**

(Later that night) I watched or rather skipped through the movie "**Kajillionaire**", but only because it has had rave reviews. I couldn't stand it … but I ended up seeing the one scene that related to me. **A woman alone in a bus** … oh shit, one of the most painful experiences of my life, having to leave Bob on that September 11, 2018 evening, pitch-dark, rain storm, and **me alone in the airport bus** … *trying to swallow my horror and sadness and panic* … on my way to a fucking life after my life.

October 9, 2020 – The Two-Colored Stone Twice!

I had a direct **dream** of Bob. It was sweet and bitter at the same time: We were in some place that could have been **Maui**, and it seems that I had just arrived, with another woman, and I don't know who that was. Somehow I see a **dark haired woman** with a rich tinge. It was all about making a film or working in video production somehow, and **Bob** was supposed to be the center of it all. There he was, tall and handsome and in a weird way withdrawn, and when it came to moving forward with production, *he had his big broadcast camera,* I think, he said to us that no, he was retiring, he wasn't going to do anything anymore.

I begged him and tried to convince him to keep working with me, but he began to evade me and began to even disappear, I think. At the same time he seemed sick, and I saw him lying down, but I don't know where, and the whole air of him was of determination … and there was no way that he could be persuaded to work with me. Now this is a very clear reflection of possible real life circumstances. While dreaming I thought that it feels so real. I think Bob even wore his light blue jeans shirt that he loved and wore often. So the dream was filled with my feeling of despair of losing Bob to his convictions of which I knew that they weren't right. But he couldn't be "caught", and he ended up simply going away. The confrontation with him, when he was facing me with that stubborn, stern and determined look, was so painful and reminded me so much of real life.

Somehow the dream took a turn, where I had to wander down a grassy hill with a road, somehow, and the weird thing was that in a way, excrement was hanging out of my butt, but when I looked, it really was some kind of tube, like chickens have to lay eggs, and it was more a part of my right leg. The woman from the previous part of the dream was there too, and even Bob seemed to be around, and I tried so hard to hide my situation, and I ended up in a dark forest with a brown, wet ground, like some kind of wilderness or leisure park (I drove by one, yesterday, at Seelach on lake Klopeinersee), and there I tried to squat down and squeeze out that crap, but it didn't work. So I had to hide out … and I had to walk around some kind of structure, and on the other side where three men rolling around on the ground, and it looked dangerous, but in my dream I realized that those were gay men and trying to have sex.

And then: ***Bob returned!*** This part is fuzzy, but it has somehow to do with that dark haired woman, and Bob and I were driving somewhere, and I was so happy, but I knew how futile it was. There was something about that woman, but I can't remember, she was forced to undergo some kind of change, maybe she died, and somehow, she even was, at the same time, Bob. (This suddenly reminds me that I have often thought that in a beyond-kind-of way, Bob could "be" Betty White. Yesterday I stumbled over a film with the title "***Ms. White Light"***, and it's about a woman who deals with the dying.)

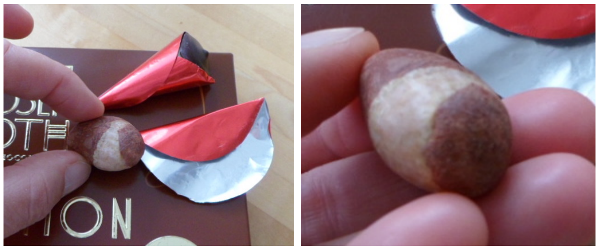
This part was somehow hopeful and dramatic, I don't know what happened, but we were on the road. And then I woke up.

I had a very hard time falling asleep last night after what A. had said to me, and the subject of how I've been mistreated here went on and on in my mind. I won't let that just go. But for now, I got to stand "above" it, like written in the book "Across the Unknown".

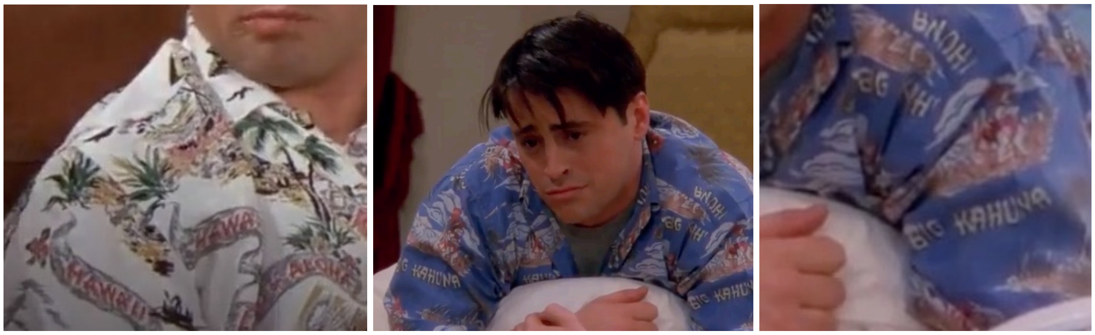
Saw a **smiley** and a **wasps' nest** during my morning walk … and a view from Schlossberg mountain.

(Later)
Went for a long walk to St. Kollmann … thinking of how the three of us, Jacqui, Marshall and me had walked there … and I found a very strange and interesting **stone**, *red with white-silver streaks*. I took it with me.

(Later) Wow … watching online-TV, "***Friends***", I picked a **praline** from a box, and as I unwrapped it, I suddenly flashed to the **red-silver stone** I found this afternoon! *(**Note**: A little while later this thing about "having something in my hand and finding it later" would take a totally new meaning!)*



Saddening to see "**Joey**" of "**Friends**" wearing all those "**Hawaii shirts**" with Hawaiian writing on them!



I just am thinking of another part of tonight's **dream** … I was in a basement apartment, and I really didn't like it. I was offered an apartment in the sub-terrain, recently, and I thought about going to look at it, yesterday. So that's clear. It was integrated in the dream about Bob, though.

October 10, 2020 – **Snow**.

Snow. What a surprise … in the middle of the night I took Jacqui for a pee – and it was all white. The morning of October 22, 1993 was snow covered, too. The day after my brother Peter had died.

On "**Friends**" I watched the episode of "**Monica and Chandler**" got engaged … and that really got me crying.

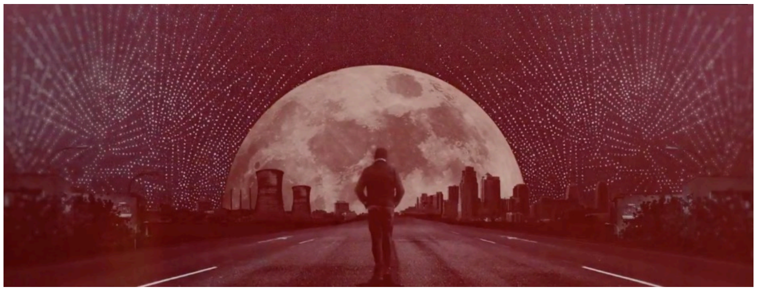
FOX5
#fox5atl
9:55 60°
PET OF THE DAY
NEWS BE FUNNY

Best Animals News Bloopers

Oh, little Momi. What will become of you …

October 12, 2020

Addicted to watching stuff online … just anything, really distracting myself from working on this C. D., bringing it into shape … I know I must make a very short compressed version, but for that I must first finalize the original complete documents with all the pictures. Saw a movie entitled "**Love Fraud**" … and it's remarkable just because of one image … the way I feel with "**my moon**" who fills my entire horizon.



October 14, 2020

Dream of a **Husky dog** that had run away in a city neighborhood. I asked around and was presented with a very thin and long dog, that was no husky, but people thought I meant that one. Someone told me that the husky I was looking for had been seen at a certain sports field, and I was shown a map … I realized, that there was a straight path right from where I was, on the street (with a pavement) to that sportsfield and the central hut that was standing there. I was amazed how easy it would be to get there.

I don't exactly remember the dream, but somehow, I feel there was something **Hawaiian** involved, like a Hula "**halau**", and maybe I was supposed to dance? Somehow the husky did show up, white beige with darker tips of his kind of disheveled fur. I don't know why he ran away or if he was even mine … but I was out and about to look for him. Someone lead him to me, then …

Also, there is an aspect to that dream that … oops, already faded out of my mind already.

Talked on the phone with my mother today and I realized by the way she was talking, even sounding kind of drunk, that she is not in a good state, mentally, at all. I got to find an apartment closer to her. I will.

October 15, 2020, Thursday

I had an encounter with a woman at the place where little "Momili'i" lives, the sweet cat, when I walked by that place. I had noticed that there are now cars there, regularly, later in the evening. I have met Momi several times in the dark, in the cold, and I had given her food. One time another cat showed up and ate greedily, I think it was Momi's mother, the one who is pregnant again. I met a man the other day who said that yes, they knew Momi was sick, but she was supposed to be picked up by her new owner … I held back saying what I thought about leaving the little cat all by herself all the time with the horrible cold she had had, with one eye almost closed, croaking with a sore throat …

So today, there was that woman (thin, in her forties, long strandy blondish hair, along with her teenage daughter), and I asked her about the cat. She spoke high German, and when I mentioned that I meant the cat that was sick, she said in a brash way "She's fine now", and I had to bite my tongue not to say that I know that she is ***not*** fine, because I had been treading her nearly daily, trying to get some vitamin C and cell salts and calcium into her … and nobody else was there for her. And now that woman talks about Momi as if she knew her. The woman even said that since about three weeks the cat was so tame so that she could pick her up. Of course! Because I had spent time with Momi, gotten her to trust me, come closer and let me pick her up! Sure enough, Momi showed up right then, and she picked the cat up and put her on her shoulder and said "See, that's how I work with her." I really had to discipline myself. And then you leave her alone without even feeding her, was what I wanted to shout out … but I said nothing only told her that if nobody wanted the kitten, I'd want her. The woman said that the cat was supposed to be "picked up tomorrow", so Friday.

I was very upset when I left, I regretted not having just taken Momi in the days before, when nobody was at that former chicken farm for days, no food, no water, but Jacqui and I had come by regularly … So now I don't know what to think. I must hope that the person who wanted her will pick her up and give her a really good home. But then … why didn't they pick her up in the weeks before, where the little one needed a warm home so badly?

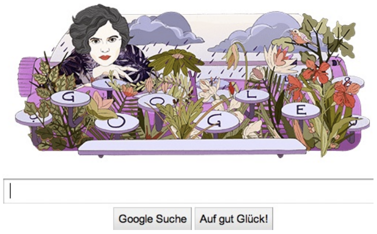
I can't believe that woman! She would have let the cat die! And now she says to me in such a dumb arrogant flapsy way “But she’s fine now.” (“Aber jetzt geht’s ihr wieder gut.”) The cat is tame and a little better healthwise, and this person doesn’t even *consider* how that came about? Such ignorance …

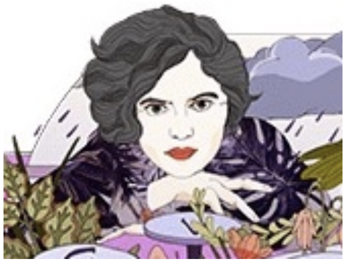
The **wasp**: I didn’t take notes when it happened, but it got really cold, and there was a wasp in my kitchen. I began to feed her, and she stayed for several days, in a little carton with a big foul apple and warm paper to hide under … until I found her dead one morning. I gave her one last flight down from the balcony …

I googled how long wasps live … up to 1 days. They are so misunderstood, yet wonderful creatures. Never have I ever killed one or would I. It was a beautiful animal, and I was so touched seeing it eat, fruit and dog food and honey.

October 16, 2020, Friday

Opened my laptop this morning … finding “**Betty White**” gaze at me in a very strict way … over her flowers.





Went to check on Momi in the evening – no sign. Not sure what to think. I put cat food with a kind of cell salt that’s against parasites in the cat food along with vitamins and minerals.

Received an email from **Edith**, my father’s wife, days after I had written to them asking how they were and if they needed my help … and it was a rather rude email, bluntly saying they don’t need my help, and Edith wrote that she didn’t want me to say bad things about my father (after I only mentioned that I know that he doesn’t want to hear from me and doesn’t care about me). I had mentioned that I’m looking for an apartment and asked that if they’d come across a rental, they tell me. The response was that apartments cost 600 and more, and I should look elsewhere. They live, the two of them with a their beagle Sandy, in two houses … a bungalow that they rent out in summer and the large house of my grandparents …

And Edith told me that she had a hearing collapse and can’t hear on her right ear. Of course, my father has been driving her crazy with his shouting and nervous aggressive ways ever since they got married decades ago, and I'm not surprise she suffered that kind of "escape". But she says that my father does everything for her, drove her to the doctor, everything … ignoring and suppressing the fact that their relationship and hyper-stressful ways of living are causing all the troubles. Edith has been in therapy for diverse reasons for over ten years now, with only few intermissions, and my father was already at the end of his wits and strength months ago … when I helped out walking their dog offering all kinds of help to my father, with the effect that he verbally abused me and insulted Bob in an unforgiveable way … only to complain later to Edith that I wouldn't help him. It's a lost thing … that relationship, I have to give up.

I finally went through my balcony plants, gathering seeds, unpotting them … and it kind of touched me that many plants had obviously struggled and wanted to grow so much more than I had enabled them too … those **roots**! Crammed into the pots! It felt like a lesson to see that.

October 17, 2020 – **808, Hawaii idea & the CRV**

No sign of Momi in the morning … I drove to see my mother and get rid of the mold that has shown up again on a wall in her apartment.

This morning I woke up from a very very strange **dream** … and I felt so desolate and sad without Bob … in the last few days I've had intense phases of longing and mourning and a sense of disbelief again.

So in my **dream**, I was traveling, with a man that was a mix of the Apple laptop tech Rudi and an old friend of mine who I haven't see in many years, ***Herbert P.*** who I called "Sweetie" whilst he called me "Fruity", and we had been friends and had met through a friend of ours in Vienna. That guy in my dream and I were ***overland traveling*** in a place that feels like a mix of Germany and Australia, but we were by car. And the dream reminded me while dreaming of another dream of traveling I've had several times, with a similar feel, but I had been traveling North then. Tonight, not sure, kind of North-East-ish … We ended up on some kind of big house or property on a left sloping hillside close to a big town, and we had to ask for the way. And I think we were in need to wash and sleep … and I went ahead and found a **woman**, kind of heavy set, maybe early 60s, nobody I recognized, the hostess of a place that was a mix between a resort for youths and a hotel, and asked for the way. I don't know what I asked, but she did point me somewhere … then I kind of went around that house on that big property to return to the guy, but he wasn't to be found anymore. He was kind of bulky and with dark hair and was wearing a black shirt and a red and black jacket, and black pants, I think … and there was something metallic about him, maybe a chain …

My friend Sweetie would have been dressed like this. So strange, I haven't heard from him in so many years and haven't thought of him, either. And then the guy suddenly showed up and told me that he had met someone and was having lunch with her. I was so upset! I was excluded! I was hungry too, and we could have had lunch together, but he betrayed me … I was so hurt … that I decided to not continue our trip and get out of there. And then the *perspective changed in that dream*, and it was like I was looking back to the trip I could have taken had I not left the path, but the woman who was taking the trip was the one narrating her experiences! And at the same time I looked right into her face while in the background a kind of "film" was playing showing what she was saying, but it was not what she was saying, it was a *path along a river,* with a lot of reeds and plants, and I think the ocean was parallel to it … and the woman was facing me, but ***I was kind of invisible***, I knew she wasn't seeing me and that I was kind of only imagining what she could have said if she had taken the trip instead of me! And I was very jealous of that person! She was pretty, with dark curly hair, chin length, pale with bright lip stick, dark big eyes, and some old fashioned kind of blouse. She was a Katherine Hepburn type of woman … and her face was serious while she was telling her traveling tales …

… and right then I decided to return and do the trip myself, and I woke up.

I had some very intense flashbacks of being on Maui … so intense today that I started to talk to Bob again, while driving. And I said out loud that I need a lot of big ass evidentials … I'm feeling so desolate and desperate … with the whole world increasing the Corona-madness with so many restrictions to daily life, no traveling, no gathering, all to "fight" a virus that can't be fought that way, that I realize so closely what sheep most people are … and how helpless we, the ones who know better, are, driven around by the masses … so horrible.

I had packed one **banana,** and right after talking to Bob I thought about the banana in my bag and that I was going to drive to Forestlake and take a hike around it with Jacqui and eat the banana along the way. And right then, I *drove by a* **banana peal***.* That got my attention.

I was thinking of Momi, and a car with the license plate number "**KATI 1**" drove by. More attention, because "**KAT**" is like "**cat**".

Then, one after the other: "**800 JB**" and "**800 ET**", of course I thought about how "800" is a toll-free area code in the US, and that J and B meant Jo and Bob, and "ET" I immediately understood as "The Extraterrestrial" and that the phone area code meant "phone home". So this seemed to be a hint at communication between Bob and me – for what I had just asked!

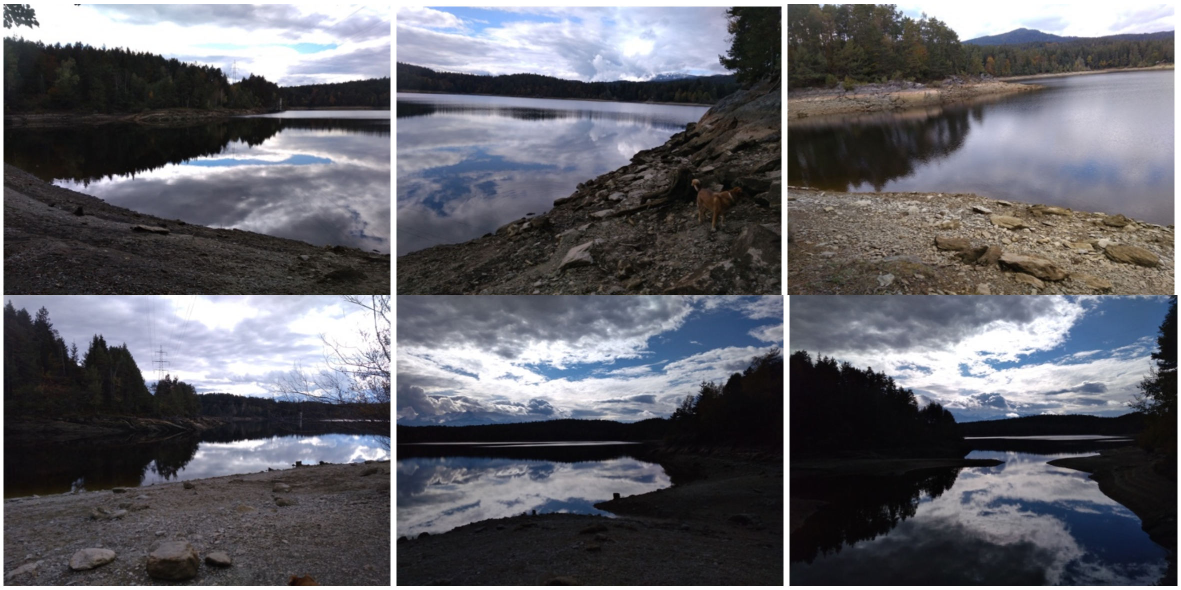
And then: Bob's and my dream car passed by me, a **dark red Honda CRV**, and we had talked so often how we'd buy a Honda CRV if we had the money, and the driver was a white haired older man, but I didn't see the passenger. But the car's license plate number took my breath away: "**VL 808 DL**"!

To me, "**808**" not only stands for Hawaii, but also for "**BOB**", and the VL and the DL can be read in many ways, but spontaneously, when I saw that car, I read "very lucky Bob loves Dani". Something like that.

It was a heart pounding drive towards Forest lake, and sure enough: Around the first curve, I met a car with the license plate number “**HA IDEA 1**”! I mean! That’s entirely unusual! “Ha” being the “breath of life” or “power” in Hawaiian, and then “idea 1”. To me that meant that the first spontaneous idea or inspiration I have will be the most powerful. It can also mean that one idea that I’ve already had, has a lot of power in it … and that I must be prepared.

Now that was an interesting drive! In the forest around **forest lake I lost my way** then! It was very interesting, that I kept track of where I was going, on a new path, actually, that I wanted to try out, but I ended up looking at Wörthersee lake instead of Forestlake.

I realized how close they are together, but I did need to get back to the Forest lake. I did find the path … and it was a very strange experience, because I’m not sure how I managed to actually lose my orientation. There were very stunning sights at the Forestlake then, because there is little water which makes for some kind of moonscape. I was thinking of last year, and how now is just around the time that I moved to Griffen …. And I did my first walks around Forestlake with Jacqui a year ago. Also … “**as above so below**” showed itself plentiful in the landscape …

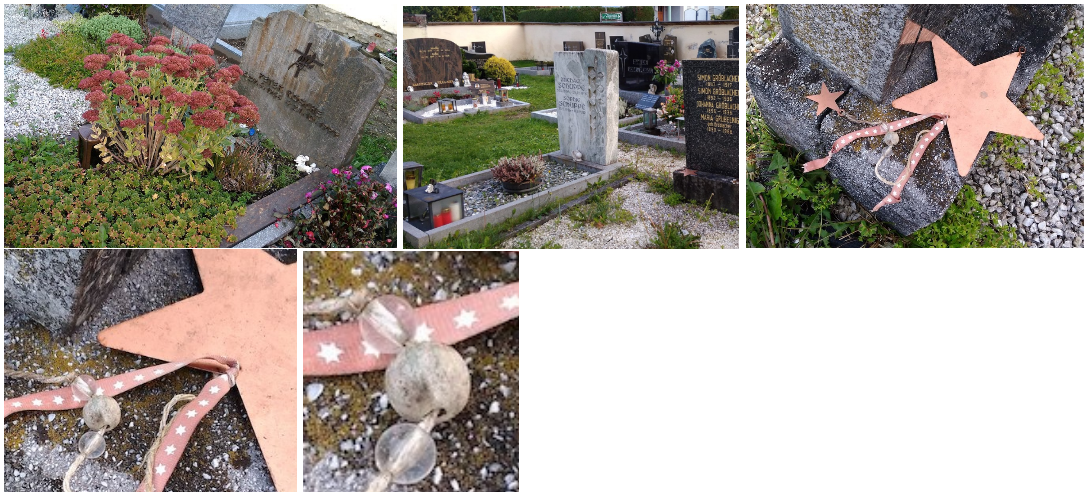


… and I found to poisonous mushrooms, **Amanita muscaria**, “Fliegenpilz”, “fly mushroom” along the path … actually very close to where I realized that I had lost my way.

My mother was sweet and kept repeating herself, I found way more mold than she had said there was … and I thought I should kick my ass not to have insisted earlier to check her walls … but I had bought a good anti-mold liquid on oxygen basis, and it cleaned everything right off. My mother was unable to follow my thoughts when I told her she had to put the heater on and that the cold and damp atmosphere she keeps in those rooms are the causes for the mold … she kept saying over and over that she can't imagine where the mold comes from. My heart was very very heavy. I had a hard time leaving her … but at least she accepted a vitamin elixir I had brought her and some nutrition bottles.

October 17, 2020 – **The Circle of Stars with Pearls, the Cake & the Bag**

(After visiting my mother) I went for a short visit to the **cemetery** … I did walk to my **brother's grave** and just looked at it … and I couldn't help but look up and think that if could see the dead they sure would be standing right there or rather next to me … so I looked to my left, where I thought my dead brother was standing or Bob … and I thought something along those lines towards them, that they might be right there … and I walked to the left to leave the cemetery. And that way I took a path with Jacqui (who is always with me at the cemetery) that I have never walked before, between a row of graves and the church wall … and as I walked there – I found "ka lei lau hoku", a **"circle of stars"** AGAIN! With **pearls**!



First I saw only a **big copper star** on a grave that looked like nobody had visited it for a long time. It was lying on the grave, and I almost walked by … only to feel attracted to it all of a sudden! I picked it up, and there they were! Two **pearls** (!) along with a **smaller star dangling from ribbons printed with many little stars!** Had I not walked that other path on the cemetery, I wouldn't have found it! And I only walked that path because I had the feeling someone was standing to my left, and that's why I was somehow attracted to the left!

Wow! Okay, that counts, Stoneman. The **circle of stars**, which is my Hawaiian name, "***Kaleilauhoku***" and the **pearls** attached to it, when I had named the little cat "Momili'i" which means "little pearl" in the Hawaiian language, and short "**Momi**".

Back "home" in Griffen, I took Jacqui for a walk to see Momi, but no kitty there. I was very sad. I put cat food out for her and the other mommy cat, with cell salt, again, that's against parasites ... and with a lot of calcium and minerals and vitamin C. I hope for the best. I don't know if I shall hope that she got picked up by that person who was supposed to pick her up a while ago but instead let her suffer alone in that dreary place. Or maybe she is trapped inside the shack and can't get out? Maybe she simply wasn't there but out and about with some other cat? Or she didn't hear us? Or … or …? I feel so very worried about her. I miss seeing that tiny little animal with the sweet face … one of her eyes was enflamed and watering, but after I gave her the vitamin C and the silver and the cell salts in the food it got better. Also she regained her voice and didn't sneeze anymore. But she was so thin …

I have to think of that woman again who picked her up and said "Aber jetzt geht's ihr wieder gut", "But now she is well again" … when I mentioned that the cat had been ill. As if she had done anyfuckingthing to help the cat! Grrrrrrrr!

I know Bob watches, otherwise I wouldn't have encountered "KATI 1" today, "KAT" standing for "cat"! So I've decided, if I see Momi again … I will adopt her.

Cake & the bag! Just now as I wrote this down, it's about 9.30 pm, my friend **Inge** called me and asked if I wanted a **piece of cake** that she'd put out for me in the morning! So sweet … literally. Plus: Just today, I've been thinking about how I'd *need a perfect bag* if I were to take Momi with Jacqui and me if she was to live with us … and Inge just told me that she got a **bag** as a gift and doesn't want it, so *she wants me to have that bag!* Maybe it's not a bag I could use, but still – ***I was offered a bag today, when I had been thinking of the perfect bag*** for transporting a kitten for days now! I've already prepared an old bag of mine for the possibility of picking up Momi and taking her with me …!

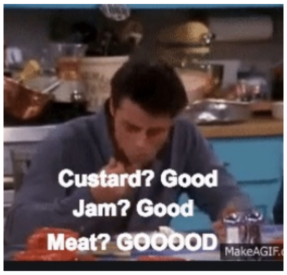
Also, she put some really good dried meat "Jause" (cold cuts) in the bag … Bob and I loved this for breakfast. I will totally share it with him.

October 18, 2020 – **About the Cake & Friends & the Amazing Sky-"S" & Miaoni**

So I picked up the **cake** (Schwarzwälder Kirsch), that Inge gifted me with … and while I was eating it, sharing with Bob, just eating with a spoon from the whole piece …. I realized that I was doing something that I had just watched at "**Friends**": "Joey" eating that **dessert** that "Rachel" had made with full joy, and everytime I've seen that scene before (it's in several "best-of" and "bloopers" compilations) I've been feeling like eating cake or dessert like this too … a lot, eagerly, greedily … and in the last days I've been thinking of buying a Tiramisu at the store to have something creamy to eat too.

Friends - Joey eats Rachel's dessert

Friends - Joey eats Rachel's dessert



And today I find myself with that kind of cake, eating like Joey, and it's a **birthday cake**, too! It was Bob's birthday on October 2, and Inge's on October 13, that's why she has so much cake, as she said, also her little grandson had his birthday a few days ago …

But what are the odds that I get to eat a **cake** that I had gotten as a gift a day after watching the scene on "Friends" again! There are no odds. That's a synchronicity that is a **message**. Also, the cake has a very **liquid layer of cherry sauce or jam** … and Joey talks about how he likes the layer of jam! Wow! And today I have it in real life!

I wanted to stop my binge-watching of "Friends" several times … but last night I ended up in season six at the episode where "Rachel" makes the "trifle"-desert that totally doesn't work … and just shortly after that, Inge called about the cake, and today I picked it up. It doesn't taste that great, because it's a bought one … but that's also part of the scene in "Friends", that "Ross" says "It tastes like feet"! And somewhere in my mind I always was curious how it tasted! ***Oh! Just now something else comes to my mind!*** Yesterday, just before I heard from Inge about the cake, I ate the last part of my make-shift "Gulasch", which consists mainly of beef and onion! And the whole deal about the spoiled "trifle" is that "Rachel" made it with "**beef** and **onion**", because she accidentally mixed two recipes, one for English trifle and the other for Shepherd's pie! And that last one has a meaning to me too: The last time that Bob and I went out eating was in 2014, and we went to "Mulligan's on the Blue" on Maui, to the Irish restaurant, and I ate "Shepherd' pie"!

Had I gone last night to pick up the cake (like Inge probably intended me to do, but it was already 9.30 when she called), ***I would have had the cake and the beef and onion together … just like the "desert" in "Friends"!***

This morning, lying in bed (after tossing and turning a lot during the night) … I imagined myself being on the beach with Bob … and it worked so well, and that's because I've always experienced everything in such detail and consciously, as if I had known that I'd "need" it soon.

And that, again, brings me to the insight, that the entire Spiel about **"living in the here and now"** means that we must indeed experience the here and now in as many details as possible – so that it remains like that in our memories and that we can re-create or re-call it later in those details! And in the beyond will have all that we've stored to relive if we want or must, according to our longings! And that … that is heaven. That … is heaven! When, after all is said and done for the physical shell, we drop it – and then, as invisible beings of a different frequency, can unite with our dead loved one and live on with them – to the extent we wish to! Depending on what kinds of details we have store in our selves!

That's how it is.

It's also so baffling to realize things … like the cake-thing. I would love to share this with Inge, but

I'm not sure if she'd see it the way I do.

I'm going to take Jacqui for a hike today to pick some more Eberesche (bird's berry, Rowan) to make Liquor.

I'm doing a "cleansing" thing (yeah, right, with the cake and all) with **dried Rowan berries** (dried them myself, put some of them in alcohol already to make liquor), take one the first day, two the second, three the third, until 15, then backwards …

Bob would have loved this … oh, I was with him on the beach today, and we really did what we used to do, including me digging a hole in the sand with my sandals for the key … including holding hands … cuddling like in the early days, me feeling Bob's body, his chest, the hairy spot in his back … I miss him so much. Life without him is not living any more, it's making it through, no matter how one tries to make sense of it all. My mother has been living like that for so many years after the love of her life died in a car crash in 1983, wow … I look at her … seeing her age, losing her mental capacities, and I can only think that when her time has come, I hope it will be quick and painless, and I'm so happy for her already that she'll be seeing her love and my brother and her brother and father and mother and everyone again … And she'll meet Bob for the first time.

Sometimes I think I can't handle "life" in this realm. I don't know what's with Momi … I haven't seen her this morning. But the cat food I've put out there is gone. And I put some more in the pot.

I'm getting small warts on my right index fingers … treating them with Thuja-tincture. *(Note: They disappeared after three days. Jesus, had I only known about Bob's condition early on, it would have been entirely treatable … but then, his frustration and anxieties over so many years …)*

It's an intense time of synchronicities … the Honda CRV, the 808, the Kaleilauhoku, the bag, the cake, Friends binge watching … *wow, **zumbuddy** is talking to me.*

(Later)

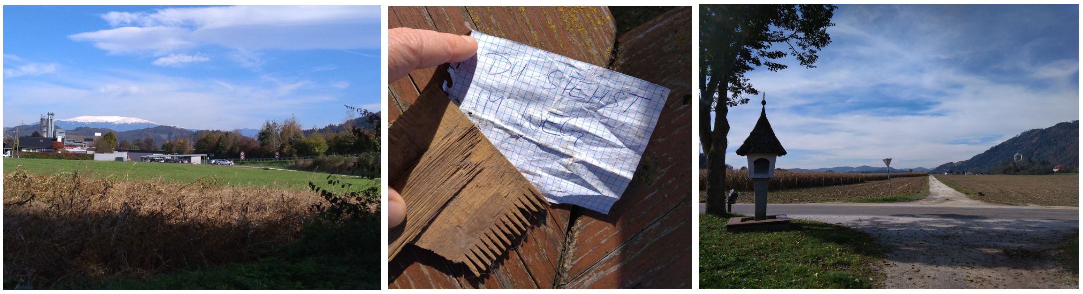
During my walk in the forest with Jacqui today I saw two "M" in the sky, entirely clear, but I said to myself "well, I must stop reading things into stuff" and I didn't photograph them. Then I picked Rowan berries and later cleaned them out sitting in the forest for an hour with Jacqui quietly next to me, just watching.

Suddenly I realized that was using a plastic bag with an "**M**" in the front and "M" in the back! There were the 2 "M"! The "M" stands for "**Miaoni**", a fashion label. It felt strangely familiar. Of course it reminds me of "Miao" or "Miau", the sounds that a cat makes. And of the name – "**Momi**"! Wow!

M
MIAONI
HIGH FASHION

Later, when I was trying to get the photographs from my phone, I realized that the phone producer company's name is "Xiaomi". Maybe that's what "Miaoni" reminded me of.

Also, I walked by that street shrine today, at the treehouse field path, and I found something very strange: A note was lying on the spot where Jacqui and I always sit down for a moment, **a handwritten note** saying "Du stehst mir im Weg", meaning **"You're standing in my way"** in a sense that a person blocks a path or hinders or prevents some other person from doing stuff. How odd.



And the **cloud** along with it … a clear and strong **"S".**

I feel strangely overwhelmed today, very much on the edge … realizing that little Marshall was at home alone the entire day, and it was a nice fall day, nobody there to walk him. My hatred against his owners makes me truly wish for punishment for them. They really abuse him as a watchdog, not caring about his needs at all. Running to the doctor with him all the time because he has trouble eating … but not walking him. And yet I know that there are millions of them out there …

Mankind is a fucked up species. Just fucked up.

I can't get my photographs from my phone on my computer … this makes me very angry. Will have to ask the seller tomorrow at Völkermarkt.

October 19, 2020 – **The Slabs of Meat**

Something stunning happened … looking into my fridge I realized: Along with the cake (that's now gone) Inge gave me some cold cuts (meat) in a vacuumized plastic bag, that also contains cheese.

So I opened it because I always like salami or bacon or dried spicy meat … and when I took out that **"slab" of meat**, it reminded me of something. I haven't come across slabs of dried and smoked spicy meat stuck together often, actually only ***once*** before … and that was ***at the shack where the little cat "Momi" lived*** and the other cats! And just recently I had told the vet (when I got Jacqui vaccinated) about that ***slab of dried smoked meat and bacon*** that the farmer sometimes throws out there for the tiny little baby cats to eat! And there I was, holding such a slab mix in my own hands – as I had gotten it! And even weirder!

I've been mixing cat food with yoghurt and egg shell powder and vitamins in little ***plastic containers*** and brought them to the cat feeding place and emptied them there … and Inge also gave me two such ***plastic containers,*** one with **egg salad**, and the other with some **horse radish cheese**! So I received such open containers with food stuff in there, too! Is someone telling me that they are seeing what I'm doing?

And just the day before yesterday, I bought a **horse radish cream cheese**, and I barely ever do that!

Today I went to look for Momi, but I didn't see her.

It begins to drive me nuts to see little Marshall all alone in the garden for hours and hours every day now. He could easily go with us … sometimes he barks so hysterically now that his voice is skipping, and he sounds like he is going nuts. I will have to report that to animal protection services.

I applied for an apartment in Velden, at an official institution, for a council flat (google says that's the term). Why not? People get it who aren't even from Velden.

I feel so unhappy here … people are just so strange, and my aversion against them is growing every day. I can't understand why I must witness that sweet Marshall is treated in a way that makes him a frustrated angry dog. I so so so much wish for something to happen in the lives of his owners and the family that this changes for the dog to the better. I really want those fucking assholes to learn, best would be by suffering. I'm sorry, I'm that bitter old bitch now. I am. I stand to that.

That stupid song "Some guys have all the luck, some guys have all the pain" or something like that … it's a very true song. The worst part about it is that the asshole people often have all the luck. I keep thinking at people who still live on Maui who are not nice people, and Bob is dead, and I'm here in this fucking circumstances.

I've been walking around recently in full reminiscence of Maui … I see, hear, smell everything. It's like I only have to reach out and touch everything I love so much and that I'm so familiar with. It was very intense today, for example. I remember so closely touching Bob, too. Writing this, I realize again that a part of my has no concept of Bob being dead. I still am looking forward to returning to Maui to be with him again. It's like I "know" that it's going to happen. I'm so into it, that my expectations give me the full spectrum of the experience I know so well. Maui … Pukalani … with Bob … that is me. That is me. That's my real life. There is no way that this is over.

I said to "the invisibles" today that I hope that they're having a blast … and as I walked in the dusk I was hoping for an apparition … but then I told them to not spook my dog. So it's not going to happen.

There was never a concept in my mind of living in this world without Bob being around, too. Even when he was on the other side of the world, I knew he was there and we'd unite again. I could talk to him on the phone. I thought about him … I only regret right now so immensely that in those years that I barely heard from him after 2014, that I didn't follow my feeling yet again and believed that something was wrong with him. Instead I believed what female "friends" were telling me, that I had to get over Bob because he didn't care about me. That I had to start believing, I thought, after all my experiences with him. After all the rejection. Even during our work together at "From Trauma to Peace" or other projects in 2013 and 2014 … he had let me feel that he didn't want me. For him to start missing and wanting me when I had finally decided to let him to … that was just …

I can't wrap my very mortal mind around all these things, right now. It's not even his death day coming up that pains me, because I do see physical death as a graduation. It's just that I may have failed him and our relationship and that I'm so alone without him and missing life with him on Maui so much, including our work. Our days were busy. And even though we didn't see each other much in the last years – we still were planning on being together, and we had such great plans. It was paradise, it was. And now … it feels like my life kind of imploded. I'm sitting here, doing text editing, filmmaking isn't even anywhere in my life anymore.

I guess I should be grateful for having experienced it at all. That's what Betty & Co. would say … that it doesn't matter what one does in life, if it matches our "purpose", it will bring us forward in the big picture – and that I means in terms of development of our immortal essence.

My closeness with Bob awakens in every instant I only think of him, it's like I'm right back with him.

I was thinking today, while cutting onions and talking to Bob, that maybe, if I keep talking to him and also answering for him, that I'll learn to discern between what's his "voice" and what I'm just making up because I knew him so well. It does happen, quite often, that I chat with him and answer for him, and the answer feel so "out of nowhere", it feels entirely unrelated to my personal train of thought of the moment … it feels different. It could be Bob's thoughts. Sometimes I say something that I wouldn't say "as Bob", it just happens to me. Could that be Bob? My Bob. I miss him so much. What a betrayal to leave me here like this.

I don't know when, but in the recent time I found a **horse shoe lucky charm pendant.** Also certain **bottle caps** kept showing up … they seem to point at the "being together" theme, two heads, two dragons.

October 20, 2020 – Bob's Goofy Dance

Elderly people and folks close to death very much live in their memories, and mostly, in most cultures, geriatric experts try to get them out of their "hallucinations". I've realized something: ***This practicing of using one's memories and making them readily available – that's the preparation for life in the beyond, just before our consciousness moves over into the spiritual body!*** It will after the physical death "be" and "live in" everything that we amass, gather, obtain in our period of individualization while we're mortals, in our recollections of knowledge and of other personal experience of any kind. It is good for elderly close to death to deal a lot with their inner world, their memories, recall them to the point of "seeing" loved ones that are long dead or scenarios that are long gone.

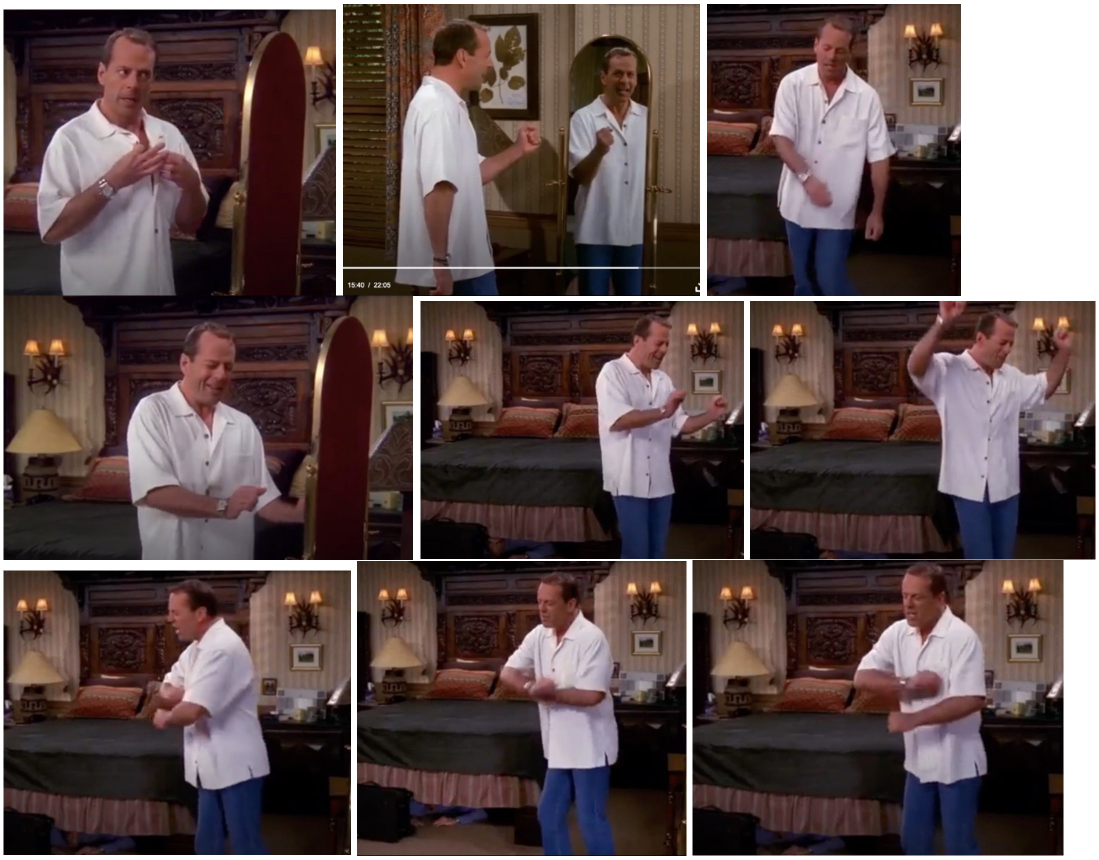
It's well accepted that people very close to dying kind of "drift off" into their interior world … but that kind of preparation starts maybe already many years before death. I'm thinking of my mother, now, how she refuses to go outside much, no walks, no meeting people, because she says that she has done that all her life. What does she do now? She reminisces with herself (!) and she enjoys watching TV and experiencing things, that she won't ever in her mortal life, that way! She watches game shows and documentaries about all kinds of things and movies with her favorite actors.

My mother does everything right. I support her in that … and since I've been doing that, she has been so joyous and vivid and happy. She said to me yesterday that "she doesn't feel old". She looks perky and pretty, not "old". But her body is old. But of course she doesn't "feel old", because she is living "inside", and that "inside" will live on after the body stops functioning … and it will merge with the beyond, and there we can choose who we want to be … once we've settled in. The recalling of loved ones, dead or alive and how they were … that prepares us for realizing our priorities, preferences and true loves … oh, it's a very cool concept, human life. And when we listen very closely to the tales the elderly tell, reminiscing, we create our own inner images and thus memories and will lateron, in the realm where there is no time, share their "worlds" with them!

I think I'm "getting" it now. Folks, invisibles – I'm really ready to write the sequels of "Regents of Clouds" now. Just help me make it happen to manifest this one, and I'll present the world with the biggest chunk of mass-knowledge furthering the evolution of our species that ever existed.

Momi has a new owner, I heard from the farmer this morning. And I was actually sad that I won't see the little sunshine again. But I am happy that I was able to help her survive. And I really hope she'll have a wonderful cat life and be so so so so much loved. I put away the stuff I had already prepared for her. Sniff.

(Later)
Watching "**Friends**" I got stunned yet again: One character, "***Paul***", played by *Bruce Willis*, did a "***dance***" in front of the mirror that was **exactly how Bob would have goofed around**! And the way he sings "Hey baby" in the end – that was Bob's voice, too. I miss Bob so much … I had to cry a lot.



In the end he said to himself ***"You've still got it … hey baby!"*** That was what Bob said.

October 20, 2020 – **I Got a Cat! "We 2" & the Egg**

It's simply breathtaking what happened today. I drove to Völkermarkt again, because I realized that I didn't have enough Vodka to make Liquor of all my Rowan berries, so I had to go back to Hofer. And I needed to get my phone checked at the place where I bought it, from Robert, because I couldn't get the photographs onto my laptop.

First I stopped at the treehouse field … and at the small shrine where Jacqui and I had always sat down in summer, was a piece of paper under a piece of wood, and it read "Du bist mir im Weg". Which means "You are in my way". How odd is that?

I talked on the phone with my mother and realized yet again how far gone she is in a way, and yet, how she is, in small steps, recovering. She keeps talking about the same things all the time … but she weaves in stuff that I had said sometime during my visit, and she brings them up in connection with different other themes … She sounded fine on the phone, and I was relieved.

I thought about the summer and about **Momi** and how much I wish that she has a good home now. Somehow I wish I had taken her with me when nobody had taken care of her and not told anyone.

So I drove on to Völkermarkt, and at the round-about was a traffic jam. I planned to go to the cellphone store first and took the first turn at the round-about instead of the second, intending to take a different street to the shop. But somehow I felt drawn to drive to Hofer first. And there were many open parking lots … and I picked one "from my gut". I get out of the car – and right there, next to the tire of my car, lies a **tiny little black plastic cat.**

A small cat. I found a small cat … when I had just "lost" my small cat Momi. This was just so stunning that I just stood there, looking at the cat … all the elements and aspects that needed to fall into place for me to find that cat … it was synchronicity at its splendid best. I was baffled and simply put the cat in my bag …

Nobody finds a cat. But I find one right after weeks of fretting about a tiny cat I fell in love with. Had I parked somewhere else, I wouldn't have found it. Had I not gone to Hofer first, I likely wouldn't have found it … things fall into place. I do take it as a greeting. Maybe it's meant as comfort. Or simply as message that "they" know what I'm doing? A greeting above all. From Bob. Thank you, Bob.

So I then took care of the cellphone thing and took Jacqui for a walk in Völkermarkt, at the nice round-walk by the cemetery and through the forest along the hill. On the way to the cemetery I had to think of Bob so intensely and whether or not the cat had come "from him" … and I had asked him just yesterday so intensely if he now was my partner, even though I can't see him … I had talked out loud about our fucked up relationship in the mortal realm and how much we actually loved each other, and I wanted to know if he was now with me, at least …

And just then, I walked by a **car** with the license plate number "**WIR 2**". Seriously! "We 2", meaning "us two" or *"yes, we are a couple, we belong together"*. This was an answer. And the cat! I walked on thinking how everything may be predestined to a great part … after all.

It was stunning. A few meters further, at the entrance to the cemetery, a white egg (!) was lying under a bush. I think it was a **plastic egg** … but immediately I had to think of the stint with the egg salad, just a few days ago …

(Later) I bought USB-sticks for Inge and went to visit her to copy the videos of her daughter's wedding onto the stick for her to give it as a gift to her daughter. I thought I'd do it but then – the laptop didn't work! And then I "was Bob" again, trouble-shooting. It was like with Inge sitting next to me there was no other way than getting the laptop to work, and I did stuff I don't even clearly remember … and even though it was very unlikely (because of the stuck NUM LOCK key), I somehow managed to get the laptop to work again … and it's a PC, and I worked "blindly". I know it was Bob who inspired me … and when the laptop worked again and I explained all kinds of stuff the Inge, I was baffled by all the tech wisdom that came out of my mouth!

Then she wanted me to show her how to use the USB on her TV! Yikes! I haven't owned a TV like … ever! And I don't watch TV and don't have one, haven't even seen a TV from close for decades, and I really wanted someone else to figure it out, but she insisted. Long story short, **I got that to work too!** I was in a tech-sphere that is entirely alien to me, but that was Bob's expertise. It felt like I was guided, and I figured everything. Now they think I'm a genius, but I'm not.

Inge and I chatted for hours, she told me about her life and I about mine … it was very sweet. I realized, though, that I'm so screwed, in a way. Because there is that confusing painful "gap" between "talking to Bob" as if he was alive, and knowing that he is dead and that I won't see him again or hear him or feel him … in this mortal lifetime. And this thought is very very hard to bear.

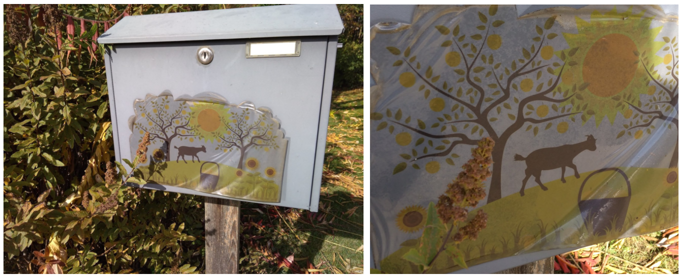
… clouds … trying to comfort me … by images of "uniting" and "togetherness" and "parallel life".
(Note: The shit is going to hit the fan a few weeks later.)

October 23, 2020, Friday – The Black Box & the Broken Plate & Wahaha Paradise

Wow, what a **dream** tonight … so intense, so much related to Bob, heart-pounding strange … and I can't remember it! About this time of year two years ago I had the last kind of normal phone-conversation with Bob.

Before that, I had taken a walk along the **Lavant river** in St. Andrä … and the **clouds** were giving me spectacles of "uniting" and "separating" … even Jacqui was depicted. I saw the **Koralpe** mountain that really looks like Haleakala … and I reminisced and talked to Bob as if he was there. I have the feeling if I pretend he is there and I just talk with him, I might learn to actually "receive" him?!

Then I felt the *urge to hold out my hand and ask Bob to "put something into it".* And the immediate image was a **black kind of box or bag or pouch,** with some structure, but just black … and even though I thought "nah, that's too odd", I accepted it. Sure enough …

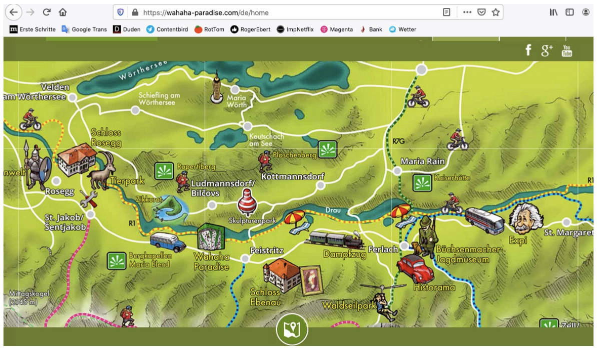


… further along the way, I ended up walking by that little house close to the asparagus fields, that I find of cozy, and I'd be curious to know who lives there. This time I noticed a **painting** on the mail box … and sure enough! There was **the black pouch or bag!** ***And around it …*** **sunflowers! A sun! A goat or a sheep!** (Just like the sheep in front of my window!) It reminds me of the two **poor sheep** in the garden below my window. They are so sweet, they come when they see me and Jacqui and "mäh!" at us, and I give them treats … knowing that my landlady and her hubby are going to have them killed soon. Not because they need to, just because they can. It makes me want to vomit, only thinking about it.

So baffling, the “black box” …

I held my hand out again, and I had the immediate impression of a round thing, like a **ball**, but in a **silverish light blue and white color** … later I thought about a “fork”, I don’t know.

Strangely, driving back from shopping in Wolfsberg after the river Lavant walk, I found myself driving behind a truck with the writing “**Wahaha Paradise**”. Wow! No way to photograph this, but I found the website: It’s some kind of leisure park, a resort … it sounds so Hawaiian, it’s stunning.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Schloss Rosegg
Keutschach am See
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R7G
Maria Rain
Rupertiberg
Köttmannsdorf
Kaiserhütte
Tierpark
Ludmannsdorf/ Bilčovs
Rosegg
Zikkurat
Drau
St. Jakob/ Šentjakob
R1
Skulpturenpark
Expi
St. Margaret
Bergkapellen Maria Elend
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Büchsenmacher-Jagdmuseum
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Schloss Ebenau
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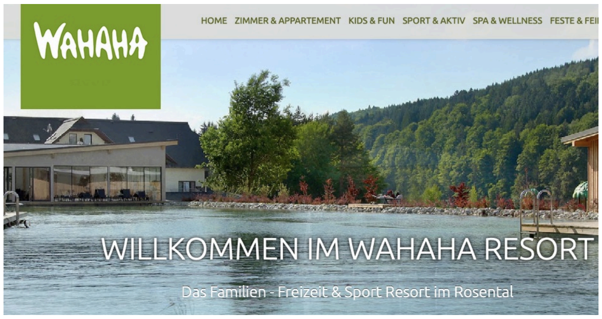

WAHAHA
HOME
ZIMMER & APPARTEMENT
KIDS & FUN
SPORT & AKTIV
SPA & WELLNESS
FESTE & FEI
WILLKOMMEN IM WAHAHA RESORT
Das Familien - Freizeit & Sport Resort im Rosental

The website also shows something that’s a true throwback for me … a map of the area that reminds my painfully at the map of “Taylor Camp” that Bob had shown me a little more than 2 years ago … at their new website, that had taken him months to make … with an interactive map of the camp … wow, all that they did extending the “production” of that fucking documentary again, while Bob had promised me to work on our projects. He then said to me that he had meant to finish TC once for all to then be entirely free for us and our projects. Great Stoneman, just freakin’ great. And “**Wahaha Paradise”** today reminded me of all that! “Wahaha!” is expressing laughter, actually. “**Waha**” in Hawaiian means “mouth” and “**ha**” is actually spiritual power, so if “Wahaha” were Hawaiian, it would mean “powerful or influential mouth” or **“power through talking”.** *(Just reminds me that Bob used to call me “Miss Motormouth”.)*

Not sure what to think about this. It’s so strange that something so “Hawaiian”, with “Paradise”, of all things, is so close. From where my mother lives it’s not very far …

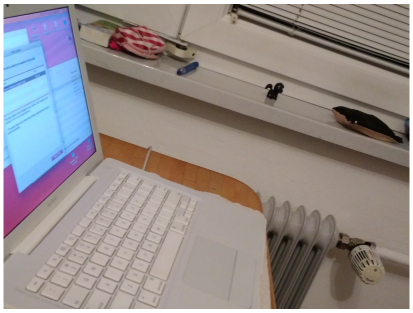
Ha! And I just realized something: When I took Jacqui for a walk a few weeks ago to the **river Drau** at Föderlach, we were actually very **close** to “**Wahaha Paradise**”, it’s just little ways downstream from where we were! And had I not stopped today on the highway to close the window in the back that I had forgotten open, next to Jacqui, I wouldn’t have ended up right behind that truck with the “Wahaha Paradise” writing! So is all predestined, after all?

Also, leaving Griffen, I had seen a car with the license plate number “**910 DJ**”, and that’s of course Bob’s and my fateful number and my initials … and later I saw “**910 AL**”.

The other day I saw, in Griffen (!) “**VK 422 BC”**, which is fun, because I have “**VK 422 AD**”. It seems to relate to my constant mourning my great possibilities with Bob in the video production field … and now, I can’t do shit. “422” is a number distinct for video production, and the combination of “A B C D” seemed to say something about continuation … I just feel so disheartened and tired so much. I look horribly old. My face does. My body not so much. If I’d live on Maui and be able to swim all the time, I’d still be like a 35-year old, physically.

(Later) I baked a really nice hazelnut-jam cake! Wow!

Then: While washing the dishes and talking with Bob about how John W. destroyed his life and mine and that I felt it the moment I saw him, the **plate** that I was washing **broke in two** in my hands. Just broke. I felt it kind of disintegrate in my grip, just like that, without a noise … as if I had superpowers. It was odd!



When I walked with Jacqui (in the dark, and I keep thinking of Momi all the time and how I used to go to that abandoned place and find her there, so sick, so fragile … So sweet that the **black plastic cat** is now sitting on my **window sill** like I’d imagined Momi would do. I really want to know where she is and if she is fine!) … I got into the mood of joking with Bob, and I sang “You’re the sun and I’m the moon, you’re the fork and I’m the spoon” … and later “you’re moon and I’m the sun, you’re the butter, I’m the bun” … this would just be Bob’s kind of humor.

I miss him so much. I spilled a glass of water right next to my two computers – but I’ve made the habit of putting the waterglass on paper-cardboard that used to house pralines or vegetables … and so no water reached the table. It was odd, though, that it spilled. I don’t know how I did that.

October 24, 2020 – **The Yellow Stuff**

Drove to see my mother in Velden. On the way, a car with the license plate number “**800 BS**” attracted my attention, because of Bob’s Initials (Bob Stone) and “800” which stands for “free number and thus for communication. Also I kept seeing license plate numbers with “700” in them, several. And there was a stunning “**K0001**”. Just a special number.

Took Jacqui for I walk in the forest … and I was stunned, again, by the occurrence of the **painted stones** … it's so strange to see this "game", stones everywhere with messages, *just the era when to me it's all about messages from my Stoneman.* There were **stones** gathered on a **mossy tree trunk**, too.

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I saw my mother, like always, she talks about very few things, always the same, and she is more forgetful now, but she seemed fine otherwise, refusing the self-made hazelnut cake I had made, but fine.

I drove through Velden, to make a quick shopping stop … but on the way I felt drawn to a **small forest** area along a creek, to give Jacqui another opportunity to run a bit before the drive home.

There, in the forest, I felt urged to stretch my hand out again, for Bob to put something into it. *As soon as I opened my hand and said "put something into it"*, I had the visual impression of "**a lot of yellow stuff**", and it could be paper or cloth, I had the feeling of cloth or fabric actually. I remembered seeing a yellow t-shirt along the highway when driving to Velden, but the impression of what was put into my hand, was different.

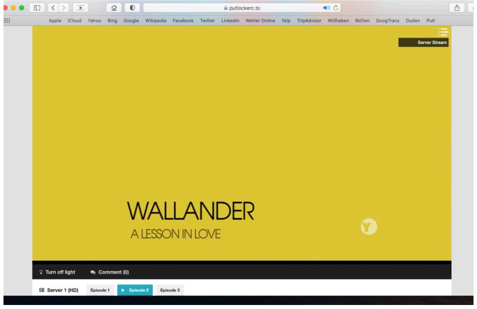
So I said that I'd just simply accept it … because it was so spontaneous and immediate.

On the way home, "**911 EU**" drove by me, and that was startling and felt like an evidential, because it's one of the most important dates of my personal life, as on 9 / 11 (2018, September 11) I left from Maui for Europe … the hardest thing I ever did. And right after that, just a minute or two, I drove by "**250 BB**". Yes, it was the end of "250", so "bye-bye" or "BB", but it also can mean that this first part of Bob's phone number reminds me of the fact that we talked on the phone for the last time we ever had mortal contact. Bob fell asleep while talking with me. And I don't remember what his last words were … but I do remember that during our conversation I asked him to say certain words so that I would know he understood me, even though he couldn't speak properly anymore. And one of the words was "Aloha".

Back "home" in Griffen, I made dinner and then felt the urge to watch "**Wallander**", a police detective series. I've heard of it, years ago … and I had seen the name in the morning, today, when googling something. So I checked for "Wallander season 1" on Putlockers. No such season, only "Wallander Season 4". And I did what I normally don't do, I started watching … drawn to the story by the fact that I like the actor, Kenneth Brannagh, and that the first episode plays in South Africa (because I was in Africa so many times).

So I watched "Wallander", and the story was incredibly bland and thin and not good in so many ways. There was a scene of a **tired broken man moving in his dark home** … that was Bob. And there is a long **bridge** …

But then it happened: During a political rallye in Cape Town (where I was once), the crowd was wearing **yellow shirts**! Yellow shirts! A whole bunch of yellow – like it had been put into my hand! I'm sitting here writing this, and I can't share it with anyone …



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Episode 1
Episode 2
Episode 3

… and it's like so many times that my excitement about this is kind of "imploding". I can't even cry out in excitement, I just only looked up and said "Wow" to the person sitting opposite me at the table. Bob, I hope. Also the "Wallander Season 4" intro is – bright **yellow**!

So it was right again – everytime since I first did it, ***did that impression of what was put in my hand come true!*** *Bob knew that I was going to see a lot of yellow today … and he told me that by putting it into my hand. I'm inclined to take from this that I'm on the right path.*

I'm going to submit "Parelli – Two Souls of Mine" today to Impact / Netflix, I taped a small intro-video of myself, that's required, this morning, and it took me a gazillion takes. Bob must have gotten a kick out of it.

Did you, Stoneman?

(Later) The thought has occurred to me that in case a "dead" person wants to stay close to their mortal partner … maybe the invisibles need certain … I don't know … help from the mortals, energetically? Maybe the tantric practices and other energy-direction methods not only serve to strengthen our "High Self", but also to "feed" the "dead" who have chosen to stay in the mortal realm?

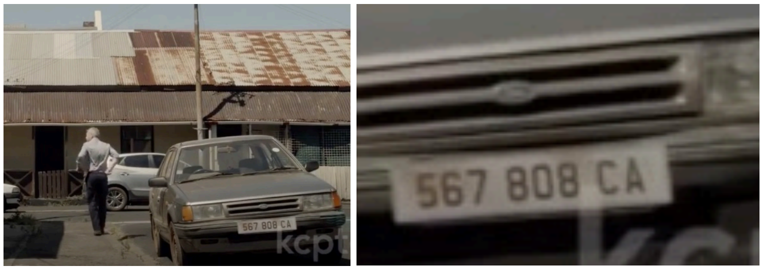
I need an answer to this question.

Also .. I just remembered parts of tonight's **dream**, horrible:

I was pursued in a dangerous chase kind of way by a **brutal crazy man** who was an exact mixture of real-life crazy Christian K. and Jonathan P. from Maui who was also all other than a nice normal guy. And there was something about a **path** or a road, almost like a **roller coaster** or some long water slide that I had to overcome … and there was a **hill** or a slope, and it had to do with me trying to escape that dangerous man who was trying to capture me … and I escaped for a while … until I deliberately showed up next to that man. He turned around and had blond **hair** almost to his waist (I have watched "Friends" last night and looked closely at Phoebe's hair) … and in my dream I thought how sick it was that I felt sexually attracted to that man … who, in my dream, announced that he was going to "fuck me", and it was a premeditated rape that I knew about … and I was looking forward to it! I woke up with a very sick and bad feeling inside myself.

On the drive to Velden, on the highway, when I saw "**800 BS**", I was talking with Bob about that dream, or rather I talked about sex stuff between Bob and me and other men … and now I'm thinking that the fact that I'm still arousable may mean that this is a means of using my body during my remaining mortal time for some **serious energy-sharing** with Bob!

Also, in a movie a special car license plate number appeared.



October 24, 2020 – **The Fork!**

Oh geez – something just happened! The **fork** appeared in my awareness, one of the things that Bob gave into my hands yesterday! I was writing the above, when my back itched … and I grabbed the **silver fork** that I once found, maybe two, three years ago (?) and that I'm using every day – more in the last days – for scratching my itch on my back. So me "getting a fork" into my hand and not realizing at all what it meant … can this mean that Bob was telling me that he sees what I'm doing?

And I actually was close to dismissing the fork as inner image, yesterday, after I had received the “black box” … but here it is. So I just saw myself with that fork in my hand – and the insight opened up like a puka in some clouds! It’s entirely clear in my gut that this was meant! In the last few days I’ve been **scratching** a lot … and I do that with my silver fork maybe because of a new jacket I’ve been wearing. So that’s why the fork!

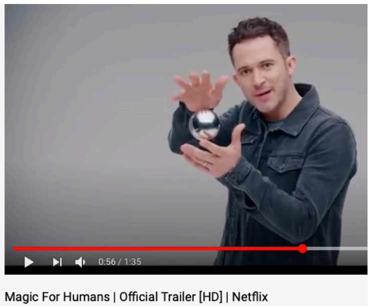
Wow! And maybe the bouts of sudden very **high pitched sound in my ear** aren’t “Tinnitus” but frequencies from the beyond.

Also … “for no reason” the most beautiful **pink band of clouds** showed itself today in front of my window … **as I watched the moon come up …**

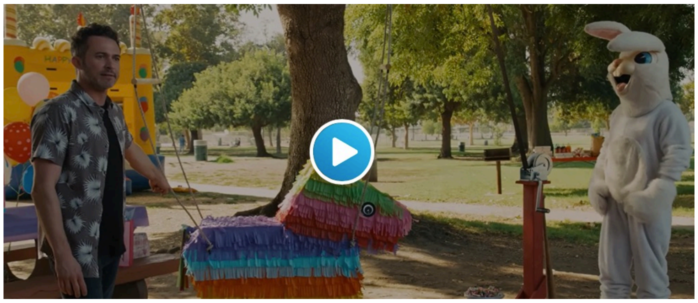
October 25, 2020 – **The Silver Ball & the Rabbit**

Oh my goodness! The second time the day before yesterday, in the field near the river Lavant, that I asked Bob to put something into my hand, it was a *silver-ish kind of ball* … and I almost dismissed it.

Sure enough … I got that silver ball! I finished submitting “Parelli” to Impact / Netflix, then I wanted to continue watching “Wallander”, but no interest anymore. So I looked into the comedy-genre on Putlockers, and there I saw “**Magic for Humans**” … never heard of that …



Magic For Humans | Official Trailer [HD] | Netflix



… and so I clicked it on! The title post is a man with a **silver ball**! And the first frame that comes up when clicking on the available season three, is that "magician" with a big **white rabbit** standing there! Wow! ***The silver ball too!***

October 25, 2020 – **Hot Black & Bob's and My Life in Housie Reflected**

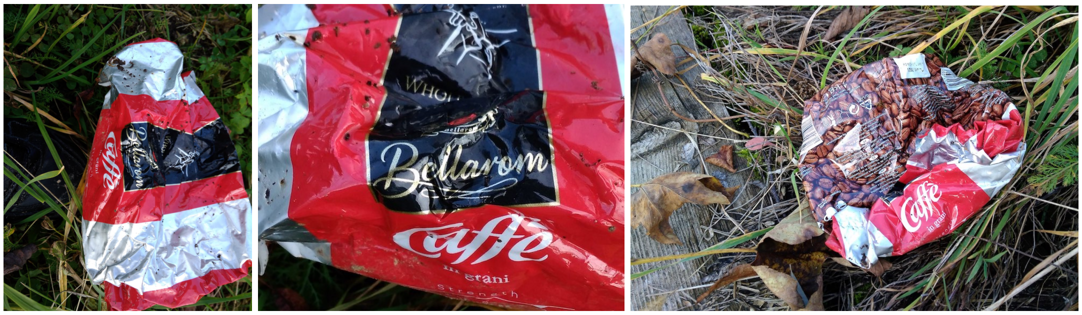
Amazing Sunday. Frustrating to the max, on one hand, because the entire fucking family of Marshall's left in the morning, and the poor dog was alone all day, and now, that it's pitch-dark, he is still alone without access to his dog hut. I can't even express what I wish for these fucking people … I hope they'll suffer. A lot.

I went for a walk with Jacqui, it's way too hot for the season, 16 degrees Celsius at least today, and I walked by the "**stone on the way**" and saw that pretty moss was on it and **elderberries** hung just above it!

I had been conversing with Bob all the time, asking what I could do to improve us working together, being together as inter-realm couple, if that was what he committed to, and also how he'd help me not be so reluctant with all my stuff, procrastinating to check emails … it's a lot of shit that rules my spirit these days. I talked with him about how the "put it in the hand" works so well, but also I expressed my thoughts of how there must be energetic "favorites" (oh geez, that's a term from Bob's an my past, I wanted to create an affiliates enterprise with him, long time ago) … that help us connect better than others.

*(**Note**: Something about me **stepping over the electrical wire** to check out the two "shaggy mane" mushroom is important, here, but I don't recall right now …)*

Then: Just a little later, along the forest path where there was no (!) garbage at all, I found an **empty bag of coffee beans!** It took me a moment to recognize the message in it: **Hot black!** It was always our big thing to drink our ***beloved morning coffee together.*** "Hot black" was a term that we used all the time … and the coffee drinking together I continued in the form of sharing my coffee in the morning, directing the impression and experience of drinking coffee towards invisible Bob.



Relate is: I had also asked Bob to *put something into my hand*, but all I saw was some kind of a **rabbit head shape white thing with two long and thin "ears"**, and that was kind of strange. I asked Bob if he could help me overcome the feelings of hesitations, not wanting to read emails from people I myself had contacts, like a powerful business woman for "CineDip", Manuela for the Contact Diary … and that's when the "rabbit head with two long thin ears" showed up.

And of all things I found a bag of coffee beans today! And the **logo** has two long white "rabbit ears" as the "ff" of **Caffe**! Maybe that's a stretch, but that's also the first thing that came to my mind!

I was kind of stunning, what the **clouds** did, too, when I was sitting on the wooden bridge I played with Jacqui and Marshall in spring …

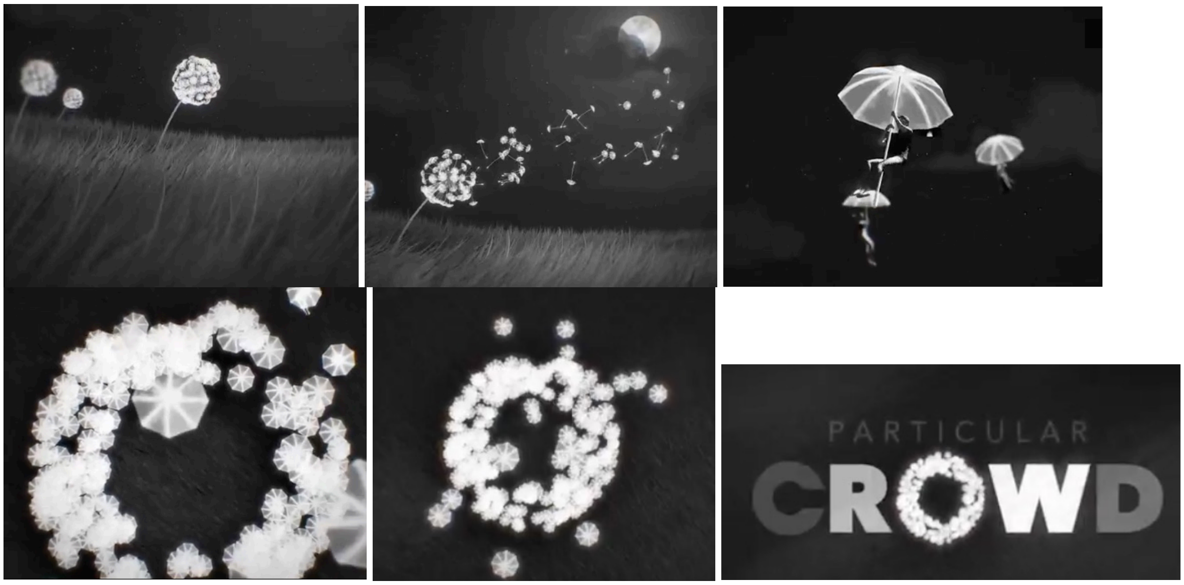
And I tried to do our "Play me!" thing again, seriously, wanting Bob to see some amazing scenarios of the forest's **green** and yellow … and yes! There was a bunch of **yellow leaves**, too, that totally resembled what Bob "put into my hand" the other day, as of yellow stuff.

Also, I've realized a few days ago that I'm back to the intense flashes of heat in all my body when I'm dealing with something intensely emotional regarding Bob. It hasn't happened for several weeks. But it's back. It's a feeling between fever and a panic attack.

So back home I warmed up my fried beef patties from yesterday and fried the mushrooms I had found, the "**Schopftintlinge**", "shaggy mane" mushrooms (Coprinus Comatus), but somehow nothing really tasted good for me … this had been for several days, too. It's like I always eat stuff that isn't really pleasant.

Then I thought that I really should work on this CD, putting pictures in, as I stopped weeks ago … and I should check emails. But no … I went to Putlockers again, like a crazy person an was wondering what I was supposed to watch. First I looked through “Crime” and “Thriller” and read a lot of loglines with the posters. Nothing appealed to me. (In the morning I had checked out “Perry Mason” with Matthew Rhys, because Bob also loved that actor who played “Philipp Jennings” in “The Americans”, a show both of us loved. I found it too dark and wouldn’t watch on.)

Then I went to “Comedy” … thought about watching a black stand-up comedian, but the first thing I saw was masturbation and screaming, and I was so put off. I saw that there are lots of very cheap movies with unknown actors … and I just looked over them. One attracted my attention, for no reason: “**Straight Up**”. Okay … and here I am again, realizing that I’m entirely properly following my intuition! Because from the **intro** of this film …



Ka lei lau hoku … the circle of stars …. That’s me. My Hawaiian name that came to me in a vision so many years ago while I was driving from Kahului to Kihei. That was my home there. That was me.

… to the storyline of two people being **spiritual soulmates** even though they have **sex**, *but it’s not why they got together* (geez, that’s my subject since a few days ago!) … with details like exactly “me lying on the beloved futon in our Pukalani house next to the **white blinds”** – a scenario I’ve “been” in so many times in the last months! Us two being on our beloved “**lanai**” (porch) together … I’ve been hearing all the sounds and feeling every little detail over and over in the last weeks! … with the **table and the chairs,** Bob and I looking down into the valley so many times …

… a **dog** playing a major role in Bob's and my relationship … to eating **cake** together (that I actually did just a few days ago and shared with Bob, but also was very bitter telling him that I bet he'd like some actual cake, but well, he shouldn't have died then …

They also talk about dying and how he totally doesn't want to die at all and is so afraid of dying, and she deals with the subject in a relaxed way and tells him how she imagines she'll die! This also is very reflective of the way Bob and I were …

And I got to say, right now, writing this … my sadness and loneliness and despair can't possibly expressed. I told Bob today that if there is a job for me to do I will do it, but I need to see it clearly, and it must work out easily … I don't have the strength to fight for anything anymore. I keep thinking of my mother and how she is losing her mind slowly, and soon she'll care even less about my existence than she does now … but I don't know if I can be the one to stick around to watch this just to be there for her. I keep thinking of where Bob and I could be right now, and when I look where I'm at right now … my stomach hurts even more than it does normally, in the last days.

In the movie "**Straight Up**" … The two people also **talk** at the very beginning how **words** and especially ***"creative" words are important to them***, and their playing on words is *exactly* what Bob and I used to do all the time! Our intellectual exchange was exactly like between those two people!

Now out of thousands of films I picked the one that reflected Bob and my relationship including actual physical details of the house and of our life together! There are no odds for something like this to happen by accident. This is guided stuff.

Should I be comforted? Should I feel “not alone”? Probably. I see images of **looking out like Bob** and I did so many times … **being together … the feel and looks** … like us … or maybe I just want to see that.

Even the travel theme, the “leaving it all behind” is there … And one more thing: The film “**Arbo**” that I made features people walking around in nature, I totally flashed back when I saw a similar scene.

And: **Bob massaging my neck,** yes, he, mine! During our last weeks together … and his hands were strong.

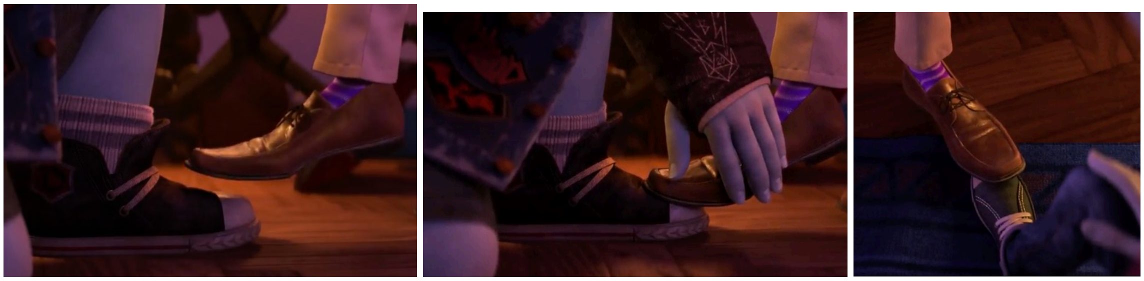
Then I hear poor Marshall bark outside, all alone, in the dark … and I feel the very dark side of me wanting to take over.

(Later)
Felt attracted to the movie “**Saint Frances**”, because the story of my unwanted abortion has been following me around lately, too … and sure enough, it’s all about **menstruation** and **blood**, and it has been on my mind for two days now … and there is a scene where two women share **sanitary pads** … and I’ve talked to Bob about this yesterday, how he and I did that when he was so sick and I had my **menstruation** twice in five and a half weeks and never ever since. And us being together in the kitchen in our beloved “housie” … I thought we were totally “on” again … Today, in fact, *this was part of my conversation with Bob* … and in the movie it was reflected back to me right away!

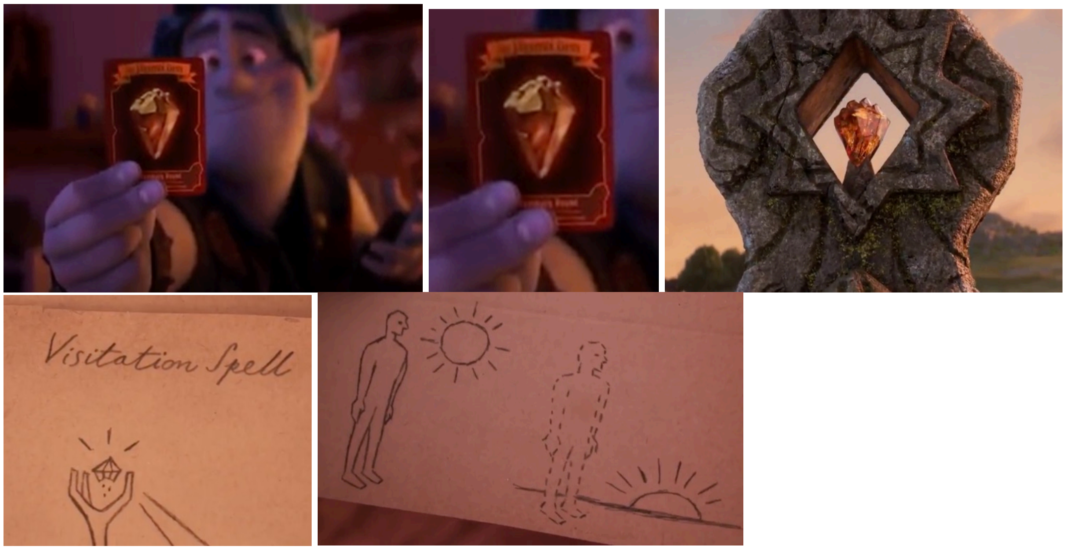
And just now: The **silverish blueish ball** appeared! In the movie, too! That’s what was put in my hand the other day! It’s a mosaic window in the movie “**Saint Frances**”!

October 25, 2020 – **Feet Touching, Rubies & the Stick**

(Later)
Wanted to watch something funny, chose *elf-animation movie* “**Onward**”! And what do I get? **Feet**!

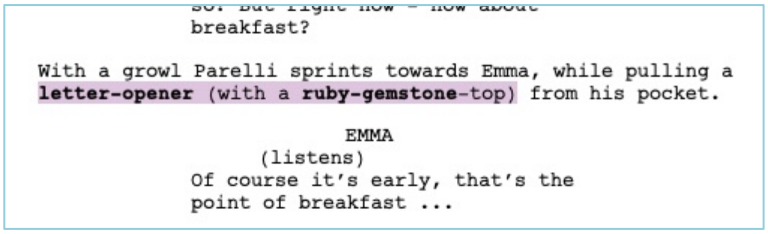


It was Bob’s and my beloved habit to **touch feet** in bed, when we both were so tired after working that we simply cuddled, and when we needed to fall asleep, *we always made sure our feet touched*. “Onward” is – I swear I had no idea – about an elf dad who died, but with a magic stick and a red diamond or ruby on it called the “**Phoenix stone**” that can ***bring him back for one day.***

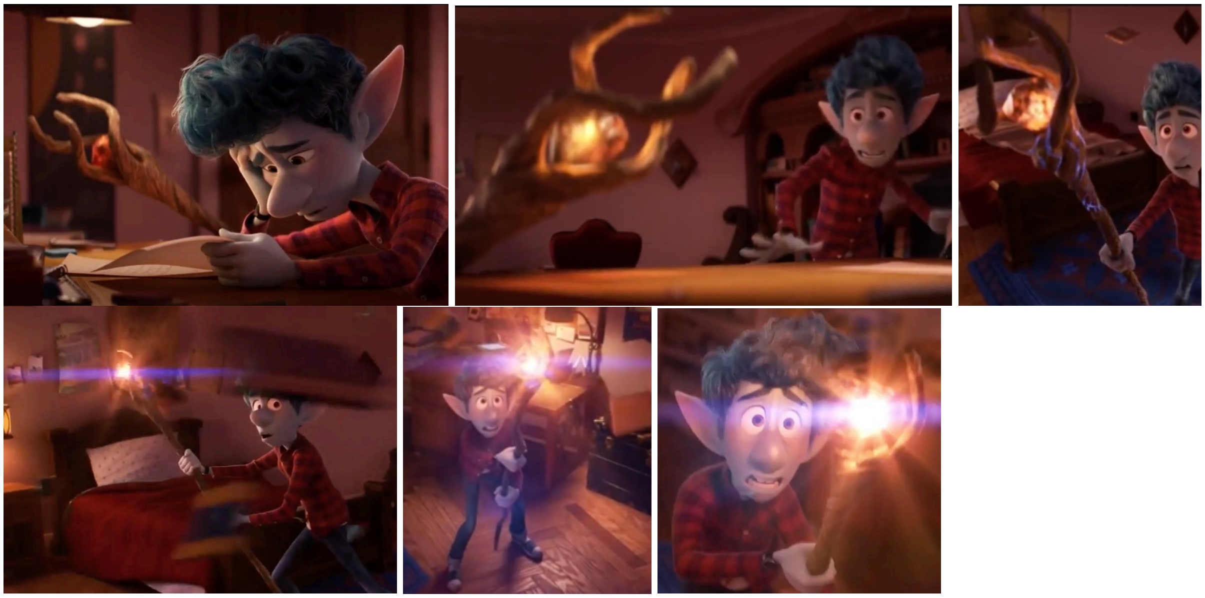


Elf brothers Ian and Barley (name of a movie character of mine, actually, of a jackal in “Curly Fish”) mess it up, though, and they only get the dad’s feet and legs up to the waist to appear.

Wow, I just realized something: I changed my screenplay “**Parelli**” (that once was a dream of mine) in the sense that a “**large ruby on the end of a letter opener**” plays a major role. And here I have, in this “random” movie, a **red gem** on top of a stick *that can bring back a dead person!*



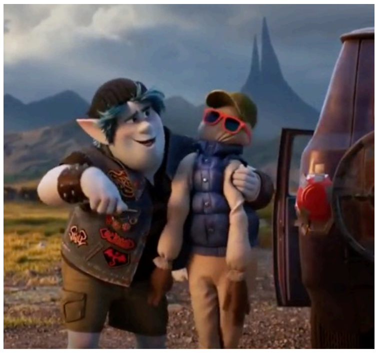
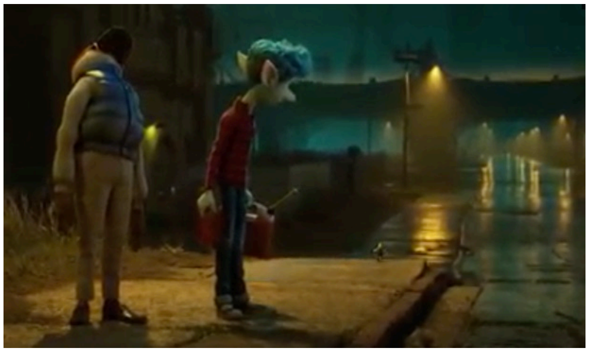
```
                breakfast?

   With a growl Parelli sprints towards Emma, while pulling a
   letter-opener (with a ruby-gemstone-top) from his pocket.

                          EMMA
                    (listens)
                Of course it’s early, that’s the
                point of breakfast ...
```



Geez!

Plus, while watching “**Onward**” – the Hawaiian equivalent is “**Imua**”, which was Bob’s and my slogan! … I was eating **swirled marshmallows** … that look like that **stick**!

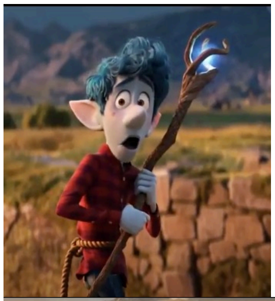
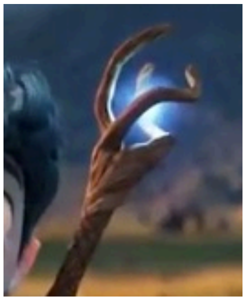
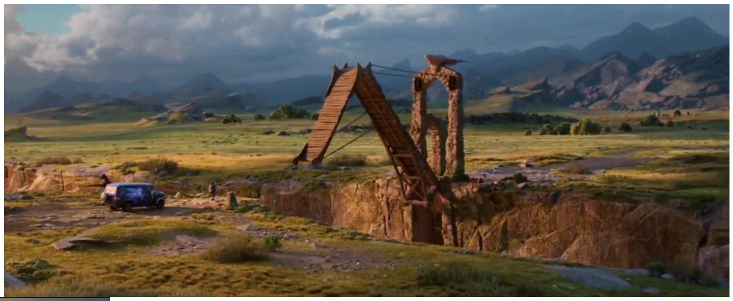
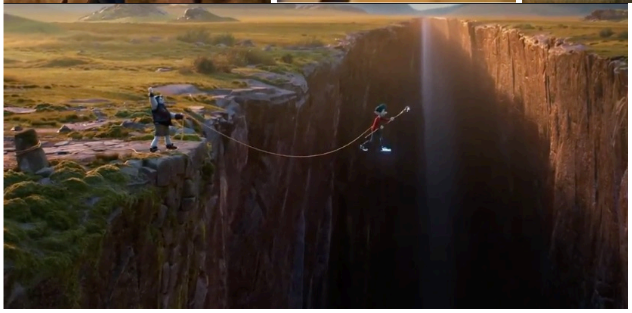
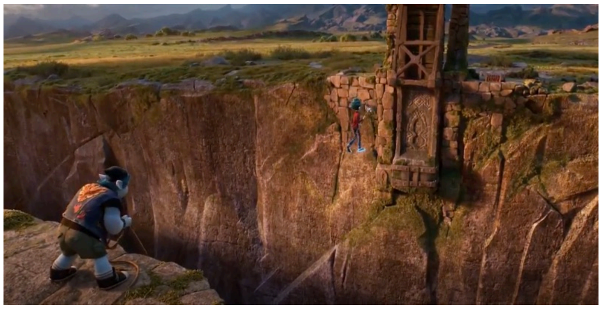
(Later) I’ve been zipping through the story … it’s very heartbreaking, because the “dead” dad has only the lower half of his body and the two sons kind of “cover” the non existent upper half with clothes, so the “dad” makes a **very sad swaying figure walking around** … and that’s what Bob was in the end, walking around.

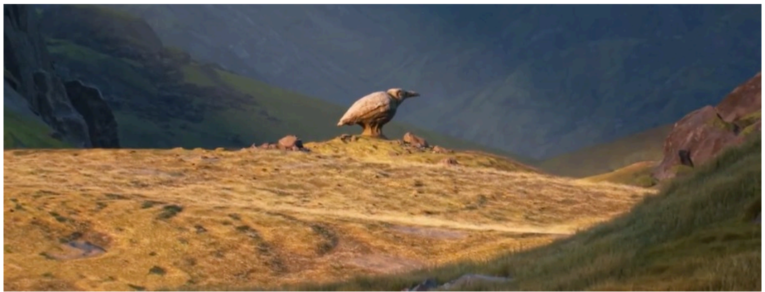
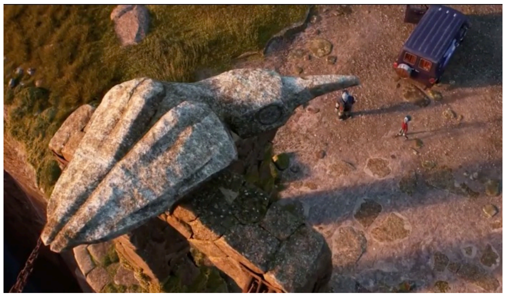
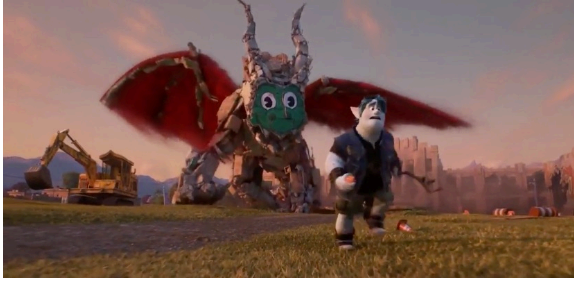
Barely alive, **a walking skeleton**, with all people staring at him, and he was so innocent and not aware of it … and I hated seeing him like this so much that I was angry at him … taking him to Baby beach where we had been so often … only to see the shadow of him instead of him. Bob was almost dead when he did all those outings with me … it must have cost him unbelievable effort … I couldn't possibly understand that then. Now I already have a hard time getting up myself, and I'm super healthy comparatively. I'm only broken … as a spirit. I don't know what to think about myself … My memories are haunting me so painfully right now … and seeing "Onward" kind of puts another edge to it.

I guess they two elf-boys get to see their dad one more time … that's just the story in "**Regents of Clouds**" when "Amarin" gets to meet her long lost father just for an hour before he dies and after she found him on a tropical island, dead sick and emaciated in his bed … oh geez. The little creature who greeted her in that garden where the house of her father's stood, tropically overgrown, was a **cat**. I wrote that … many years ago. Bob knew that story. I'll just zap through the story further … can't watch it, too painful.

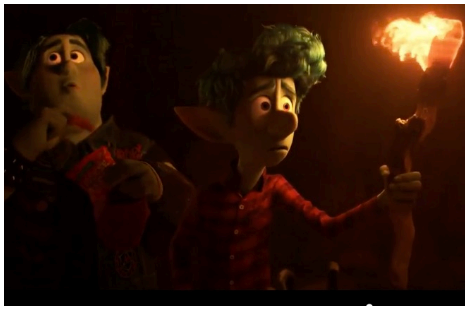
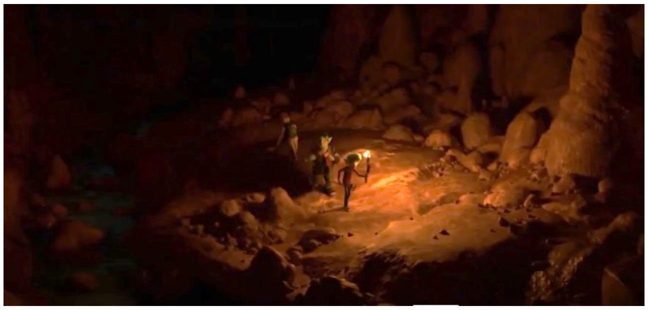
Of course there is … a **bridge**, an ancient draw bridge … and **walking on air** by mere belief … well. If one is a wizard, one can do all of that I guess … The imagery is simply stunning. And the satisfaction … **the open bridge that closes and bridges that huge gap** … *sigh*.

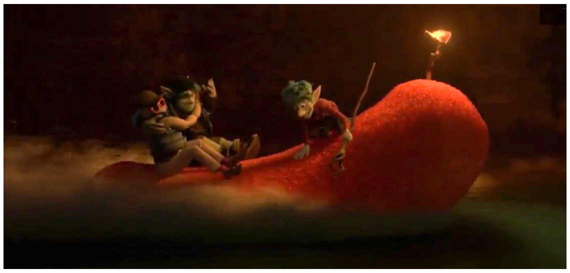






Of course there are **stone ravens** … showing the way …. And a **stone dragon**, threatening …

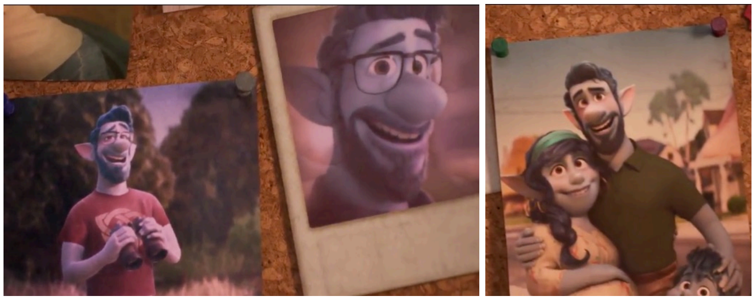
They get into a **cave**, one like the one I live next to …

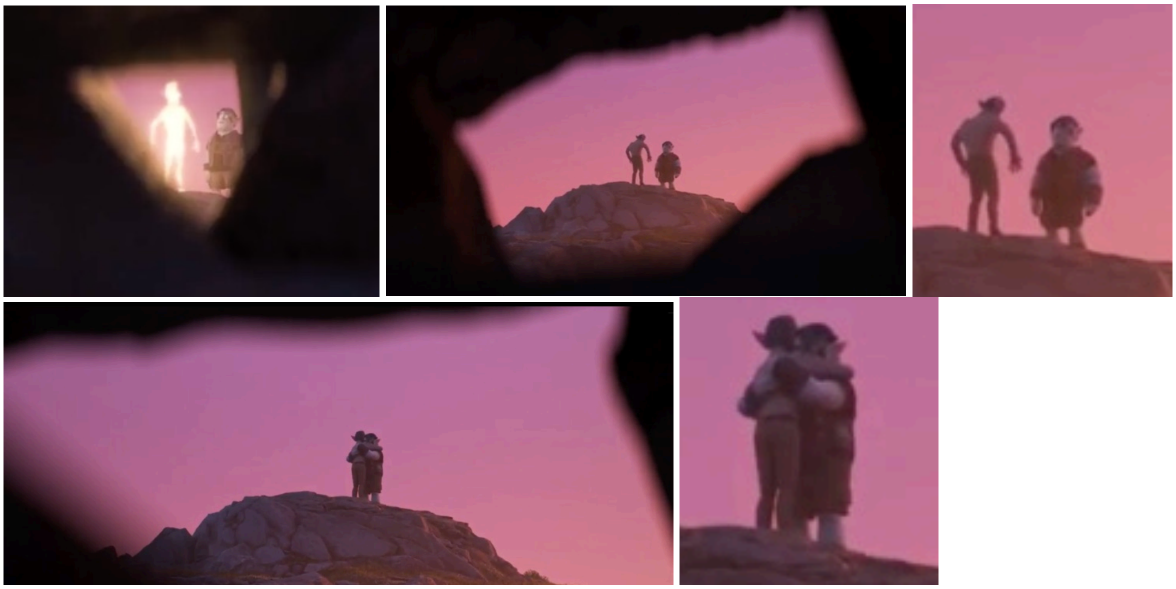


… a cave like the "**dripping stone cave**", I got to visit, actually, now that I live next to it … and there is serious wizard symbolism. They use some snack chip as a "boat" through magic, and it looks like a giant "**sausage**" on which they then ride …

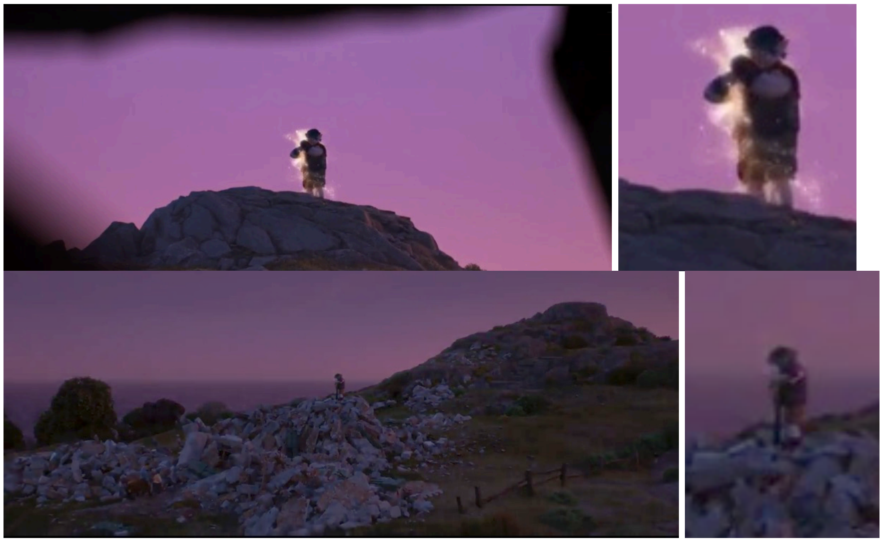
So, and here comes the "funniest" part: **The dead "elf dad" looks like Bob**, with his typical goofy "Bob"-smile, his glasses, his stubble, his slender figure … And the elf ears! Bob's ears I called "**Hobbit ears**", and we even had fun with that when we were together I the end and I cut the hairs of his hairs.



In the end, **the dead dad does appear** for a few minutes before the sun sets … and he asks Ian's older brother Barley to give him a hug from him. "**Hugs**", that's what Bob always wrote … and said.



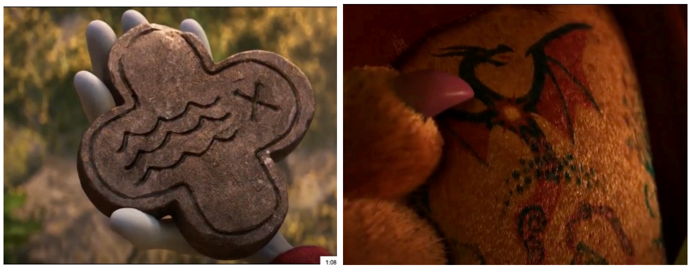
Was that another way of "showing himself to me", because I've asked him to do that so often recently? **Elf Dad disappears** again …



Sunset loneliness … oh didn't we know it, Bob and me.
I will never be with him again in the mortal way. And this thought is just too much right now.

It really is very suiting that the film's name is "**Onward**", "**Imua**", ***our Hawaiian slogan***. But me "imua" alone in this realm? How shall I do that … and for what? I'm gonna need an answer to this. Today, watching movies … the reflections are so clear and so many … I know that I'm connected and contacted, and that I'm able to follow my intuition in a way to "receive". Now I only need to find out what for. I need a major success so that I'll see some meaning to my life … apart from making a good time for my sweet dog and for my mother.

There is a **symbol** in the movie, too … and a tattoo … A **place in the water**. And a **dragon**.



October 26, 2020 – **Actual Ball & Actual Black Box & the Visionary Dream**

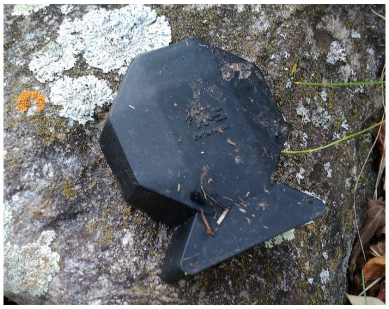
Took a walk with Jacqui to St. Kollmann today … on the way there, I found a **blue-white-yellow ball,** and that's the kind of ball I was "given into my hand … just that I had found it so mundane and simple and unlikely, that I "made it" into something more spectacular and sparkly …

Still, walking on I thought "well, am I trying to interpret stuff into stuff" … I walked and popped a gazillion of "Springkraut" (Himalayan Balsam) buds, my favorite thing to do.

By the way: I had a horrible **dream** about my **father**, who was meaner to me than even in real life, but I stole his **car**, which was devastating to him … and there was a **woman** and some **underground city** and maybe my maternal grandmother … there was a **race**, and I somehow got my father's car … *I had to get to a place in time, and somehow my father wanted to hinder me* … maybe I also had a car, it's unclear now what that dream all entailed … but the meanness and hatefulness of my father toward me were clear. (*Note: In a way, this dream received **a lot of meaning** less than just ten days later.)*

I woke up exhausted. Checked my emails – the business woman I had written to about CineDip didn't even answer, and the response by Manuela was way clearer and shorter than I had expected.

So … on the way back from **St. Kollmann**, I took the road-route instead of the field route. On the path in the other direction I had fed the wild pig in its den again, and I can't bear going by there twice … so I took the around-road … and there **I found an actual black box.**



So there. It was about a real black thing I was going to find all along, after I had received "*a **black box** in my hand*". I found it.

(Later)

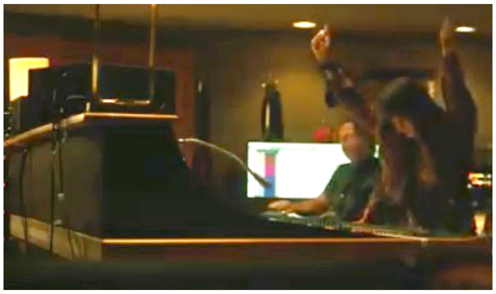
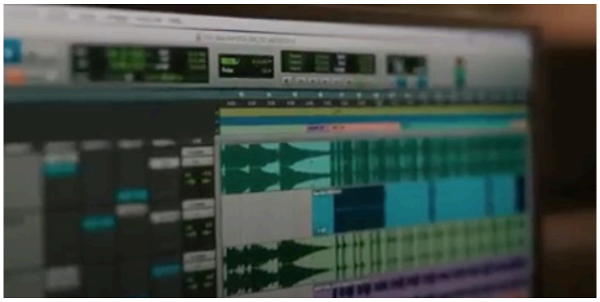
I felt like watching a bit of a movie, and I picked "**The High Note**", because I like Dakota Johnson, and I had seen a trailer some time ago. One of the early scenes include the famous singer being picked up at a private airport by Dakota, and the conversation goes like this:

"How was Maui?"
"Crowded, hot, pretty, fun … I don't know, *hard*!"

Talk about it. Maui. I heard it and in hurt. It was surreal. A part of me immediately looked forward to traveling to Maui again and being with Bob. The other part got the first part to trip over the icecold reality … It's really painful. Maui was my home. *Maui* ***is*** *my home.* The only one I ever knew. On Maui with Bob I was "me". I was alive. Now I'm only living.

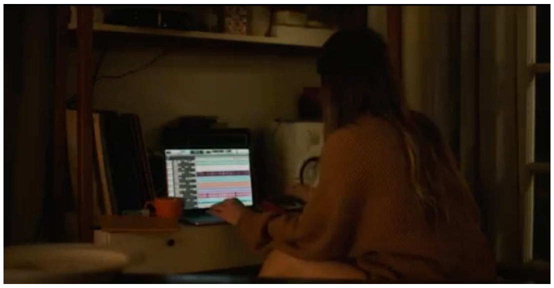
The story is about an artist's assistant who knows that she is and can do so much more than serving. She can do sound recording and mixing … and has a perfect ear. Oh wow … that's me, writing to Manuela this morning nearly exactly the same thing: I have the feeling of loss of my role in life by losing Bob, too. Why did I learn so much when I can't apply it now?

Good movie, "**The High Note**", I like it. It also reminds me of a situation that Bob had with a friend of his, a musician, whose tape was really bad as of producing, recording and mixing. Bob could have made it so much better. *Bob was such a sound wizard.* The scenes in the ***studio*** kind of undid me inside … Every tiny little glitch in his damn T. C. project needed to be fixed … he overdid everything a lot, because people don't hear or see (he was the same with video) the details. Nobody cares anymore. How many times was I with him in his little **studio** and watched him work …

Oh I've reimagined it just yesterday and the day before yesterday … intensely. He was there. **I saw Bob.** Felt him, heard him. It wasn't in a dream … it was me sitting at the table, breaking out crying, suddenly having to stop crying, and I took on Bob's posture that he always had when sitting at his editing desk, and *I felt my body be like Bob's body, and my hand like Bob's hands, the typical position of his legs* … and then I "was there" and at the same time **"Bob was there"**. It was so clear and close … and I had to cry so much more.

And today – boom! Get to see s**ound mixing and producing in a studio** … *talk about a message.*



It's also about a very gifted artist who is insecure and thus self-sabotaging … Bob. And me.

The character "Grace Davis" just said the word "***mostly***". That was one of Bob's words.

October 27, 2020 **– Bob Visited! Sigi Greeted!**

Tonight, I looked at Bob. I woke up and I was aware that I had just woken up and was likely not entirely awake yet, and I looked straight at Bob. He stood there, at my bed, tall and very serious, with jeans and a checkered shirt, white basis with fine red, blue and black lines that formed a checkered patterns, a shirt that he didn't own in the time I knew him … *and I immediately talked to him.* I said "**You are here. I can feel you, I sense your presence, you are so clear and so close … and I can see you. But I don't know if I really see you or if this is only a translation of my subconscious of your existence here … so that I can understand it …**" Along those lines.

And I really and truly had *the closest and most intense Bob-feeling ever*. He was right there. **We looked into each other's eyes …** he did not smile though, but he had an air of ***effort***, in a way, it was like he couldn't move much because he knew he'd disappear for me, if he did.

It was wonderful.

I told myself yesterday and today too, out loud, that Bob did not "die", but Bob "shed his body". I also said the same of other "dead" people, and actually it helps to hold on to it. It's a fact.

Bob's appearance was so … ***necessary***. I was looking for a word just now. I got up, actually, talking to him, saying over and over that I could feel and see him and knew that he was there … but I was also afraid to wake up fully … but then I got up and went to pee, and I was awake fully – but the sensation and impression of Bob's presence was still there. I didn't see him with my wake eyes … he had only been visible for my subconscious in the moment before waking up fully.

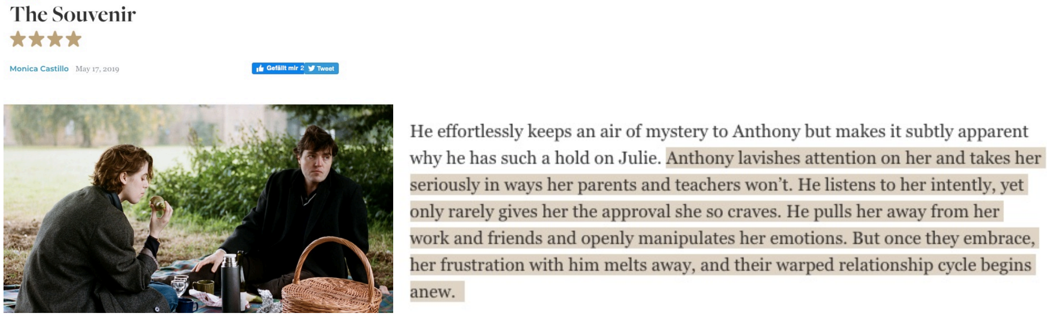
I now remember that I also had an amazing **dream** … but I can't recall it right now!

It was deep and soft and comforting … but sitting here, writing it … I'm still and again sad.

But – I'm happy that Elisabeth wrote back to me, I had been worried. And now I know why. Her boyfriend J. had a malign tumor removed from his bladder, and she wrote "they hope they've got it all". Well.

(Later)

Strangely, I kind of got a "note" from – **Sigi**. Or from myself. I stumbled over a review of the film **"The Souvenir"**, and it turns out to be the story of a woman's infatuation with a heroin addict. And what I read there … that was **me** they're writing about.



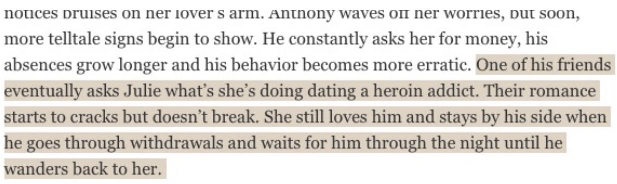
The Souvenir

★★★★

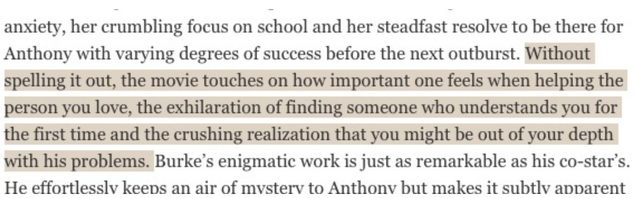
Monica Castillo May 17, 2019

He effortlessly keeps an air of mystery to Anthony but makes it subtly apparent why he has such a hold on Julie. Anthony lavishes attention on her and takes her seriously in ways her parents and teachers won't. He listens to her intently, yet only rarely gives her the approval she so craves. He pulls her away from her work and friends and openly manipulates her emotions. But once they embrace, her frustration with him melts away, and their warped relationship cycle begins anew.

And then I saw just one photograph from the movie, Jesus fuck, ***the guy even looks like Sigi*** … and the exact same scene, me sitting with him while he lies on the bed, smoking … that's from my life, too.



notices bruises on her lover's arm. Anthony waves off her worries, but soon, more telltale signs begin to show. He constantly asks her for money, his absences grow longer and his behavior becomes more erratic. One of his friends eventually asks Julie what's she's doing dating a heroin addict. Their romance starts to cracks but doesn't break. She still loves him and stays by his side when he goes through withdrawals and waits for him through the night until he wanders back to her.



anxiety, her crumbling focus on school and her steadfast resolve to be there for Anthony with varying degrees of success before the next outburst. Without spelling it out, the movie touches on how important one feels when helping the person you love, the exhilaration of finding someone who understands you for the first time and the crushing realization that you might be out of your depth with his problems. Burke's enigmatic work is just as remarkable as his co-star's. He effortlessly keeps an air of mystery to Anthony but makes it subtly apparent

Though Anthony (Tom Burke) abuses her and lies to her, Julie (Honor Swinton Byrne) keeps taking him back in "T

Just earlier I had shared a truly delicious fish meal with Bob and my brother Peter … and Sigi. And Nadia. I "listened" to who showed up in my mind to share the great taste with them … *I've been wondering why I haven't tried to be in contact* ***with my brother Peter*** *at all, who died in 1993.* I was devastated by his death … and looking into myself just a little bit showed me that none of the experiences of back then or the feelings have in any way … settled. I could be right there in an instant, at the incredible suffering of my little brother. My refusal to believe that he was dead sick, and then my time with his dead body at the hospital …

And yet it took me so many years to somehow (haha) find a "reason" to reconnect with my brother. Looking back, our mortal time together was horrible … entirely spoiled and ruined by the toxic relationship that my parents had with each other … but it wasn't their fault. They didn't know better.

Summa summarum: My entire life has been one big fucking drama influenced by the big fucking dramas of other people including family members. So many things I should have done differently, yet, I haven't. And here I am. Dealing with "the dead".

Mankind's ignorance of the actual workings of the "Cosmos" including the invisible world is breathtakingly horrific. It makes monsters of the single humans, victims and dull critters.

(Later)

Scanning through the movie reviews at Roger Ebert's website (he's dead, of course), I found "**Clouds**", and there is a picture of a **young man** (who has terminal cancer) who sings to a **young woman** and **plays guitar** … and she looks in just the way a little weird like I may have looked when Bob sang ***"Play me!"*** to me accompanying himself with his guitar.

Interesting: A picture of **Zach Sobiech** (the real young man who died in 2013 who wrote "Clouds", the song) shows him in a **red, blue, white checkered shirt!**

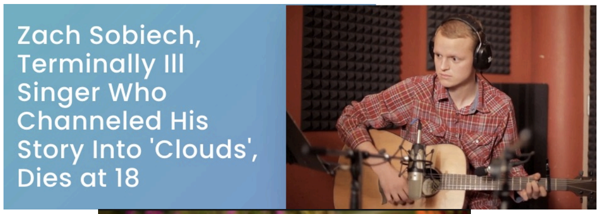
Reviews

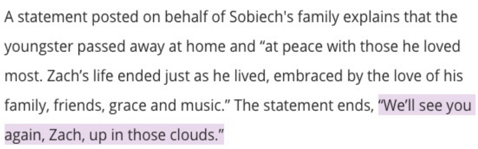
Clouds

★★★

Nell Minow October 16, 2020

Gefällt mir 6
Tweet

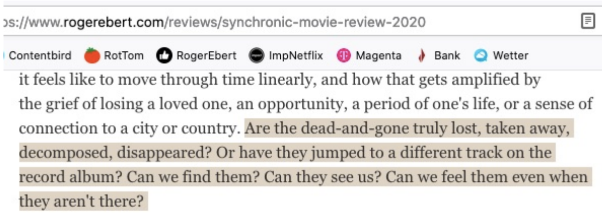

Zach Sobiech, Terminally Ill Singer Who Channeled His Story Into 'Clouds', Dies at 18


A statement posted on behalf of Sobiech's family explains that the youngster passed away at home and "at peace with those he loved most. Zach's life ended just as he lived, embraced by the love of his family, friends, grace and music." The statement ends, "We'll see you again, Zach, up in those clouds."

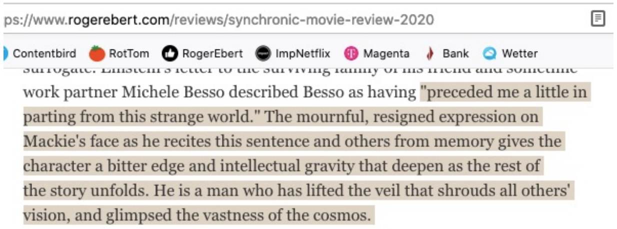
Maybe I should mention that today was the strongest onslaught of sudden nausea that I have had so far. It has been really slight, only a few times, that I felt nauseous for no reason. I'm never nauseous, so it startled me everytime. But today, it was so sudden and strong that I thought I'd throw up. But I didn't. Not sure what that means. I don't feel sick otherwise at all.

The review of a movie by the title "**Synchronic**" says *"Are the dead-and-gone truly lost, taken away, decomposed, disappeared? Or have they jumped to a different track on the record album? Can we find them? Can they see us? Can we feel them even when they aren't there?"*

Haha, who knows?


ps://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/synchronic-movie-review-2020
Contentbird
RotTom
RogerEbert
ImpNetflix
Magenta
Bank
Wetter

it feels like to move through time linearly, and how that gets amplified by the grief of losing a loved one, an opportunity, a period of one's life, or a sense of connection to a city or country. Are the dead-and-gone truly lost, taken away, decomposed, disappeared? Or have they jumped to a different track on the record album? Can we find them? Can they see us? Can we feel them even when they aren't there?


ps://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/synchronic-movie-review-2020
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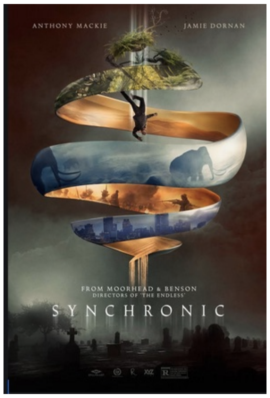
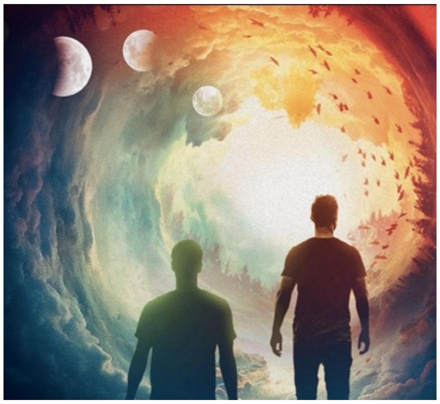
Wetter

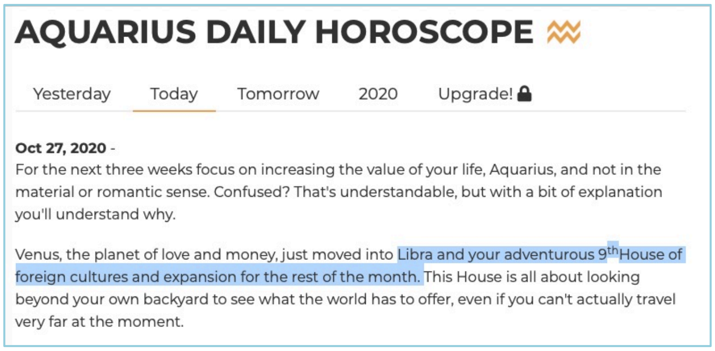
work partner Michele Besso described Besso as having "preceded me a little in parting from this strange world." The mournful, resigned expression on Mackie's face as he recites this sentence and others from memory gives the character a bitter edge and intellectual gravity that deepen as the rest of the story unfolds. He is a man who has lifted the veil that shrouds all others' vision, and glimpsed the vastness of the cosmos.


ANTHONY MACKIE
JAMIE DORNAN
FROM MOORHEAD & BENSON
DIRECTORS OF 'THE ENDLESS'
SYNCHRONIC



Wow, the imagery … I probably will have to watch "Synchronic". Is that why I can't make myself to keep working on the images of this contact diary (still must fit them into the text in August and from then on) … so that I find films I should see? "Synchronic" and what I've read certainly ups my pulse. Is it like “Synchronicity”? Oh wow.

I’m going to simply accept that idea. My horoscope has something to say, too …



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE ♒

Oct 27, 2020 -
For the next three weeks focus on increasing the value of your life, Aquarius, and not in the material or romantic sense. Confused? That's understandable, but with a bit of explanation you'll understand why.

Venus, the planet of love and money, just moved into Libra and your adventurous 9th House of foreign cultures and expansion for the rest of the month. This House is all about looking beyond your own backyard to see what the world has to offer, even if you can't actually travel very far at the moment.

October 28, 2020

What a **dream**. Very terrifying. Reminds me of the time on Maui, where in the mornings Bob would look at me and say “Oh, one of those dreams again?” Yup, a dream of the kind that when you wake up, you’re so relieved that it wasn’t real. This time I was at a **hotel**, in a hotel room, with **Jacqui**. Somehow I ventured out into the **corridors** and lounges, the hotel had many **levels**, and I had something to do there but I could either not find the right people or pathways … and when I returned to my room, there were **men who wanted to kill me**. Somehow I managed to escape, but it was so dangerous, and I was dead scared for Jacqui. I found my room **pretty much ravaged**, things broken, everything upside down … then Jacqui was gone! The hotel staff was around …

… oh, just now I had a flash of another dream that happened, too … had to do with **flying** like in a **balloon**? Exciting and close to Bob?

… anyway, so the hotel **staff** wasn’t unhelpful, but reluctant, and there was no way to find the criminals. I found myself looking down from my **hotel window**, and I wanted to make myself known and opened the window … and I saw that down on the lawn there was also damage done, and the hotel staff was in the process of coming to terms with it. They wanted to help me, but there was no way for me to come down in time, or I didn’t find the way … I don’t know. So suddenly, there were **huge dogs** … that were used by the hotel staff to track down the criminals … and I found myself in some kind of lounge with a fountain, and the huge black and dark gray dogs, like huge sheep, ran around, and Jacqui was with me and so scared. I was scared for him, but then I told myself that the dogs for sure weren’t dangerous … but suddenly Jacqui was gone, and I found him in a **swirling kind of water** in a concrete or marble “riverbed” that was the flow-off from the fountain … and he was just about to be sucked into the underground tube … I grabbed him by his neck fur and **pulled him out.** That relief! *(Note: A few days later, in a similar dream, he’d actually be sucked away and I couldn’t hinder it.)*

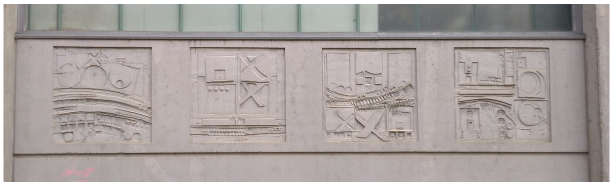
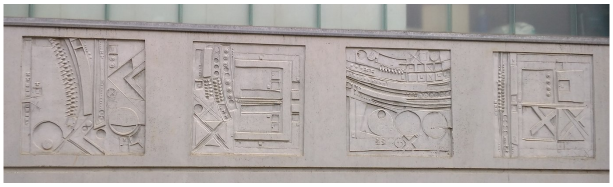
The hotel staff and the dogs were all over the place trying to find the criminals …

And that’s were the other dream keeps glitching in, in my mind … something about a travel, in the air, something exciting that gets my pulse up right now.

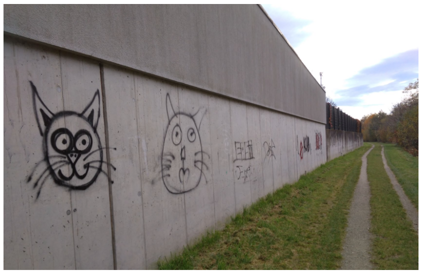
My horoscope yesterday was kind of telling … Libra, foreign countries, my with to travel, my need to try something new.

I emailed **Anja T.** today, the ***medium*** with who I did that one evening-seminar once, that was a huge success. (*Note: Never ever heard back.)* I realized this morning that if I want to feel understood, I must connect with people who have the same interests. And those are all about the "life in the beyond" …

Drove to Wolfsberg and discovered a **new path** along the river Lavant, because I couldn't drive off to St. Andrä like I had intended (exit closed). **Penis, cat** and **interesting reliefs** were there. Like messages, encoded, from another world. It was good to see a new place, unexpected, as I had been forced to abandon my plans to walk along my usual St. Andrä paths between the fields.

Jacqui and I ended up in a spot where **two river**s met. Felt kind of dramatic. And a **bright golden candy wrapping paper.** I remember many years ago, when I wrote the screenplay trilogy "Curly Fish" that I started it all with candy wrapping paper that would have major relevance in the plot.



October 28, 2020 – **The Rabbit Ears in My Palm & August 11**

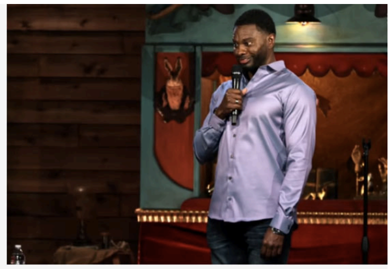
(Later)

Oh wow! I got a very clear message just now! I didn't get jobs today, yet (it's 2 pm), and so I managed to motivate myself to keep working on putting photos into this contact diary, still working on the "L"-segment, and I was looking through a folder with left-over pictures. There was one **from August 11** … and it hadn't fit anywhere. So when I looked at it – I gasped! There are the **two strange thin finger-like "rabbit ears"** that "Bob put into my hand the other day, on October 25! Here is what I wrote then:

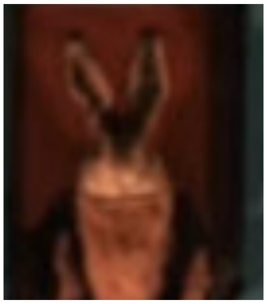
"I also asked Bob to put something into my hand, but all I saw was some kind of ***a rabbit head***

***shape white thing with two long and thin "ears"**, and that was kind of strange."*

And today I come across this image … and yes! *That's what I saw!* And here they are! He knew that I'd come across them working on my contact diary!



Why You Look Ugly In Photos. Rodney Laney - Full Special



It's the comedian **Rodney Laney** … and I named the picture "**Rodney Laney Rabbit Wolf**", but I can't remember what it was about … Yes, it's an actual rabbit in that picture, but still it's exactly what I saw when I asked Bob to *"put something in my hand"* … the lower part of the bunny's body not to be recognized clearly … and that was the part that confused me when I received that image, because it's just strange to see **two thin rabbit-ears sticking out** from some dark underground. But yet – it's exactly that!

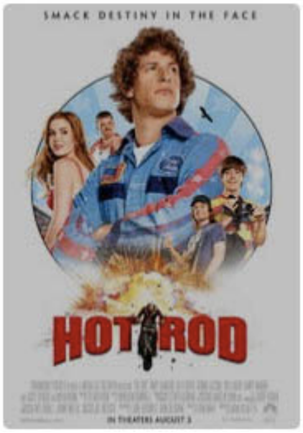
And I was very close to working on this contact diary on the day when I received that impression … so I would have seen the correlation sooner, had not my free will kind of kept me from continuing my duty. But today I did it … and here I am. So much wiser. And I do feel connected.

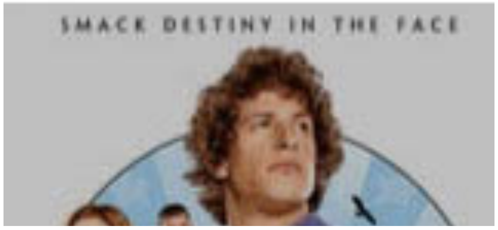
What that tells me is ***to never ever never never doubt my inner impressions!***

Thank you, Stoneman, master-communicator! I got the lesson. I appreciate it.

(Later)

Wow, "***Rodney***" again! What a wonderful synchronicity feast! I kept working on putting pics into the contact diary doc 6 (L), and I found another pic that doesn't have a relating text yet, and here it is:




SMACK DESTINY IN THE FACE

Added entry from July 28: "I was reminded of myself some more, too. I came across a movie poster … that catapulted me right back into the first months on Maui, when I didn't know Bob yet. I had lived with Hadassah at Kihei, and we'd go dancing to "Mulligan's on the Blue", and Irish Pub that had a

*“Psychedelic Trance” program back then, it was bliss for me. There I met a young army pilot, Rodney B., and of course, his nick name was “**Hot Rod**”, and we had a one-night-stand, but he wanted more … but not me.”*

I never have to do with “Rodneys”, except when I do. And those two are related! As the poster says: “Smack destiny in the face …” I wish. I really wish.

(Later)

Back to my dream of tonight … finding my **hotelroom ravaged** with lots of broken stuff … interestingly I found something ***very similar in a scene*** on a TV-series I thought I’d check out, saw it described a few days ago, “**The Leftovers**”, about survivors after the most part of human population disappeared. And – wow! There was a scene, where a man walks around an apartment – and it looked like in my dream! A **room with broken stuff, looking ravaged!** That was really like in my dream.

(Actually, I’m not going to watch that series, currently reading up on the plot. But I saw an actress I like, Amy Brenneman, will find something with her in it.)

October 29, 2020 – The Ha-Greeting

I was so drawn to seek out videos about readings by mediums, and I found “**Monica the medium**”. Whilst I’m not entirely thrilled about those “readings” that I can’t be sure of that they aren’t staged and that are so generic a lot of the time and miss evidentials, there was a **Polynesian man**, “Sia” or something like that … and I saw something I hadn’t expected to see at all, maybe ever again: ***The Hawaiian Ha-greeting.***

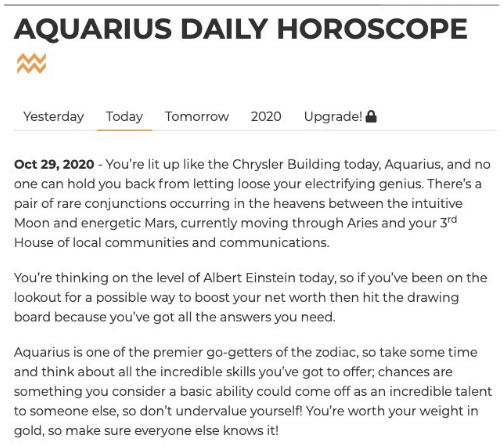
The guy made me flash back to “Calvin”, a former inhabitant of “Taylor Camp”, and who died I think a year before Bob … just the other day, when I was “sharing” food with the invisibles, Calvin popped up in my mind.

Monica the Medium 2x08 Clip: He Was My Hero | Freeform

I also got to mention, because maybe it’s of significance, that I’ve “seen” the **outline *of a gray or***

silver haired man's head, with a silver haired beard only around the chin line, and the hair is just as short. That was maybe two days ago when that popped into my mind. Just earlier, when I was immersed into those "readings" and had to cry a little. I looked at the corner to my right and I had the impression of a ***red haired man***, same head shape, but younger, with the hair red instead of silver gray … still I couldn't see the face.

Alright! I just felt urge to watch comedy trailers, and there is the **red haired guy** I just described, in "**Holidate**"! And my horoscope again …

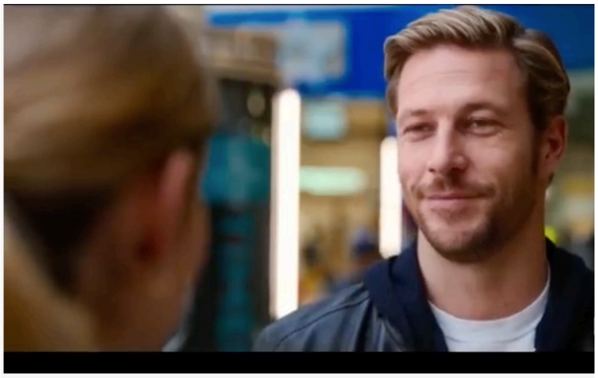


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Oct 29, 2020 - You're lit up like the Chrysler Building today, Aquarius, and no one can hold you back from letting loose your electrifying genius. There's a pair of rare conjunctions occurring in the heavens between the intuitive Moon and energetic Mars, currently moving through Aries and your 3rd House of local communities and communications.

You're thinking on the level of Albert Einstein today, so if you've been on the lookout for a possible way to boost your net worth then hit the drawing board because you've got all the answers you need.

Aquarius is one of the premier go-getters of the zodiac, so take some time and think about all the incredible skills you've got to offer; chances are something you consider a basic ability could come off as an incredible talent to someone else, so don't undervalue yourself! You're worth your weight in gold, so make sure everyone else knows it!



HOLIDATE Official Trailer (2020) Emma Roberts Romance Movie HD

Plus I found out about a movie called "**Coma**", that I checked out for a bit because I like the premise that while the body is lying down and "out", the spirit lives in a different dimension. There is a smart streak in that movie … that the reality in a comatose state consists of all memories, so while walking around in any environment, parts are always missing, even from people, because you never saw them clearly or because you never were aware of them or never used them.

October 30, 2020 – **The Bell, the Mountain Slope Water & the Cheesecake**

October is coming to an end with an amazing experience. Last night I watched "*Monica the Medium*" and I felt very drawn to what she was doing, but I didn't buy that she was entirely genuine. I think the cold-reading-part is quite big in her "work".

So this morning, after tossing and turning in my bed during the early hours – and I kept saying or hearing "Tossing is my middle name" and "I'm Turner Tossing" or "I'm Tossing Turner" … which was very strange, it was Bob's kind of humor … so this morning I thought that seriously I want "abilities" and "powers". And maybe that's what I should do. I'm a bit irritated because I haven't heard back from Anja about the meditation workshop …

So I first was determined to drive to Völkermarkt to get the photos out of my phone at the biz, and there was time. But I got a job, and then there still was time, but somehow I felt I'd rather drive to Wolfsberg and take another hike along the river Lavant ... but on the way, I thought I better refill my water bottle at the well on **Schlossberg mountain.**

Of course, my thoughts were with Bob, especially because little dog Marshall is all alone in the garden again … and I so so so need a change in that situation.

I said to Bob that we sure could do another "put something into the palm of my hand" thing, this time fully conscious. I kind of "know" how to "change" my awareness or thinking to "space out" just a little to be able to receive spontaneously … So I said ***"Put something into my hand, Bob"***, and I opened my palm – and the first thing I got was a kind of "**bell**", something golden, that could be tiny or big, could be on a dog's collar or on a child's cap or even be a toy or decoration item (I just remember that I had something like this on Maui, from Bob, a copper ball with dolphins on it and something inside that cause a wondrous ringing sound when the ball was move …

But the **"bell" I got, was golden with a small hole or more holes** … but it was more the sound that I "heard". So I was, at first, kind of surprised … and within a few instants, I knew what that meant: Walking up the mountain slope I had been cursing about the ***fucking church bells*** that keep ringing now every fucking day at eleven o'clock, and I can't stand the fucking noise … and they had just stopped doing their noisy thing … and maybe it was Bob telling me by "giving a bell into my hand" that he was with me! This would be a great evidential! Wow.

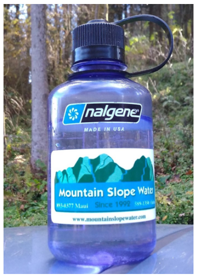
So I was in a good mood, stretched my hand out again and said "one more time, since I got this one already". And immediately, a **piece of cheesecake,** real nice white and yellow, definitely cheesecake was on my palm! Wow, I thought, that was quick and distinct. So I said "yup, I'll be curious how this plays out".

Then I walked back down towards my car, because I had suddenly decided that I was not going to Wolfsberg, but back home first, do a few more jobs that had been announced to me and then drive and have the afternoon free.

I took my **bottle** to fill it with water … and suddenly, it hit me: The bottle I had received as a gift during a shoot with Bob many years ago, maybe in 2011, and it was for "**Mountain Slope Water**". I remember that shoot at the *little shopping center* distinctly, it's easy for me to "be with Bob" when I think back to that, I feel him behind me, I see the bottle display, I see the guy … it's an image of closeness in my memory.

So I stand there at the well on the mountain slope of Schlossberg and reminisce … **when I realize that I am actually putting mountain slope water on a mountain slope into the "Mountain Slope**

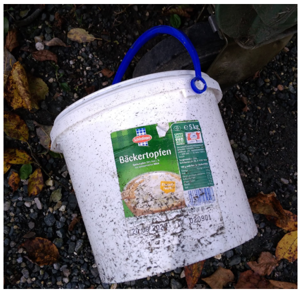
Water" bottle! Wow! It was a hot flash right there!

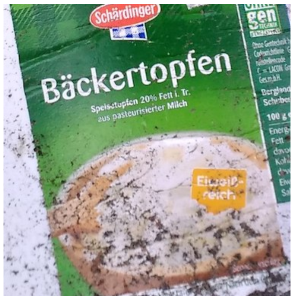

nalgene
Mountain Slope Water

Mountain Slope Water
OPEN

Mountain Slope Water
HAWAII'S LARGEST FULL SERVICE
WATER STORE

So I walked back to the car, in awe … and I look at the display or garbage at a garbage container, and already moving by there while walking up the mountain slope I had thought what pigs people are. But a bucket attracted my attention. And believe it or not (believe it, because here is the photograph): **The bucket had contained cheesecake cheese!** Yes! It read "bakery cheese", actually "**curd**" or "pot" (says Google translate, Topfen in German) for baking use. And the white and the yellow …


Bäckertopfen


Schärdinger
Bäckertopfen
Speisetopfen 20% Fett i. Tr.
aus pasteurisierter Milch
Eiweiß-reich

I had just minutes before been "given" a piece of cheesecake into the palm of my hand!

Cheesecake! Bob and I had loved cheesecake. And before he had undertaken the fatal trip to the hospital, that killed him, he had bought **cheesecake** – and texted me about. And his sister Joyce had later found the receipt from **Costco** about Bob having really bought cheesecake, not just in his mind.

I got to mention, too, that my standup-comedy stints last night, that I watched before I went into the medium videos, were full of mentionings of Hawaii, Maui and – **Costco**. There were so many that I didn't even write them down … and today – bam! All full circle.

So Bob "gave" me a cheesecake piece just minutes before I ended up finding a container with cheesecake bakery cheese!

There are no odds. This is serious communication stuff. I guess I'm asked to "do something" about this "gift". Which is actually some kind of training. I'm also in a different space today, because I've decided to wear my hair open more, even though it's not great hair. But I always wanted to have long hair. And sporting long hair kind of changes my self-perception. I feel bad-ass with it, frankly.

Wow! I'm so going to buy cheesecake to share with Bob today!

Actually, something strange just happened … I was thinking about how to translate "Glöckchen" or "Schelle" (what I "got" into my hand) better than "**little bell**" and was about to look it up in Google translate, and I said to myself, mumbling "**it's a bell**", and I had pulled it together to "**isabell**" … and that's the name of neighbors' little girl, **Isabel** or "Isabell", I don't know how it's written, the daughter of Marshall's fucking owner. Not sure what that means. Was "**Isabel**" in the palm of my hand? (Oh I just found the perfect pics!)

And then I discovered a TV series that I only checked out because of the bad-ass actor … and he said something Bob had always said to me, that I was "**Miss motormouth**", when I just couldn't stop sharing stuff with him. We'd always talk and talk and talk … always when we were together. And I keep talking to him … maybe he is talking with me too, I only don't hear him. And maybe it was a message from him, that someone in a random film says, "**She is a real motormouth**". I haven't ever heard that before in a movie. But I did ask Bob in the last days to let me know if he can hear me at all and wants to answer … There.

There were also **yellow roses** in a corner and totally reminded me again of the bunch of yellow stuff Bob put into my hand at the St. Andrä field a few days ago.

October 31, 2020 – **Climax Galore & A Narrow Escape**

The government has determined another Corona-lockdown from Nov. 13. Wow. Even my mother can't believe the stupidity of the mankind. I visited her today and she was nice and seemed fine, except for her back pain, and her eyes were bright, and she was sweet. She said she was very happy to not be any younger and that she has traveled so much in her life. She regrets nothing she said. Good. I found some more mold spots. They really worry me. She says she doesn't mind, though. But I do.

Before getting to her, I had an “encounter” with Bob with many aspects, that actually made me laugh out loud.

It started with a terrible odd **dream**, where I was traveling, somehow, in some adventurous way, and there was **Jan**, the Norwegian and reason why Kimba died (in a way), and for some reason he ended up embracing me from behind, although he wasn’t even a friendly character in the dream plot, and he had a huge hard-on and pressed it against my vagina, but through his pants, but it still felt as if he was about to penetrate me. The dream also had to do with hiding or finding something on my part, and Jan was somehow a factor in that.

So I woke up, kind of ashamed, and way too late. I always feel bad for my dog who has to sleep in with me. But he doesn’t seem to mind, I keep hearing him snore …

So I lay down for a minute eventually to do some superficial masturbation, just the rubbing clothed kind, because I know that when I’m so weirdly horny like because of my dream I don’t take long ...

I had been talking to Bob about sex, actually, in the last days, and how it was love-making with him, but it was actual fucking with Michi or Michael, real just fucking sex, and it was satisfying. So I masturbated with an old soft-core “rape”-fantasy with a Maui location, based loosely on a real-life event, and just after I climaxed and had directed that energetic surge towards Bob, like in an ancient Tantra-exercise, and cried a bit, **Bob’s face showed up** in front of my inner eyes. I was baffled. It was like **Bob’s head hovering in front of my inner eye**, with a soft and smooth smiling expression, about the age like when I met him … and he looked directly at me. I was … just stunned. I can’t remember a time when I had seen him like that … and it baffled me. So I asked him to let me know if he had received that energy surge that I had directed towards him during my orgasm, I really need to know, I told him.

Before driving to Velden I took a short walk on the treehouse field to pick field flowers for my brother’s grave, and I chatted with Bob. I am also aware that ***the talking out loud all the time is some kind of exercise*** that makes it natural for me to express just what comes to my mind. I feel that this is an exercise for some mediumistic work.

Driving to Velden I said to Bob and to … well, “them”, who ever is around, that *watching those TV-mediums I was actually ashamed how generic most of what they said was, clearing guessing and cold readings, no wonder people don’t take that stuff serious.* When I think of what Dr. Alice had said to me – one clear evidential without any doubt after the other.

In the car, on the highway, I got back to the orgasm experience of this morning … I talked a again about how the most important and most wonderful experience of my life was the year with Bob when we were in bliss and love and had sex, and sleeping with him was my paradise. But fucking Michael was satisfaction on a different level, and that’s when I had climaxes, truth be told. Then I said, “Stoneman, you got to let me know if that reached you”. Right then, a car drove by me with the license plate number “**KL 00003**”. It sounded like one long sigh, “ooooh”, when I said it in English … and that already was kind of baffling. I had to smirk. “Good one” I said, “maybe that counts a little.” Then came “**889 BS**”, which kept my attention on that side of the road, and I smirked a little, because of the “eight ate nine bull shit” that I read …

And I said to Bob, “no, seriously, I need to know –“ and I got interrupted by a car that passed by my and that had a sticker across the entire length of its back. And it read “**KLIMA-MICHI**”. At first, I was simply struck, just because I had just talked to Bob about Michael, who I had called “Michi”. And then it hit me: “Klima!” At first I had thought “climate”, because that’s the literal translation, but then

I suddenly realized that I had just told Bob about my **climaxes with Michi**, and that's when "**klima-michi**.at" had driven by me!

Klima Michi
Anders als die Anderen!
Kälte ● Klima ● Wärmepumpen

There are no fucking odds! That's when I laughed out loud. That's when in the deepest depth of my soul I ***knew*** that Bob was right there, and that the thing about "there is no time in the beyond" is the coolest thing ever!

It was just wonderful. Then came a "**600 EZ**" license plate, that I found interesting, but don't know why.

Narrow escape!

Forgot to mention that I ***narrowly escaped*** being involved in a probably horrible accident when *a speeding car* with a **horse** *in a trailer* (!) tried to overtake me (and I was already driving 120 km/h), *and he didn't see that he was being overtaken by a car,* and he just barely made it back behind me, because I sped up and the other car almost drove into the guardrail! I had noticed that very same horse-transporter at the Griffen petrol station because the driver had made smacking sounds at the horse. Jesus Christ … that was a close call.

I still don't have the answer if Bob received that energy … but a flash of a memory occurred in between, when I recalled the sky-pattern the other day, after I had asked Bob was he was doing in the beyond, and I looked up and there were clouds or lines similar to lightning-rods in the sky, and my first thought was ***"Oh, something with electricity?"*** And today this came to my mind spontaneously when I asked that question. Not sure what it means.

I was surprised to find a lit candle in the lantern on my brother's grave, and even more surprised when I heard from my mother that she had put the candle up there … even though she had claimed just at my previous visit that she couldn't bear going up to the cemetery. As much as I was glad to hear it today, I'm even more worried about her state of mind. She was very nice today, today, and very happy, and her eyes were so kind and clear and dark, that it touched me …. In a strange way. She looked – removed. Somehow. And yet, she talked so normal like in her "normal" days.

So I drove back to Griffen … before that Jacqui and I took a short walk in the forest patch where I had been often in my Kindergarten-days …

And during the first kilometers on the highway, a whole row of cars drove by that seemed to "speak" to me through their license plate number: "**WEISS 3**" (White 3), "600 GI", "**WELT 1**" (World 1), "**WO** K**222**" (strange, and it may also have been "**WO 222K**", not sure) and then "**LAUX 1**". That's interesting because there is a man by the name of Laux who deals with "Life after death" as an artist, and I have often thought that of all people I'd like to connect with him.

(Later)

Then, back at my Griffen "home", I heard Marshall bark hysterically. Probably someone walked by. I should mention that in the last days Marshall had always been by himself, nobody walked him, he was locked into the garden where he'd run around a bush like a maniac or was crying and howling … I just can't handle this anymore.

So then, Marshall broke out in such a hysterical barking and squealing, and it went on for minutes, and nobody did anything. It sounded like the little dog would freak out and *lose his mind.* So then I had it, and I have had it now for good. I ran outside, and there was M., his idiot owner, pulling him back from the fence where a woman was on the other side of the street and didn't dare to walk by … and I yelled over to them, something like "What the hell is going on" and that I had had it now! And I'm serious! Enough! I banged the door close, and my fucking landlady stayed quiet in the cellar and her hubby in the first floor … fucking cowards. Nobody will ever say anything to the fucking owners of poor Marshall. His behavior is already so sick. He gets no exercise, nobody walks him, nobody trains him … I got to say, though, that a few days ago, after days of Marshall being on his own, my landlady A. took him over to her in the garden so that he'd not be alone for a little while. I heard her call M. to tell her that the dog was with her, and I could hear in her voice that she was upset because of the dog but didn't want to confront her daughter. (Marshall was only for a few minutes with my landlady! A few minutes of something else than his garden in weeks!) Their terribly fucked up relationship affects the poor dog. I have to do something about this. I love the little guy. I'm so happy that we had those two months together, where he got out with me and Jacqui and learned and moved and gathered memories of what a good dog's life could be like.

I've asked Fe Fischer many times to freaking do something from there, where she is, in the beyond. I mean, *what is she dead for if she doesn't have any power to work against such people that she hated so much in mortal life who are brutal or inconsiderate towards animals!?* She was all for animals, and she should really help me with Marshall. It's very hard to bear how the dog keeps looking at me, and I can see in his eyes how disappointed he is that I stay away now, not even come to pat him anymore. I hate his owner for doing this to him and to me, and I do wish for them to be punished so that they can learn. I want them to be punished hard and soon. Sorry, I'm a bad person. But I do think that way. Period. It can't be that they get away with this. It's also a little bit about their little daughter Isabel. She barely gets out into the fresh air either. Everytime she is out, it's way too short and she always begs to stay longer. Nobody goes out with her either. A. does, sometimes, but I understand that she as the grandmother doesn't want to have the responsibility for her dumb lazy daughter M.'s kid and dog. Still … something must change here.

(Later)

Alright, I did make myself work on putting the pictures into this contact diary document, and I started with September 1, 2 and 3. Here is the entry:

September 3, 2020

Velden. Swimming in Saissersee lake.

A moment with my mother when I could clearly see her … change. Like the expression in her eyes seemed to change, and she talked as if we hadn't just talked about the same topic minutes before. It was very hard to watch.

*On the highway to Velden, I saw the license plate number "**WO 222 BZ**" and back: the same car again, same car license plate number, too.*

*And there was a **horse-transporter** … I worried for the horses.*

I had seen the car with a skull-pendant at the mirror at a Griffen parking lot again.

*Talked to Bob coming from Saissersee about 911, our "September 11", the last time we saw each other … and just then a car drove by me from the opposite direction, "**OKAY 11**". Then "GB 2".*

See. **Horse-transporter**. Like *today*! Today, when I was about to edit this … "WO 222 …" Someone is watching. My mother. Those kind deep dark eyes.

(Later)

I found the wonderful TV-series “**After Life**”, about a man, “Tony”, played by Ricky Gervais, who lost his wife to cancer and can’t get over it.

If it wasn't for the dog, I'd be dead.
So, little improvements.

It’s a British series, and I love how those people say what they want, some of them at least, especially Tony. It’s so heartfelt and simple and smart. I watched the entire first season, 6 episodes with 26 minutes each, in one binge sitting (while putting pictures into this doc).

In the series is also the character of **Tony’s “father”, who is heavily demented**, and Tony’s visits with him … oh wow, it’s all outspoken what anyone including me could think or experience with a demented parent …(And the father dies.)

- Was it just in his sleep?
- Yeah, he just...

just stopped breathing.

Don’t remember how I stumbled across **Ukulele**-players and a “Pale Horse”, but there they were. Plus an **ice bear**.

*(__Note__: Later it kind of occurred to me why my **grandmother** Maria loved that fluffy ice bear so much that I had given her … she may have been starving for soft touch. My mother doesn’t want me to touch her at all. We never touch. When I kiss her on her cheek as a greeting, she mostly turns away slightly or even blocks me off with her arm. I don’t know if she’s aware of it. But she must miss warmth and human touch, too. Just she doesn’t want it from me. Maybe that’s why she loves to go to the hairdresser’s every three weeks so much.)*

(Oh, I can still hear the music of the Ukulele-festivals about which Bob cut features for local TV and for the Maui Arts and Cultural Center. It feels like this was centuries ago, in a different era.)

THE
PALE HORSE

November 1, 2020 – **“Reading Bob’s Thoughts?”**

November again. I try not to feel anything or think too much about it.

License plate number “K 000 1” this time!

I had an outrageous **dream** of several parts.

The final part was that somehow I had a **small cat that was yellow and black**, real yellow, and its face was half black (the right half), and the other half was yellow, with the dividing line right over the cat’s nose. I fed it with small pieces of what was like cat food, but somehow I thought that I should feed it something else. I think I tried to keep it safe in my clothes and I had to carry it somewhere. There was a **man** who had a laptop and who somehow interfered with me having that cat, and the cat tried to run away, but not because of me, but the man. And I hated him because he was so incapable with that laptop.

I’m not sure about the sequence, but I think that the other part of the dream I dreamed before that …

I was **traveling** in a car with about three people, two women at least that I may know in real life, to a part of a town, and there was **John W.’s house**! John W., the fucker who ruined Bob’s life. And **Bob** was there! I stood to his right behind him, and I knew that I was dreaming and in my dream I thought that this was a memory of Bob, because he was so close, that I touched the sleeve of his jeans shirt, and I could see and smell the single strands of his hair, and he was so tall and big like he had been in his healthy days. And he did the typical gesture of stroking his hair out of his face, from his forehead, and it was such a gentle gesture, that stroking is the proper word … and ***then he was gone.***

And I knew that he had traveled somewhere with John and that he had died there. I was so desperate! I “saw” Bob ***disappear*** under some kind of **granite rock shelf**, flat, like a washed out ocean shore rock shelf, but there was no water. For some reason I looked over to it, unable to reach it, as if I was looking at a video of something … and I saw Bob just there, halfway under there, and he’d go deeper and never come back.

At the same time I was still in John W.’s house, and he was there, and I cried and screamed at him and asked him if he didn’t know that Bob was so sick and that he was killing him with his demands about the project they were working on. And suddenly John W. was gone, traveled, and I was in his house, and the other people too, with who I had come. And I knew I had to get back to somewhere and that they needed to help me, but I was so helpless. And I felt incapacitated by my grief and loss of Bob that took my breath away …

There was always a mix of Bob being there, and not being there, but his face overly serious, his entire demeanor of a man who knew that he was fucked … and he couldn’t resist John, but he did look at me knowing that he was in a big deep shit situation, but he couldn’t escape, so he simply went.

Maybe that’s the answer to my question from yesterday if Bob could let me read his thoughts, too, since he can read mine?

It did feel like "being inside of Bob's thoughts" … really, it did. Oh, his closeness. I could touch and see and smell him, standing right behind him … but thinking about it right now, there was an element of "Sigi" on him, too, maybe a bit the stature and the greasy nature of his hair that was darker than Bob's hair had been. But it was Bob … his face, just the entire Bob energy.

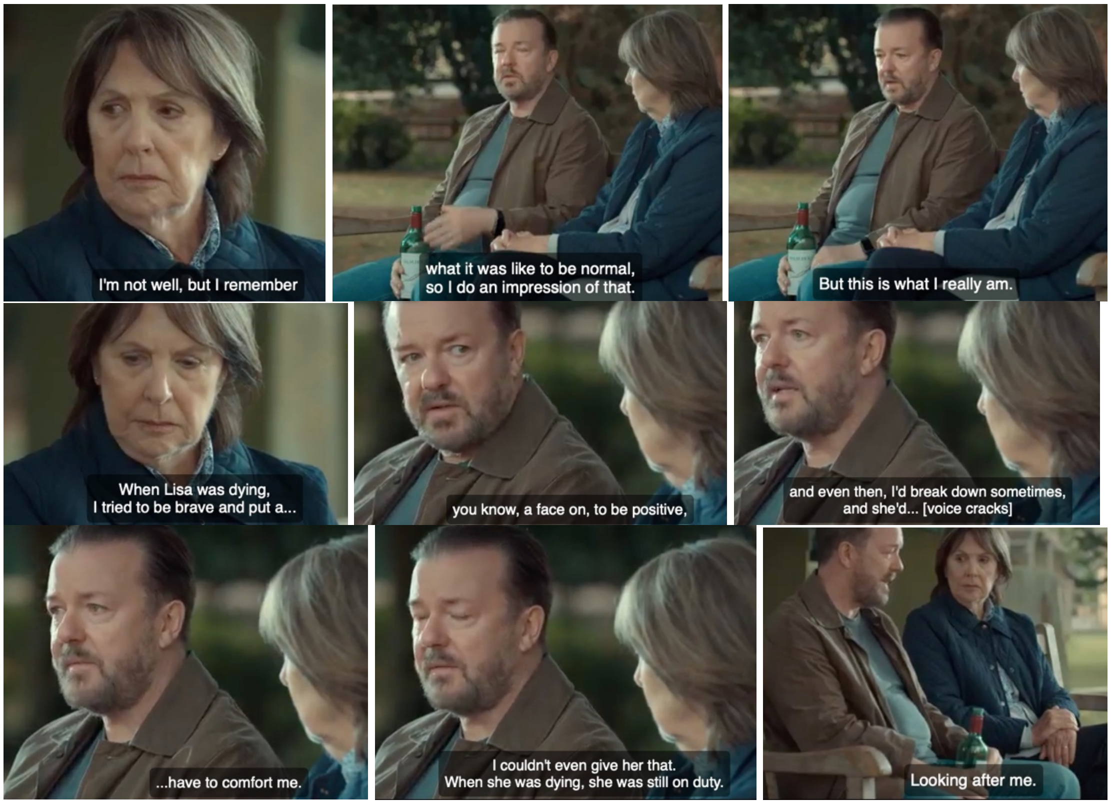
Maybe he had let me in on his "mind" the way it is now. It sure felt "new" that kind of "dream". It was between lucid and very deep … and the memory of it also feels "new" somehow, like never before experienced. *I was at the same time experiencing it but also watching myself experiencing it,* especially that part when I was directly behind him and he looked at me and we both knew that he was so fucked and that he couldn't get out of the entanglement with the ignorant toxic fucker John.

Of course I had watched "**After Life**" before that, and it was very very satisfying. I did not have to cry, at all. It was because everything that character "Tony" said or did resonated so much with me.

I remember, months ago, I had seen a little bit of the first episode of it, because it had come up in a Google-search regarding the afterlife … But I couldn't stand watching it then.

Now I can.

I miss her so much.
I feel sad all the time.
I'm not the person I was.
Lisa dying, I just... It's like...
I lost most of me, and all the good stuff, all the happiness...
any joy in anything...
I feel like I'm nothing, you know?
People think that I'm sort of OK, you know,
like I'm getting on with it, I'm snarky now and again,
and that this is a lapse, but it's not.
This is me all the time now.
Everything else is the front, you know?



I'm not well, but I remember

what it was like to be normal,
so I do an impression of that.

But this is what I really am.

When Lisa was dying,
I tried to be brave and put a...

you know, a face on, to be positive,

and even then, I'd break down sometimes,
and she'd... [voice cracks]

...have to comfort me.

I couldn't even give her that.
When she was dying, she was still on duty.

Looking after me.

I also had sudden excruciating tooth ache last night, the very last top right side tooth, that's actually healthy, but I must have bitten on it the night before and hurt the bone underneath, it feels like an inflammation in the jaw … so I took colloidal silver, cell salt number 3 and coconut oil.

I will take a longer walk later and think over that "dream" experience … and find out if I really was reading Bob's mind … or is it me thinking that that's how Bob could have felt?

Oh, I so much want to get deeper into this matter of communicating with him and "them" directly.

(Later)

I started watching the season 2 of "**After Life**", and so interesting there is a man, a "**guru**", who is supposed to give a yoga lesson to "Tony", but he keeps snorting and *clearing mucus in his nose* … and that's what Bob used to do a lot over the years. In 2014, I remember, I asked him why he did that and he said he was not aware of it that he was sniffling and snorting the whole time. I found that very strange back then, it should have given me a better hint about his state of mind …

I have the strong urge today to write to my father and his wife and express myself entirely honestly and clearly. I must make a clean table. The "Tony"-character really inspires me. Also I must get away from here … it drives me nuts to be around these dumb people and suffering little dog Marshall. During the morning walk in a perfectly nice landscape with fog and sun and green meadows in the autumn landscape I could hardly think of anything else than of how much I hate those fuckers.

That's the beauty of "After Life" too … that's a society where you still can swear and speak your mind. I'm so glad I found it. It's so honest. I love Ricky Gervais for making it.

(Later)

Funny … in "**After Life**" a character just said that he had had "*sex with a spirit*", it's called "PSA", "paranormal sexual assault". And that after the sex talk of yesterday.

Also he just said that if it hadn't been for his dog, he'd be dead, too. Having killed himself. Not sure what I would have done if it hadn't been for "Jacqui". Almost wrote "Kimba".

Something sad is in my life, too. The two sheep that have been so sweet in the last weeks, will be killed in a few days. Why? Just because. There is no real need for the landlady and landlord to eat them. I said to Bob today, already, that I want him to let me know, then, when they are with him. I try to give them treats every day, from cauliflower leaves to cookies and bread and potatoes.

November 1, 2020 – **The Black Cat and the Movie-Line**

Stumbled over two trailers of movies about dementia, "The Father" and "Supernova". And in the latter, the demented man says ***"I'd like to be remembered for who I was and not for who I'm about to become".*** That's what I was supposed to hear.

SUPERNOVA Trailer (2020) Colin Firth, Stanley Tucci Drama

I had a talk during Jacqui and my afternoon walk with Bob, about whether or not my dream gave me insight into his thoughts, his current mind. And this statement by a movie character sums it up. That's why he had to disappear under a rock shelf where I couldn't follow him … he knew that his mind was deteriorating for a long time. For years. He had to keep me at bay … even though I was directly behind him, and he knew it, he couldn't afford to turn around.

Walking with Jacqui I had a thought that had to do with the yellow and **black cat** … that I had to take care of in my dream. There was that man with the laptop, pudgy of sorts, a stranger to me, and he was incapable, but I was dependent upon him, and the cat was in danger because of him and so was I. So the thought flashed into my mind that that man – was a part of Bob. The part that felt that it was deteriorating that knew that he wasn't capable enough. The one that thought that he'd be holding me back …

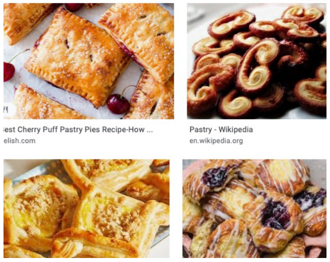
I noticed, that the **sky** seemed to again mimic what I was seeing: an **island in a stream.**

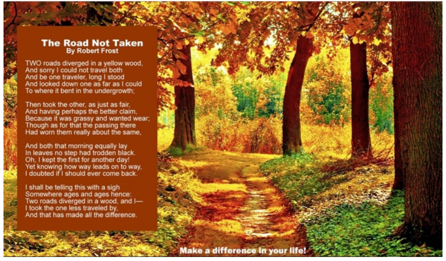
On the way back I decided to take the path through the meadow by the Linden trees instead of along the creek, intending to take that left-turn in the end to get to the creek path again. But there was a very tall man, just like Bob, coming towards me and kind of cutting my path off, joining people who were there just where I had intended to take the short cut. So I didn't, but walked along the pavement. And there I found an orange Halloween candy, with a clown and a **black cat.**

And this line in this trailer really summed it all up. I did get insight into Bob's thoughts. He tried to explain himself to me.

(Later)

"… *Robert Frost, "**The Road Not Taken**" **swirled** in*" … a character in the TV-series "**Hung**" from 2009 says talking about her business idea of ***baking pieces of poetry into pastries.*** And that's interesting why? Because the two things that Bob "put into my hand" two days ago, were "a **swirl**" and a "**feather kahili"**. And this is the first and only time "swirl", although as a word, has come into my life.





The Road Not Taken
By Robert Frost

TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Make a difference in your life!

Here is the text of “***The Road Not Taken***” (by Robert Frost)
Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

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Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

I googled it, and the first thing I saw was a picture of a **beautiful autumn forest**, like the ones I’ve been traveling recently and talking to Bob …

November 2, 2020 – **Astral City**
Found a new TV-series, “**neXt**”, very great, Bob would have liked it. It centers around a **white haired gaunt man** of Bob’s age, who is still brilliant but has a degenerative brain disease that causes him devastating insomnia! **Insomnia**! That Bob deal with increasingly for years … and in that time, Bob’s mental decline began. What if Bob also had that? Is that why I “found” this series? The guy … his expressions … like Bob’s twin … even him **sitting next to me in the car** …

Also, I drove to Völkermarkt today, and I met “**250 AX**”, and I read “**250 ask!**”, and of course it’s Bob’s phone number part … there were other cars, right after that, like “**600 GB**”, and I was wondering why all the 600 in a few days?

And then this series … very interesting.

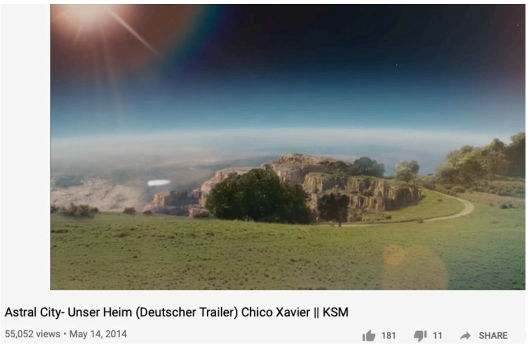
Plus, something else happened. A colleague of the agency pointed out at a grave oversight I had supposedly made while editing a document, and for the life of me I don’t believe that I did. It’s pretty much impossible to oversee this … (in a row twice “Tipp Nummer 3” instead of 3 and 4), and I do remember that text well, and I’m 100 % sure I did not oversee it. Also in the entire text there were five instead of six tips, because of that … and that’s just not like me that I’d ever oversee anything like this. I don’t trust the online system that we’re working in now. I don’t believe that I made those mistakes. I don’t.

(Later) **Astral City!**

I just watched more than an hour of an interview with a young woman who narrowly escaped death during a car accident and ended up paralyzed … and I wanted to switch it off all the time, but couldn’t … until the interviewer at some pointed interrupted the speaker and said that he wanted to mention the film “***Astral City***” about – hold on! – ***seeing the world of the mortals from the other side!***

Delphin TV
ABO
1:00:57 / 1:28:12

#RAndreasKlein
Unfall | Nahtoderlebnis | Weiterleben | Melanie Simon im Gespräch mit Horst Leuwer



Astral City- Unser Heim (Deutscher Trailer) Chico Xavier || KSM
55,052 views • May 14, 2014

Oh geez, just in the trailer there are things I’ve been imagining! Also a scene where **__the dead receive the new souls of people who have just lost their bodies in a war__** … and someone mentions that “**there are hearts who pray for you**”, meaning mortals are strengthening the dead by their energetic output, because a dead person was worried about having messed up during mortal life … and someone said that because a person had been such a good person in mortal life, they wouldn’t have to go through some gruesome phase in the beyond!

Astral City- Unser Heim (Deutscher Trailer) Chico Xavier || KSM
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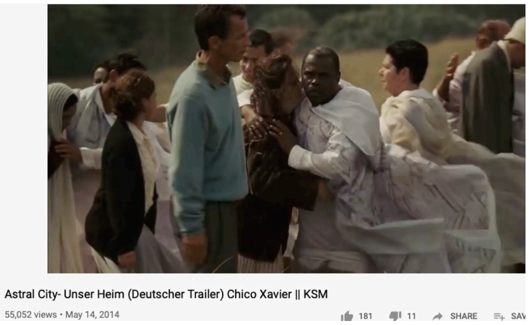

Astral City- Unser Heim (Deutscher Trailer) Chico Xavier || KSM

55,052 views • May 14, 2014

Wow! That's like seeing the books of Betty and Stewart!

I was supposed to see that today! That's why I watched that interview, although early on I realized that there wasn't going to be a real near-death experience account …. What I had actually wanted to see. (*Note*: *This entry will have special relevance on March 27, 2022, in terms of time synchronicity!)*

I got **answers**! Yes, **it does matter** when one projects heart energy towards a dead person … we should do that all the time.

It's just "miraculous" that I ended up with that impact of that trailer of "Astral City", a Brazilian film, actually … today. This is … just great.

An amazing **moon** seemed to mock me, in ways …

November 3, 2020 – **The Appletree Mistletoe & The Sheep**

Had to cry very hard today. The two sheep who grew up in the garden below my window from early spring on, were taken away today. To be killed. The fucking landlady and her family will seriously eat them. In the past days I've tried to give them yummies as much as I could … and just an hour before the landlord and a farmer came, I had thrown pieces of carrots down to them, into the garden, but the dark faced sheep was always faster than the white faced one, who seemed tired and breathed heavily (it was 17 degrees Celsius today!) and got pushed away so brutally by the other guy all the time. It kept lifting his upper lip and looking to me, like it was trying to get my scent … it had done that yesterday, too.

I had gotten used to be greeted by them, and they had a special way of looking into one's eyes …

I had to think how many animals are killed every instant …

And I also had to think that every animal that gets treated like a person and develops some kind of non-general identity, gets to live on in the "beyond", like Betty had described, not just in the general energy pool of that species, but individualized, too! So hopefully Bob and Fe and others will be able to receive the two guys and let me know.

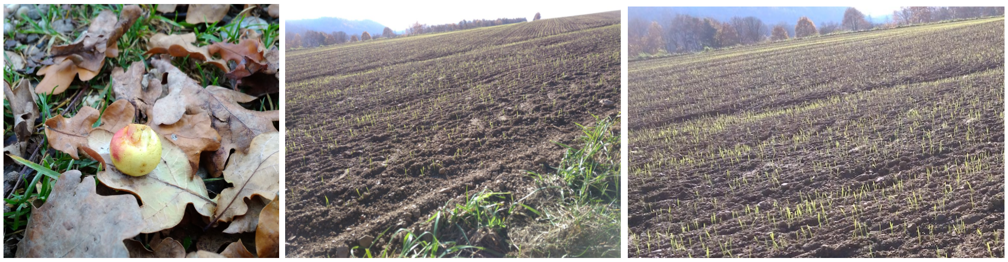
I saw that the landlord gave them something to eat and even touched the white one's head … maybe it was hard for him, too?

Taking a walk today along **big-stone-field-path**, I had to ponder again about the fact that we as mortals are able to feel pain and to afflict pain. I do think that pain is meant to be a tool of human mortal life, and I think it has to do with punishment … of oneself for not keeping the body and the spirit healthy properly, but also punishment of others. People are supposed to feel pain for wrongdoing. The Old Testament with the violent and punishing God is actually right.

I wish to punish Marshall's owners. The little dog is alone in the backyard every day. Nobody walks him. I want them to suffer. I do. I want them to experience pain … I may be a bad person for that, but so be it then.

I stood facing an **apple tree with mistletoe berries** on it … under the bright blue sky … like Bob was either smiling at me or giving me the finger … as the apple tree mistletoe med was supposed to rescue him, that's why I had traveled to Austria to be able to send him that med …

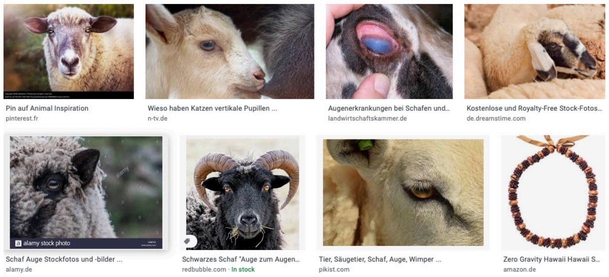
Also … the harvested fields with again **new green shoots** on them … kind of hurt me. It's so merciless. Natures does her thing, no matter what. An oak leaf with a growth like a tumor on it made me very pensive, too … could be mistaken for a berry or an apple, but no, it's a growth … We may like it or not, the forces of nature are all-powerful. *A year ago I moved here … so much has happened since, so fucking much.*



(Later) Wrote emails to "C" and my friend Z., then felt the urge to google information about sheep. I took Jacqui for a late night walk – no more sheep. Feels horrible. I asked Bob to let me know if the two are with him now. Just this afternoon they were so happy on their meadow, walking around, coming so trustingly when they were called … crying again.

Online I read stuff about sheep … I think I'll become a vegetarian.

I googled **Sheep's eyes**, because they have the diagonal pupils … and on the picture page was a **Hawaiian lei**! With the sheep's eyes. For no reason.


Pin auf Animal Inspiration
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Wieso haben Katzen vertikale Pupillen ...
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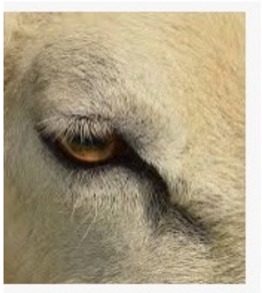


Maybe that's the message that they are with the ancestors? The „lei" … my name, "Kaleilauhoku".

I miss them so much. I'm afraid of looking outside tomorrow and they are no longer there.

One more aspect to it: They were little dog Marshall's entertainment program. He'd watch them every day. What will he do now?

November 4, 2020 – **Sheep!**

Woke up this morning, after a very intense **Hawaii-dream** … my mother, me, **packing**, **looking for stuff, crying, why did I come to Hawaii at all if I must leave now,** those were my thoughts in my dream, and my **mother** was there, and I said it to her too … items, that belong to me needed to be picked up, but I couldn't take them for some reason … so that's very much a reflection of reality. My stuff is still with Joyce in Anza, with Bob's cremains … no way to get there.

Very sad, I looked out of the window, at the empty meadow … ***And there were the sheep!***

And it's the day of Bob's death! And the sheep had "returned", when I had been sure that they were gone for good!

I had cried for them, but they were still alive! Is that an allegory or what?

So I will have the chance to give them more treats!

Met the landlord Anton before I drove to my mother for some mold fighting, and he said that he gives the sheep a few more days. To my horror I learned that sweet dog Marshall has "his sleeping spot" in the basement now to be accessed from the garden, and is supposed to be alone in the garden all the time. So he doesn't sleep with his family in the front house? But must sleep alone in the basement? And it's quiet only because they close the door? I could vomit with frustration! Poor guy! The landlord said "they had to do that because M. didn't manage to get out of the door with the pram and the young girl without the dog running out too". This is unbelievable. He also said: "Das passt schon so." – "That's just fine the way it is." *Fuck what?* The dog is alone all the time, probably gets locked into the basement when they are out, nobody ever EVER walks him!

Something must be done.

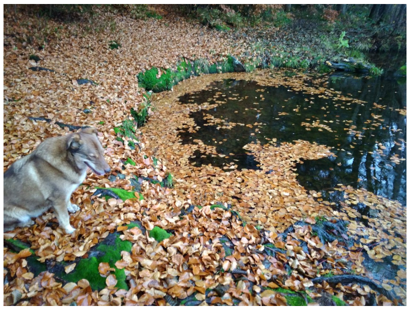
(***Note***: The sheep would live until November 15, actually.)

About Bob … I'm not overly sad, I congratulated him to his 2nd transition day.

Drove to Velden to visit my mother … I saw car license plates that seemed interesting, but didn't feel anything special: **"MONTE 1", "KK 600", "800 BB", "911 HL"** … a lot of doubles, and again **600s**, like many I've seen in the last days. Not sure what it means. Not "not sure". Simply don't know. There seems to be a thinking barrier in my mind. Well, then it is.

I took a walk with Jacqui at **lake Saissersee** … beautiful "**pearls**" on the water …

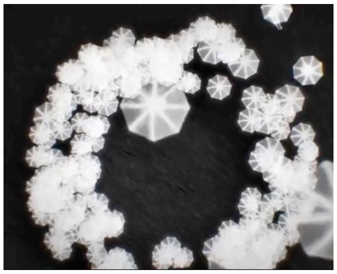
… and actually a **rock shelf** just like the shelf in my dream of November 1! Also directly near the water, on the "*shore*" of Saissersee lake.

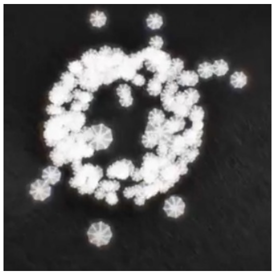


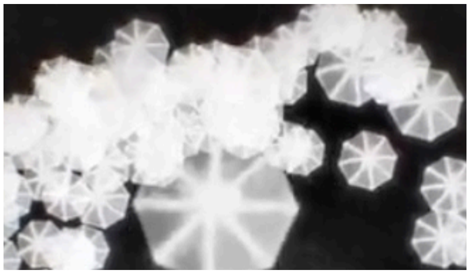
(Later)

It's evening … and I realized that the sheeps' extended life is maybe a gift … the landlord had a change of heart? But he said there isn't enough food anymore, so they'll soon be gone. It's so cynical. He lets them live for a year to then kill them or have them killed. And then he'll receive the meat and eat them. Vomit.

(*Add Nov. 15:* I kept thinking why those pearls on the water looked so familiar … it was the **intro** of the movie **"Straight Up"** that I had seen on October 15, reminded me so intensely of my time with Bob, that featured something similar, just that my pics are bad quality as taken with my smartphone in bad weather …)







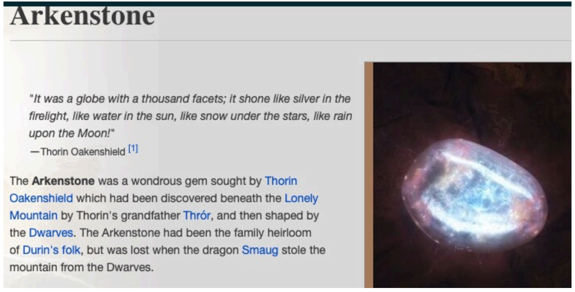
November 5, 2020 – **The Arkenstone**

Afternoon walk along the treehouse field … a wondrous **puka lani, "door to heaven"**. Oh – just now I realized that Bob and I lived in a place that's called "door to heaven". Yup.

Took a late evening walk with Jacqui, up Schlossberg and all around the fields … and in the dark, I came across a **very bright green-turquoise kind of … thing i**n a garden, like a rock or a big crystal ball …

And sure enough: An hour later, I watched a "Pitch Meeting", to cheer myself up, **"The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug"**, and there it was: A **bright shiny "stone"**, the so-called "**Arkenstone**", amidst some dark coin field … .

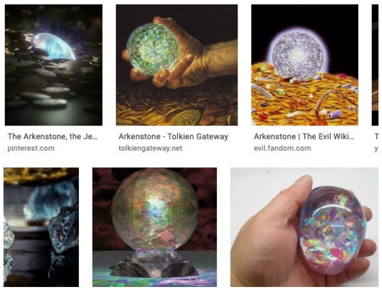
The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug Pitch Meeting



Arkenstone

"It was a globe with a thousand facets; it shone like silver in the firelight, like water in the sun, like snow under the stars, like rain upon the Moon!"
—Thorin Oakenshield [1]

The **Arkenstone** was a wondrous gem sought by Thorin Oakenshield which had been discovered beneath the Lonely Mountain by Thorin's grandfather Thrór, and then shaped by the Dwarves. The Arkenstone had been the family heirloom of Durin's folk, but was lost when the dragon Smaug stole the mountain from the Dwarves.


The Arkenstone, the Je...
pinterest.com
Arkenstone - Tolkien Gateway
tolkiengateway.net
Arkenstone | The Evil Wiki...
evil.fandom.com

I did ask Bob whether or not he was with me.

Today I got very angry at the "Invisibles", because seriously … how has Bob proven so far that he is working with me on our projects, actually? I've been asking for a beneficial change in Marshall's situation … but it keeps getting worse. He is in the garden and must sleep in the basement, and nobody ever walks with him or plays with him. I want these people punished. Poor dog is turning into a dumb and weird critter because of those fuckers. This can't happen. I saw today into their windows, as the lights were on, how M. squatted in front of the baby and played with it … and I got very angry. She can't make herself to get even outside into the garden for a few minutes, at least, per day? It's not normal, what these people are doing …

I want punishment for the assholes and that Marshall live a good and free life, loved and taken care of the way he deserves it. Not sure how that will go. But I'm very open to be surprised … and I'd certainly like help by Bob. And "them".

I noticed a **fly** on the blinds, and it looked kind of exhausted. As it tumbled across the window sill, I put a drop of honey in front of it, and it stuck its trunk into the honey and simply stood there, sucking.

Later, in the evening, I found it lying still on its side. But when I touched it, it moved its legs and tried to get up. I looked at it from close, the furry back, the zig-zag pattern, pretty. It touched me. So I put two pieces of paper towel under it so that it would be able to pull itself up, in case it recovered.

November 6, 2020 – **My Father!**

Found the **fly** off the paper towel bed, motionless. Again, when I touched it … it still moved! I thought of throwing it out, but I felt sorry for it, it's cold out there. (Later, don't remember when, I saw that it barely moved anymore, and I felt even more sorry for it … and I put it on its last flight out of the window, into the cold night. It would die faster there.)

Shock this morning: **My phone rang, and the name of my father** – *who has never in his life contacted me from his side deliberately!* – **appeared on the display.** So I immediately thought that his wife Edith had died. It was a horrible experience to hear my father cry on the phone, so desperate, so lost … he asked me, with a broken voice, if I could *drive* him to the hospital tomorrow to see her, because he is losing his eyesight. He said that if Edith won't recover, he will kill himself, because he has nobody in the whole wide world than her. Well. There he was, talking to me, his daughter. Just a few weeks ago I emailed Edith and asked if they needed help, and she brushed me off really rudely simply saying "We don't need your help". She had lost her hearing on one side suddenly, and was at the hospital. So I was worried. But I said well, I guess I accept that they don't want me in their lives, and I wrote to her a good bye and good luck for good.

So my father called me today. Hard to digest. I didn't feel the slightest negative thing at all for him, I only felt so sorry for him, and my heart broke for Edith too: horrible pain, septic shock, kidney failure, and nearly ruined liver from a ton of meds she had been taking in the last year because of her knee operations. This woman is really suffering. I listened to my father and said that of course I'd help him, but at the same time I also know how hard life has been for Edith with him. And he has been physically weak for a while, had been on the edge of his mental and emotional abilities last year, and he even told me that he doesn't know how to carry on. Today he said it again, under tears, that he can't handle things anymore. I believe him. What if Edith dies? I called the hospital, and her condition is really serious. I asked them to inform me in case it's getting worse. The doctor told me that they have identified the germ that was responsible for all that … but her condition is critical.

I called my father later to see how he was, and he told me that friends of his are going to drive him tomorrow, because they had offered to make up for how often Edith had helped them. Fine. There will be lots of driving anyway.

(Later)

Took a walk with Jacqui, I was really shaken up …

Will visit my mother tomorrow, then maybe my father, too, got him some nutrition bottles …

I don't know what to think.

So I wish hell upon my neighbors, and still it's someone from my family who suffers. What the fuck?

November 7, 2020 – **Edith died today. And she visited me right then.**

I can only put in the German version of my letter to "C", describing the events … maybe some day I'll do a Google translate.

"Gestern rief mich mein Vater an, zum ersten Mal in seinem und meinem Leben, und ich hatte gleich ärgste Befürchtungen. Seine Frau, Edith, die ich gerne mochte und sie mich, wollte immer gern Kontakt mit mir haben, aber mein Vater hasst mich seit jeher, weil er in mir meine Mutter sieht, und die ist an allem Schuld in seinem Leben. Mein Vater war ein sehr ungeliebtes Kind, dazu etwas linkisch, also er hatte es sehr schwer in seiner Jugend. Dann kam ich, viel zu früh in seinem Leben, und die Ehe meiner Eltern war katastrophal. Sie ließen sich scheiden, als ich 16 war ... aber die Dramen hörten nicht auf. Ich erspare dir die Einzelheiten.

Er und Edith lernten sich per Inserat kennen, etwa drei Jahre nachdem meine Eltern geschieden waren ... und sie heirateten. Edith hatte die Hölle auf Erden mit meinem Vater. Immer wieder hatten sie und ich Kontakt, immer wieder suchte ich Kontakt zu meinem Vater, bot Hilfe an. Immer wurde ich nicht nur abgelehnt, sondern aufs ärgste beleidigt und gekränkt, und ich wusste immer, dass mein Vater halt nicht wusste, wohin, mit seinem Frust. Er hätte schon früh Psychotherapie gebraucht, aber das war ja nie üblich in der Generation. Edith musste sich dann wohl oder übel auf die Seite meines Vaters schlagen, aber sie gestand mir Seitensprünge und erzählte mir oft verzweifelt, wie emotional grausam und grob mein Vater war. Es war eine sehr tragische Sache. Edith hatte dann Darmkrebs, überlebte es aber. Vor zehn Jahren fing Edith an ständig Probleme mit den Knien und Knöcheln zu haben, sie trank heimlich, und sie war dann ständig in Reha. Mein Vater kann ohne sie gar nichts, sie musste ihm alles vorkochen, er war total hilflos. Wenn sie auf Kur war, tauchte er ständig dort auf, und sie rief mich oft an und sagte, wie sehr sie das hasste. Er durfte nie wissen, dass wir Kontakt hatten. Ihre Troubles verschlimmerten sich, eine OP nach der Anderen.

Vor ca. einem Jahr, als ich wieder mal Kontakt suchte, gestand sie mir, dass sie schwer krank sei, Leber, Verdauung und wegen dem Darmkrebs war da auch noch was ... und während sie wieder im Krankenhaus war, betreute ich meinen Vater und den Hund, und wir kamen ganz gut aus. Kaum war Edith wieder da, war er wieder wie ein Monster zu mir, ich bringe Unruhe in sein Heim, ich sei nichts wert und so weiter und so fort. Als ich ihn daran erinnerte, dass ich in Trauer war wegen Bob, sagte er, na und wenn schon, Bob sei ja genauso wenig Wert gewesen wie ich, weil wieso hätte ich sonst nicht viel Geld ...? Ich war so gekränkt. Und ich hielt mich fern.

Immer wieder fragte ich bei Edith nach in diesem Jahr, wie es ihnen gehe, und immer emailte sie mir, dass sie meine Hilfe nicht brauchten.

Vor ca. zwei Wochen fragte ich wieder nach, und Edith schrieb mir, dass sie einen Hörsturz hatte, und dass mein Vater "alles für sie" tat und dass sie im Krankenhaus gewesen sei.

Also gestern rief dann mein Vater an, weinend und bat mich, ob ich ihn nicht am nächsten Tag, also heute, ins Krankenhaus nach Villach führen würde, weil Edith dort eingeliefert worden sei. Sie hatte extreme Schmerzen gehabt in den Gelenken, wo sie eh schon operiert worden war, und dann sei sie ausgerutscht und hingefallen und hatte auf einmal innere Schmerzen gehabt, sodass sie geschrien hätte.

Im Krankenhaus wurde festgestellt, dass sie nicht nur eine zerstörte Leber, von Medikamenten! hatte, sondern Nierenversagen und schwere Blutvergiftung. Sie war bei Bewusstsein, aber nicht ansprechbar.

Mein Vater sagte mir am Telefon, dass er sich umbringen würde, sollte Edith sterben, denn ohne sie kann er nicht leben ... und ich weiß, dass das stimmt. Mir machten aus, dass ich heute mit ihm Edith besuchen fahren würde, aber ich rief selber auch im Krankenhaus an, um mich zu erkundigen, und die Ärztin sagte, dass es sehr schlecht ausschaue, aber dass man den "Keim" (Krankenhauskeim vom Aufenthalt wegen dem Hörsturz oder schon seit der letzten Operation!) festgestellt habe und mit Antibiotika behandle. Aber mir war da schon ganz anders ... und ich kämpfte mit mir selber, ob ich nicht doch noch in der Nacht nach Villach fahren hätte sollen. Aber heute wurde mir dann erklärt, ich hätte sie eh nicht besuchen dürfen.

Ich rief dann meinen Vater mehrmals an, um zu schauen, wie es ihm ging, und wir redeten viel, ich lenkte ihn ab ... er war sehr nett und froh, dass wir redeten. Allerdings hatten sich Bekannte gemeldet, und er wollte lieber mit denen nach Villach fahren. Gut, dachte ich.

Die Nacht brachte dann etwas, das erst später Relevanz haben sollte: Zunächst konnte ich bis ca. 1 Uhr gar nicht schlafen gehen, dann döste ich so dahin. Ich war den ganzen Abend total bei Edith ... und ich stellte mir vor, dass ich ja bei ihnen wohnen und beiden helfen konnte. Irgendwann schlief ich ein - und es war total seltsam: Ich hatte auf einmal "Erinnerungen" von meinem Vater, sah ihn in seinen jüngeren Jahren, hörte ihn reden, etwas mit Zahlen und andere Dinge, aber das waren alles Dinge, die ich nicht mit ihm erlebt hatte! Er war entspannt und freudig, halt mein Vater in seinen guten Zeiten. Ich dachte mir noch, wie seltsam und hoffte, dass da nicht etwas passiert sei. Irgendwann schlief ich dann tiefen und wachte durch ein total schönes Zweiton-Klingelgeräusch auf. Aber das Geräusch war nur in *meinem Kopf, da gab's kein echtes Geräusch, nicht das Telefon, nicht von draußen. Ich war ganz baff ... und schaute so im Zimmer herum, im Halbdunkel. Auch mein Hund war auf und schaute herum. Und auf einmal gab es ein kurzes klopfendes Geräusch an meinem Fenster. Aber da war niemand! Jacqui war auch ganz baff. Kein Knacksen, es war ein Klopfen. Aber das Fenster geht auf den Balkon, und da war niemand.*

Okay ... ich schlief wieder ein und wachte mit extremen Kopfschmerzen auf, sodass ich kaum aus dem Bett kam. Ich musste auch an Edith denken, die immer extreme Migräne gehabt hatte. Mein Vater hatte versprochen, mich anzurufen, wenn er vom Besuch bei Edith mit seinen Bekannte zurück war.

Ich wollte aber heute sowieso nach Velden, meine Mutter besuchen und hatte schon Aufbaunahrung und Vitamine für meinen Vater eingepackt, auch eine Suppe gemacht ... Irgendwie ließ mir aber die Frage, wie es Edith ging, keine Ruhe, und ich rief im Krankenhaus an.

Edith ist in der Früh gestorben, wurde mir mitgeteilt. Und dass mein Vater schon dagewesen sei, per Taxi, Abschied genommen hatte und ihre Sachen mitgenommen ... und er war schon unterwegs zur Bestattung ...

Shit, dann ging es aber los in mir. Ich war wie in einer Trance ...

Ich weiß, dass er sich umbringen wird. Und ich konnte ihn nicht erreichen, telefonisch.

Mir war auch auf einmal klar, dass das Ediths Erinnerungen gewesen sind, die ich von meinem Vater "geträumt" hatte, und das Klingelgeräusch hatte auch mit ihrem Tod zu tun.

Und dann noch mein Traum in der Früh, als ich im Kopfweh nochmal eindöste ... Ich war bei einem Bach, und Jacqui lief um mich herum, und da war irgendwas wie ein Stück Erdklumpen oder eine Wurzel, und ich wollte sie zunächst wegkicken, aber dann griff ich danach, und ich hob einen ganzen großen dicken Ast auf. Und unter dem Ast und den Blättern kam eine Art Kanalloch zum Vorschein, mit einer Art Klappe. Ich schaute da rein, und ich sah, dass unten weiter eine Reuse war, mit so Metallzacken, und Wasser rauschte da unten. Das Loch war etwa einen halben Meter im Durchmesser. Und ich überlegte gerade, ob ich den Ast wieder drüberlegen sollte - als auf einmal Jacqui an mir vorbei lief und ins Loch stürzte. Ich stand wie angewurzelt, als die Klappe niederfiel und nur noch seine Pfoten zu sehen waren, wie er sich festkrallte. Ich dachte im Traum, das geht sich aus, ich greife einfach nach der Pfote und ziehe ihn wieder rauf - aber ich konnte mich nicht bewegen. Dann rutschte eine Pfote weg, dann hielten auch an der anderen nur noch drei Krallen fest, und als ich mich endlich bewegen konnte, war Jacqui weg. Ich riss die Klappe auf ... er war verschwunden, in dem Wasserwirbel unter der Metallreuse. Dann wachte ich auf ... und in mir war dieses grausige Gefühl des Unwiederbringlichen, wie wenn man erfährt, dass ein Mensch tot ist, und man weiß auf einmal, dass das endgültig ist ... und dann bricht so eine Verzweiflung über einen herein, dass man die Welt nicht mehr versteht oder erträgt ...

Das war alles bevor ich erfuhr, dass Edith seit ein paar Stunden tot war.

Ich glaube, dass sie mich aufgesucht hat und mir mitgeteilt, dass sie will, dass ich mich um meinen Vater bemühe, weil er das Liebste verloren hatte (Jacqui im Kanal in der Übersetzung meines Unterbewusstseins) und im Schock sei, und die Erinnerungen von meinem Vater waren dazu gedacht, mich daran zu erinnern, dass er auch gute Seiten hatte, und dass ich ihm nicht übelnehmen solle, was kommen werde.

Ich fuhr heulend Richtung Velden und rief auch den Psychosozialen Notdienst hat, weil mein Vater ein Gewehr zu Hause hat ... dort riet man mir, die Polizei zu verständigen. Dann hob mein Vater das Telefon ab, und als ich mit ihm reden wollte, beschimpfte er mich aufs Gemeinste und Grausamste, ich sei Schuld an allem, und dass ich nie kommen brauchte, er würde mich nie auch nur in den Garten lassen ... Da legte ich auf.

Ich habe Edith vermutlich lieber gehabt als er. Ich rief die Polizei an, und später erfuhr ich, dass sie das Kriseninterventionsteam des Roten Kreuzes zu ihm geschickt haben ....

Ich weiß, wie schrecklich das jetzt ist ... das große Haus, der Riesengarten, Edith überall, der Bungalow, aber sie ist tot. Das wird er nicht verkraften und auch nicht verkraften wollen.

Und ich hatte angenommen, dass wir einander da durchhelfen werden, aber sein Hass richtet sich wie seit meiner Kindheit gegen mich. Und ich kann da nichts machen. Die Polizei nahm ihm seine Waffe weg, und ich redete telefonisch mit der Krisentante, aber die meinte, es sei eh alles okay, er klinge vernünftig. Ich sagte ihr, dass sie ihm kein Wort glauben dürfe, und ich beschrieb alles Mögliche ... ich will, dass er in geschlossene Betreuung kommt ... diese Leute würden ihn wirklich in der ersten Nacht allein lassen. Ich wäre total bereit gewesen, bei ihm zu bleiben, aber das will er nicht. Kann sein, dass er absichtlich so gemein zu mir war, damit ich wegbleibe, damit er sich erschießen kann und den Hund. Aber er hat nicht damit gerechnet, dass ich eingreifen.

Und hier das Perverseste von allem:

Ich weiß nicht, ob es richtig war, ihn daran zu hindern, sich das Leben zu nehmen. Ich kann nicht mehr Autofahren, weil er erblindet, er ist psychisch völlig fertig und kann sich vor Abnutzung kaum noch rühren ... und nun muss er mit vollem Bewusstsein (nicht dement!) mitbekommen, dass er allein ist ....

Ich bin jetzt gerade in Griffen und warte bis 20 Uhr, wo ich die Krisentante anrufen soll. Aber ich weiß einfach nicht, ob es richtig war, meinem verzweifelten Vater, der mich bis aufs Blut hasst und sonst niemanden hat, das Leben zu erhalten. Und ich glaube außerdem, dass er vielleicht irgendwie anders aus dem Leben scheiden wird ... auch wenn sein geliebtes Gewehr weg ist.

Ediths Vater hatte sich im Altersheim vor ein paar Jahren erschossen, weil er nicht dement dahinvegetieren wollte. Und weißt du was? Ich verstehe das. Ich würde auch niemals ein Dahinvegetieren wollen. Ich würde mein Leben auch beenden, wenn's nicht mehr ein richtiges Leben ist.

Vermutlich ist es jetzt halt so, dass es "interessant" sein wird, was noch kommt.

Ich musste meiner dementen Mutter, die total angreifbar ist, auch die Nachricht überbringen ... gerade, wo sie sich ein bisschen fröhlich gefühlt hatte. Denn wenn mein Vater sie in seinem Schmerz anruft und sie weiß von nichts ... nicht auszudenken. Es klingt jetzt so scheißzynisch, aber als sie mir im Gespräch irgendwann fragte, "Du, die Edith ist ja schon gestorben, oder?" war ich fast erleichtert, dass sie dement ist.

Allerdings wurde mir heute so bitter klar, dass auch mein Leben eigentlich total im Arsch ist. Und im Grunde kann man nur noch jeden Tag für Tag leben ... ich weiß nicht, was ich machen soll, meinen Vater betreffend. Hoffe sehr auf Rat von den Krisenleuten und von wer weiß wem. Ich weiß nicht, wer diese "Bekannten" sind, von denen er gestern immer redete, und ich könnte mir in den Arsch treten, dass ich nicht gefragt habe.

Ich habe der Polizei - mein Vater wohnt in derselben Straße wo der Polizeiposten ist - die Story genau erzählt, weil die kennen ihn ja alle, und ich kann nur hoffen, dass meine Weißdornherztropfen mir jetzt helfen.

Was ich wollen soll ... ich weiß nicht.

Ich bin selber noch so daneben wegen Bob, und nun will ich, dass mein fast 80-jähriger Vater nach dem plötzlichen Tod seiner Frau (72) einfach so weiterlebt?

Was bin ich eigentlich für ein Idiot ...

Es ist schon sehr unfassbar, dass Edith nicht mehr unter uns Mortals ist. Ich kann mir nicht helfen ... mir kommt's schon wieder wie eine Art Verrat vor.

Natürlich habe ich ja immer gern "Signs", wie du weißt ...

Vor dem Besuch bei meiner Mutter ging ich mit Jacqui auf eine ***Wiese****, und dort, am Wiesenweg, stand eine* ***Kerze****.* ***Eine kleine rote Kerze mit einem weißen Docht*** *- aber es war eine Elektrokerze.*

Ringsumher nichts sonst. Nur diese Kerze und ich. Ich dachte, dass das als Zeichen genügen muss.

(Note: I found an **electric candle in the middle of a meadow** on the day of Edith's death**!)**

The photo I took looks surreal, because of the blown-out sky …

Und nun das weirdeste: Die Form dieser Kerze, das Rot und das Weiß und überhaupt dieses Fragile und seltsam Klare, weil Plastik - das war die perfekte Transkription dieses schönen hellen Zweitongeräusches, ein Läuten, irgendwie, das ich in der Nacht gehört hatte. Ich weiß genau, dass das Edith war ... mit dem Geräusch, dem Klopfen und den Bildern meines Vaters in jüngeren Jahren von Szenen, die sie mit ihm erlebt hat. Ich hatte ja den ganzen Abend so total intensiven Kontakt mit ihr.

Live on, Edith, du warst eine schöne Frau mit dem sanftesten Lächeln ever. Allerdings hat sie auch so viel durchgemacht in ihrem Leben, totaler Kollaps nach Zeckenbiss, als die Operngesang studierte, musste alles wieder lernen, auch Reden, ihre Mutter hasste sie ... und dann die Ehe mit meinem Vater. Edith und ich haben uns total gern gehabt, aber wegen meinem Vater konnten wir nie richtig Kontakt haben.

Was für eine Kacke ... alles zusammen. Mir hilft nur der Gedanke, dass das Leben nach dem Ablegen des Körpers ja viel besser weitergeht ... bin sicher, dass Edith da jetzt ganz baff ist. Besonders über die Leute, die sie da trifft und ihren geliebten Hund Gipsy und meinen Bruder und ihren Vater ...

Und mein Vater soll hier weiter leiden? Ich weiß schon, dass wir alle einen Weg haben ... momentan schaut die Richtung "voran" aber diffus aus wie schon lange nicht. Weiß nicht, wie viel man so derpacken kann von so stuff ...

"

No way I can do funeral and stuff. My father wouldn't want me there anyway. All feels entirely desolate and horrible. (I'd really like to know how Edith felt when she realized that life goes on after leaving that hurting broken body behind.)

(**Note: The dream from October 26 … kind of makes sense suddenly:**

"I had a horrible **dream** about my father, who was meaner to me than even in real life, but I stole his car, which was devastating to him … and there was a woman and some underground city and maybe my maternal grandmother … there was a race, and I somehow got my father's car … I had to get to a place in time, and somehow my father wanted to hinder me … maybe I also had a car, it's unclear now what that dream all entailed … but the meanness and hatefulness of my father toward me were clear."

It was about my father … driving, the woman, a dead woman, time running out, my father being so hateful to me … Yes. I had kind of dreamed what would happen later.

(Later)

I waited until 8 pm and then called the Red Cross Crisis Intervention lady with who I had talked before, K. K., and she said that my father had claimed that he had never called me yesterday! I had called him! He had never said that he'd kill himself! He had never cried! And she believed him! I was so shocked! She said literally that my father is clear and not at all suicidal! And: He doesn't want me anywhere near, will have some person to take care of his stuff, and I'm not allowed to go to the funeral. It's exactly like it always was, and I'm really happy that Edith knows now how everything is. My father is mentally entirely broken, turning everything around, and that was already a huge problem in my childhood and drove my mother crazy, and Edith too: He would simply turn things around and describe things the way he wanted them to be. He would never take responsibility for anything … I think my father is a pathological narcissist. He is the victim here, in his mind, too. I'm almost sure now that maybe he'll even be more angry at Edith than sad. I have no idea what will happen. But that short moment of closeness between us was only meant to happen on the phone, yesterday. Where he cried and asked me for help and tried to even say goodbye, or maybe just threatened and needed attention in his fear and pain. I'm not angry at him. I feel so very sorry for him. And I feel sorry for our entire family about the fuckedupness of our mortal lives.

I almost hope for him that his mortal life be over soon, so that he'll be relieved of his sufferings. He is suffering greatly. But I'm not sure anymore that his mind even "knows". Edith know now what was true about his stories … about his shortcomings and longings, and I hope she'll help me, too.

But more than anything I wish for her to be well and happy and move on to be the wonderful creature she really always was. My father didn't treat her well, he abused her in many ways, lacking empathy for her or for anyone. But she was a forgiving loyal woman who hid her despair (no more details here) … they were a "match" made in hell.

The crisis intervention woman didn't even doubt what my father said! How can that be? How can that be a psychologist? What if my father kills himself tonight?

(Later)

I lit a candle, briefly, and stepped outside into the night with it. But then I felt I had to blow it out. I know that Edith is in the process of adjusting. I've been listening to a talk by **Dr. med. Matthias Girke** on **Thanatos**.tv about near death experiences, very helpful … soothing to me. *And while he talked about how people can be prepared for the afterlife or at least for peaceful passing just by mentioning the possibility of life after death and similar themes* … Oh, he just said that there are people who feel entirely healthy but are physically totally sick. Very interesting … so I realized during his talk two things: In spring, when ***Edith*** was so sick and had her operation in her abdomen, geez, I had all forgotten about that, I had ***told her about how I communicate with Bob and how I know there is an afterlife.*** I remember her sitting there, with her book, chewing her anti-smoking-gum and listening with her typical interested soft slightly smiley glance … and she nodded. But then she said something along the lines that she doesn't really believe it. Still, it was good that I put that seed out when I did.

And I realized something else.

No matter what the Red Cross person thinks about what my father said and what she believes is true … it was good of me to alert the police that lead to the crisis intervention, because that way **my father was not alone today.** Maybe Edith already had a spiritual input in his decision to call me in the first place, she was in and out of consciousness since she was brought to the hospital. So she may have influenced him to call me. I will never forget him crying and his voice breaking when he asked me if I could drive him to the hospital today. This was one of the most emotionally intense moments of my life. He was … I think, really him, in a way, then. I think in a way he wants me close. But then he retreats … mentally, somehow. And his psychotic persona takes over. It must have been like that for decades. Edith could do nothing to improve their situation, she could only try to get out it, and she was in hospitals and on operating tables for more than fifteen years pretty much non-stop. So today … she maybe had had a collaborator in me to **make sure he'd be taken care of.** And he was.

Not by me, as I had imagined. But in a way by me nonetheless … indirectly.

He had the best possible (!) treatment in such a situation that few people have. I think I fulfilled Edith's wish. I think I did right. He felt heard, he could talk to the intervention folks and cry and say whatever he wanted, he was not alone. He didn't want me to be there. He didn't even tell his friends, I don't think, because he went to the hospital all alone by taxi this morning. What a feat. What a situation. Getting the call. Dressing. Pulling oneself together. I had made him promise to call me anytime. Of course he didn't. He called a taxi. My heart really brakes for him … But at least, when I think that the crisis team was with him for hours, which they were, that makes me feel a little better. He was not alone on the most horrible day of his life.

The downside: As it got dark, the team left. He was alone suddenly. In the evening. For the night. He is alone now. And I can't call him. I don't know what that would cause. I don't know if I'm supposed to. I know nothing. The crisis lady said I better not call him. She says that he'll make it through the night. I don't know how a suicidal person who has lost the center and anchor of his life will make it through the first night after the death of the person who had lived with him in the house for decades. If his life is over, I guess, then … I'm not supposed to intervene anymore.

Sunday, November 8, 2020 – **First Day Without Edith & Ball of Wool**

Such a strange and surreal idea that Edith is gone … I had to force myself tonight to not imagine what my father was going through there, alone in the big house, with Edith's presence being still everywhere. And she won't return ever.

I later thought that the first days are like a fog, anyway. But later …

I called the Red Cross helper, Karin, and talked to her again. She told me that my father's caretaker wouldn't call me because my father didn't want him to. That is so outrageous … I also am not even allowed who the caretaker is!

I took a long walk, and then I wrote a whole long letter to the caretaker and copied Edith's and my email-exchange from the last year and sent it to Karin for her to move on to the caretaker. Turns out she lives close to my father's, strangely. Has a website, easy to find.

I watched a ton of **near-death-experience video**s … and I will continue doing that. Along with some science about what death really is.

A **woman** (Flor Sch.) reminded me so much of Edith … another **woman** (Manuela F.) one shared a near-death experience of which I had the feeling that this was very close to what Edith experienced during her transition … I don't think it's a coincidence that those speakers came to my awareness today …

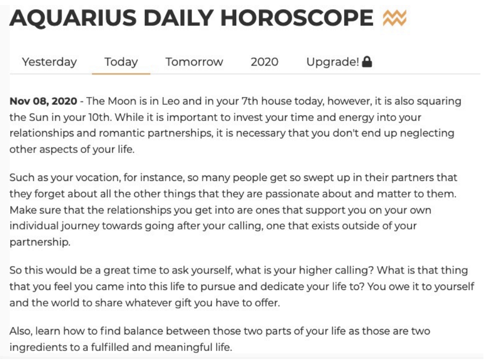
FREIBURG IM BREISGAU

„Es war, wie wenn der Himmel Liebe ausschüttet!" | Flor Schmidt im Gespräch

One guy, who supposedly was dead for five (!) hours mentioned that **the Russian expression for "human being"** ("Mensch" in German) is, translated, "Gesicht der Ewigkeit", "**Face of Eternity**".

wunder heute.tv

Mehr als ein Nahtoderlebnis: Ich war 5 Stunden tot, war im Himmel und wurde mit einem Auftrag ...


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE ♒

Nov 08, 2020 - The Moon is in Leo and in your 7th house today, however, it is also squaring the Sun in your 10th. While it is important to invest your time and energy into your relationships and romantic partnerships, it is necessary that you don't end up neglecting other aspects of your life.

Such as your vocation, for instance, so many people get so swept up in their partners that they forget about all the other things that they are passionate about and matter to them. Make sure that the relationships you get into are ones that support you on your own individual journey towards going after your calling, one that exists outside of your partnership.

So this would be a great time to ask yourself, what is your higher calling? What is that thing that you feel you came into this life to pursue and dedicate your life to? You owe it to yourself and the world to share whatever gift you have to offer.

Also, learn how to find balance between those two parts of your life as those are two ingredients to a fulfilled and meaningful life.

How's that for pep talk!? I've been able to entirely recall facial expressions of Edith and of most deceased folks I've been thinking about … and I do feel that the ability to "be them" has something to do with being able to connect with them. It's absolutely not like some moral idiots want us to believe: ***The outward appearance does count spiritually! I mean "face of eternity"***, a face is something you must see and memorize to "use" it in order to communicate with other humans.

Asked Bob to put something into my hand: A **ball of wool** immediately appeared. I said to myself, well, it's strange and also kind of close to my mind, but I won't reject it, as it happened spontaneously and naturally.

Thinking of Edith all the time, imagining her, sometimes I'm successful, at other times I can't remember her face really.

Talked to the dementia expert who I had consulted about my mother. She was very helpful. Said I had done a lot and enough, except on the private level I should try (and call again), but my father seems to be in okay hands right now. Can't get over the fact that he called me on Friday, though.

November 10, 2020 – **Grandpa Franz, a Cube & Cheesecake Wool Ball! Message from Edith!**

Last night I watched a ton of *near-death videos* and some audience readings by a medium. Helps me a lot.

Thinking of Edith a lot … trying not to recall her suffering, putting love and light in her way. She knows now that I really liked her, always.

Then I lay down in bed … and just after a few moments, the ***face of my grandfather Franz***, my father's father popped up in front of my inner eyes, smiling with glasses, young and healthy! Wow! I have never ever had any contact with him later nor thought of him. But there he was, **grandpa Franz!** And I then saw him ***hold Edith around her shoulders,*** *a smiling gorgeous Edith!* Of course I may have imagined that, but it totally happened by itself!

Today … thinking of my father, trying not to imagine his despair, I'm more worried about my own. I'm scared of his abusive angry ways. He won't be any different than he always was, and it feels like Edith herself is warning me to take care of my self and choose my steps! ***She said it to me, literally, in a way …*** I'll explain:

Cold fog everywhere. Thinking of calling my father … just can't. A few jobs. Trying to only see nice images of Edith.

Went for a walk on *treehouse field*, with Jacqui … a new path. Nice, the cold air.

Asked Bob to ***put something in my hand again:*** a **cube** immediately appeared, no special material or color. Just a **cube**.

Spontaneously I decided to drive shopping to Völkermarkt. On the *Penny-parking lot* I mustered enough courage to call my father, it was about 12.30 pm. To my surprise, ***a female voice came on*** … and it took me a few moments to realize that **it was Edith! She asked to call her number or leave a voicemail! I was so touched!** Now I also could remember Edith's voice, haven't been able really in the last days. *And that she was the one I reached instead of my father, seemed to have really significance.* It was so sad, too, but I distracted myself from falling into grief …

So at the store, I turned into an aisle where I had to business … and suddenly I found myself standing in front of a single (!) **ball of wool,** and it read "**Cheesecake**". Jesus Christ! The ball of wool!

Wendy
Strickwolle Cheesecake

Wendy
Freude am Stricken
Strickwolle Cheesecake

The cheesecake I had been given into my hand the other day! Here were both together! And I had just "r**eceived" a ball of wool** *(in my hand)* **yesterday!** And **two pieces of cake**, too, from my neighbor friend Inge … she gave them to me along with cookies. However, I won't eat them, they seem like thawed and don't smell or taste nice.

Edith was a master baker and cook … and I hope she knows now how much I appreciate all she did and was.

But the odds that anyone would find **a cheesecake ball of wool** … impossible. That's "them" talking to me!

(***Note*** *Nov. 15: Here is a cute aspect regarding those pieces of cake that didn't taste good and that I had to throw away, actually. On October 25 I found a* ***square stone*** *on the path to the elderberries rock … and it looked like a piece of cake, I thought! And true –* ***that's what the strange pieces looked like,*** *that I had to throw away!*

Back home I called my mother, she was fine.

Then, phone already in hand, I called my father. This time he picked up … and when I said who I was, his voice turned totally dark. "What?" he barked. I asked how I could help. He began to yell at me in the most rude and hateful aggressive way and said that he would never forgive me for what I'd "done to him just five hours after Edith was dead" (Ich verzeihe dir das nie, was du mir angetan hast, nicht einmal fünf Stunden war Edith tot …"). I asked what that was, and he shouted "Du hast mir die

Polizei an den Hals gehetzt"! Meaning I had ushered the police towards him as if he was a criminal. When I tried to explain, he shouted that that was it and hung up. Then the voicemail, when I tried again.

No insight, no understanding or realization that I had tried to help. I could almost hear Edith sigh, she knew that all too well.

Even with my mother I could talk about how abusive my father is, and my mother (!) warned me to not try and help him, he wouldn't have it, he is still a psychotic prick.

I understand his grief, but I also understand my grief. So I immediately wrote a letter in **big letters** for him with the main things I have to say to him and rushed to the post office to send it off. It's important that he gets it tomorrow, it's a hard time for him.

I hope he'll come around and let me be his friend.

Edith will have to help. They all will.

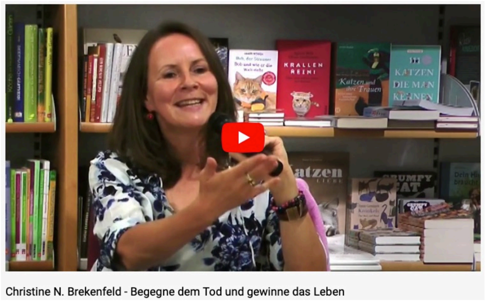
Today a guy (Ulrich Staar) called me through a reference by Manuela, and wanted to talk about Hawaiian culture, as he is part of the "Halemua", some Hawaiian cultural thing in Germany and Austria. I was kind of taken aback … I don't think I want to hear anything about Hawaii. I told him I'll send him the DVD, and "pau".

It's so odd to be reminded of Maui and Hawaii and Bob today … TODAY. It's a fucked up time.

Joe Biden is now president of the USA. Geez.

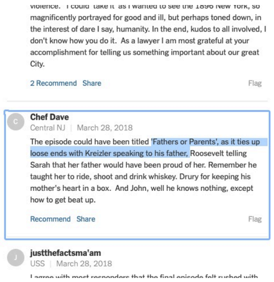
I watched videos on Thanatos.tv to remind me that life after death is real, Werner Huemer has made a book out of his video channel, entitled **"Der Tod – Tor zum Leben", "Death – Gateway to Life"**, and that's just beautiful.

In one interview I saw a cat in the background … (and that prompted me to watch the movie "A Street Cat Named Bob", and it gave me a lot of "greetings" …)


Christine N. Brekenfeld - Begegne dem Tod und gewinne das Leben

Interestingly, I checked out the one series that I've noticed a while ago, **"The Alienist"** (the patients with mental illnesses were called "aliens"). But it didn't appeal to me at all. So I read up on the plot … and there: It's among other aspects about the disturbed relationship between a doctor and … his father.

'The Alienist' Series F
Recap: 'His Awful M

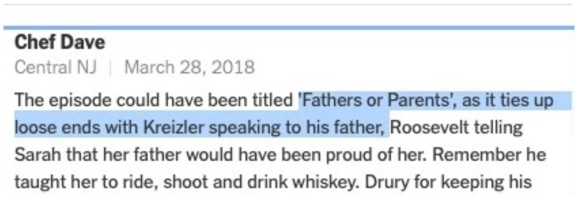

violence. I could 'take it' as I wanted to see the 1896 New York, so magnificently portrayed for good and ill, but perhaps toned down, in the interest of dare I say, humanity. In the end, kudos to all involved, I don't know how you do it. As a lawyer I am most grateful at your accomplishment for telling us something important about our great City.

Chef Dave
Central NJ | March 28, 2018

The episode could have been titled 'Fathers or Parents', as it ties up loose ends with Kreizler speaking to his father, Roosevelt telling Sarah that her father would have been proud of her. Remember he taught her to ride, shoot and drink whiskey. Drury for keeping his mother's heart in a box. And John, well he knows nothing, except how to get beat up.

justthefactsma'am
USS | March 28, 2018

I agree with most responders that the final episode felt rushed with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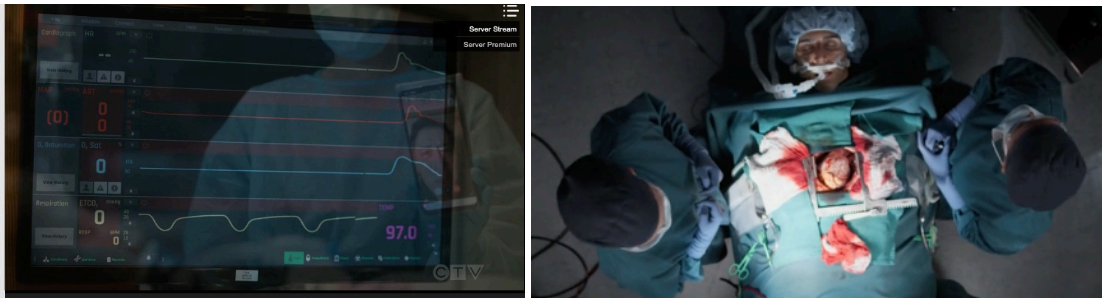
Talk about how I can relate. I'm reading about narcissist fathers, now … well, I've had my share of experiences how they project frustration on their children who they blame for … well, everything, and how they get abused in so many ways. He is the victim of his upbringing, though. And not even my grandparents are to blame, they were victims of warfare … by authorities. Like the ones that have been ruining mankind for millennia now. Oh I wish I had superpowers!

Also I noticed that **"The Good Doctor Season 4"** has started and watched the first two episodes online … all about "Corona" … so many people dying … the **situation in Edith's hospital room where she died** manifold in front of my very eyes … I don't know if my father was with her when she passed. I have been thinking, though, in the last days, that my feeling tells me that Edith died in peace … ***she wanted to have her peace and quiet for a long time*** … and lying there at the hospital, dying, she had her peace and quiet. That's my impression.



The body is a machine. It works, and then it doesn't.

November 11, 2020 – **Message from Edith: the Red Grapes**

Today, taking a walk with Jacqui, I felt so very close to Edith … rather I had the feeling she was closeby and walking with me, along with her (also dead) dog Gipsy. I even threw a treat out for Gipsy … and when Jacqui got it I imagined it was Gipsy who ate it. I realized that I was not sad today about Edith's death, and that when keeping my thoughts right and not thinking about her suffering and my and my father's loss, I could kind of feel that she was happy and fine. I am sad about my father, though … the way he had yelled at me yesterday, so bitter. I had realized that I could not expect any normal behavior from him … and late at night I had woken up with the realization that my father's behavior had always been somehow "off" …

Walking along the Griffen lake I did something spontaneously: I stretched my right hand out and asked Edith to "put something inside" (like I had done with Bob so often … and like I had "received" the "ball of wool" two days ago, right after the "cheesecake" the other day and then had stood facing the ball of wool with the label "cheesecake" in the store yesterday) … and immediately in an instant, I felt red grapes in my hand! **Red grapes!** I was baffled. I thought about the fact that I know that **grapes**, in many cultures, **are symbols of thoughts** … so I thought, well, could be my thinking, but then, I hadn't thought about that in a long time, it was part of my work on my book "We Creators" and on the Hawaii documentary …

So I forgot about it, soon after.

Later in the evening, I felt the urge again to watch near death experiences online, … I saw a **"lit stone"** in the background in one interview …

thanatos tv
Heilen und Hellsehen nach einer Nahtoderfah...
Später ans.

Martina Mikoleizig Tatsch ist als Heilerin und Hellseherin täti

HUMOR IN NAHTODERFAHRUNGEN I HUMOR IM JENSEITS?

12. März 2020

… and on **Thanatos.tv** a video about "**humor in near death experiences**" with stories by **Joachim Nicolay** attracted my attention. I started to watch it … kind of sweet, and I had to think how many curious experiences with Bob that made me laugh out loud I have to share already … and that I want to contact that man who gave that talk, Joachim Nicolay, after I get this part of the C. D. finalized … and then it happened, at about minute 28: *He shared a story about* – **red grapes!** I literally sat stunned sh*tless. Never ever have I heard or read about red grapes. And there they were, just a few hours after Edith had put them into my hand!

*It's the experience of an Italian woman from the year 1952 in Rome … it involves the food situation after the war. They could buy green grapes, **but not red grapes**, said the narrator. Then: The daughter had asked her mother a few days before her death, whether she wished for something special. The mother always shook her head, no, she wanted nothing. The daughter suggested grapes, as there were nice bunches on display in the stores. The mother finally accepted, but she wanted red grapes. It was around February 20th, red local grapes were not traded at all. The daughter couldn't find any red grapes and tried to persuade her mother to accept white grapes. The mother insisted on red ones. Why, asked the daughter. Just because, said the mother. Five to six days after the mother's death, a cousin who had been close to her, visited the daughter with a message. She had dreamed of the mother – who had shown her a beautiful red grape bunch and said to bring it to the daughter.*

What a beautiful story … the narrator ends: **"a gift from a deceased woman".**

And probably a gift from **Edith** to me, too. And a message.

I do think that it was Bob who has used our trained method of "putting things into my hand" to give me a message from Edith. Wow, this feels just so real and normal. I so wish that I could share this with my father. I hope he'll dream of her and realize that she wants him to make amends with him. I don't want him to suffer.

And I just recently walked by a ***fence with red grapes*** … and I ate some, they were delicious. And I walked by two other fences with red grapes in the last days. I love red grapes.

So whoever put the red grapes in my hand had known that I was to hear about red grapes later today!

And for course it makes entire sense to get “**grapes**” just because they are **symbols of thoughts.**

I must continue to keep my thoughts right. I’ve learned that much. Edith was a good person, so I do believe that she is in an advanced state now.

I talked to Edith about her and my father’s behavior during her life time and how she now sees what assholes they had been to me … and that I do honestly want to help my father but will need her intervention. And that I must help little dog Marshall. I must be smart and composed. Sigh.

I also had the impulse to write to Dr. Alice and ask if there was anything she wants to share.

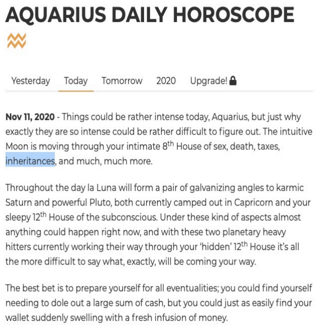
(Later)

I just shared the story with “C” and with Werner H. of Thanatos.tv. And as I pondered upon how that works with “putting things into my hand” I realized that I do have a certain urge combined with emotional excitement that makes me choose a certain moment to stretch out my hand and ask … and that’s when the image is there immediately. I don’t think it would work anytime or many times one after the other. It’s a special state of mind and a special state of connectedness that’s actually based on a very relaxed and very earthly state. No meditative state, no pondering, focusing or conscious relaxing … just being, then following the impulse.

It’s like when I have the feeling that someone is around … then I suddenly get an ***emotional surge*** with *tears, and then I know that someone is really with me,* Bob mostly, but maybe others, too. I just realize that I today shortly before the grapes-incident I did have that **emotional surge,** walking in nature, not really thinking about “the beyond” at all, but about my father and Edith … until I had the impression of a presence and it felt like smiling beautiful Edith, and I even said to myself, “Wow, this means you’re really here!”

And just now, as I had sent the email to Werner H., I had a flashback to Bob saying to me so often “**Talk to the hand!”** in a joking way, and he’d make weird motions with his hands … it was one of the many goofy things we shared … or **“Can you give me a hand!”** and we’d immediately come towards each other with the hands stretched out! *THERE*! So that’s what we are doing now: *“Give me a hand”* and *“Talk to the hand”* as actual tools based on Bob’s and my intense relationship. It’s energetic. Hands are the main energetic tools. Is that why it works? Whoops. I should share that too. It fits to the “Play me … you’re the sun, and I’m the moon, you’re the words and I’m the tune” that has been our original means of communication … and the “tool” that Bob used to get my attention right after his passing ...

I took a look at the TV-series **“Blue Sky”,** and I was kind of amused (a little) to see that it plays in Montana, and there was a pub by the name of “**Dirty Spoon**”. I just found a dirty spoon, recently, actually I found several of them. It was a running gag between Bob and me that I was a waitress at the “Brown Bear” pub in Montana in a previous life. He was some Japanese, I think … we used to play that game and just tell each other about our past lives, of course made the stories up playfully …



Nov 11, 2020 - Things could be rather intense today, Aquarius, but just why exactly they are so intense could be rather difficult to figure out. The intuitive Moon is moving through your intimate 8th House of sex, death, taxes, inheritances, and much, much more.

Throughout the day la Luna will form a pair of galvanizing angles to karmic Saturn and powerful Pluto, both currently camped out in Capricorn and your sleepy 12th House of the subconscious. Under these kind of aspects almost anything could happen right now, and with these two planetary heavy hitters currently working their way through your ‘hidden’ 12th House it’s all the more difficult to say what, exactly, will be coming your way.

The best bet is to prepare yourself for all eventualities; you could find yourself needing to dole out a large sum of cash, but you could just as easily find your wallet suddenly swelling with a fresh infusion of money.

BURGERS SHAKES
ICE CREAM & FRIES
You Kill It! We Grill It!
Dirty SPOON

November 12, 2020 – **MAJOR INSIGHT!**

This day was dedicated to my quest for clarification and truth. I found out, that my father doesn't have trustee or caretaker in the sense of someone having power of attorney. There is a man mentioned who could be it in case of need … I can't explain the details here, it's not part of this work. Just one thing relates.

I was washing my hair and kind of thinking about Bob and how my life with him seems like a movie I once saw, and yet he feels so close, just earlier, I saw him smile, I felt his presence … and of Edith I thought and what she may be up to … and suddenly I was gripped by anger and frustration, and I ranted about how Edith helped create the emotional mess and entanglement of painful falsehood that my father insisted on creating … with the circumstance in his favor and a deranged mind from early on, I supposed … so I said out loud: ***"Of course you fuckers got to stick around, you helped create that mess! Only because you don't have body anymore you aren't out of it! You're still involved, you're only invisible to me."***

And then it hit me:

That's actually fucking true and probably some big ass wisdom, in reality: Dead people stick around **because they have to.** As long as we – they, the invisibles and us, the mortals – don't resolve a matter that we all were instrumental in creating, neither of us is free of it. And that said: There aren't any matters that ever get really resolved, because it's an energetic network, and one incident and development lead to the next, and nothing is ever separate again. That's the paradigm for the obstructed and the unobstructed realms being closely knit – and therefore, they creatures in those realms are connected. Without interruption! So those souls, they aren't free of the earthly matters necessarily! Of course, they act in different dimensions, but I don't think they even can be free of the matters they helped create and that now determine the mortals' life path! And they shouldn't be. So it's **not** really absolutely a **choice** of deceased people's spirits to stick around. I think it's a natural fact that life goes on for them in the mortal realm, too, because their minds and spirits created the situations they must live through, body-owner or not!

There! Ta-daaaa!

At least part of this is totally true, I feel it!

It's like invisibles high-fiving around me.

Edith … you're not going anywhere anytime soon. You may be in paradise, given your life's circumstances, but no, you're not done with earthly matters. Neither are you, Stoneman.

Nope. Nada. Absofuckinglutely not.

Ha!

I felt like a true investigative journalist today, finding out stuff about my father's circumstances, talking with more strangers on the phone than I've talked in a decade.

My father needs my help. I can give it to him. I will try. Interesting, though, that on **June 16**, this year, when he and Edith determined that a total stranger was to help my father in case Edith wasn't around, as put down per notary act, my entry was about "**hihia**", "emotional entanglement", a topic that used to fascinate me a lot in my studies of Hawaiian culture back in the day. That's why it's a major part in the "Regents of Clouds" story, too.

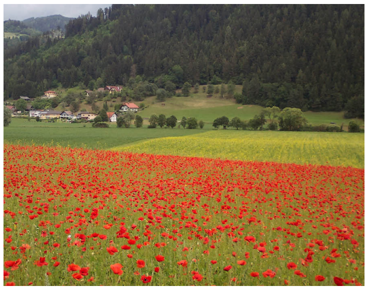
Here is the weirdest part:

In early summer, when I had been at ***lake Turnersee*** a lot and had wandered by those *private beach accesses*, I had noticed, that some of them belonged to restaurants that mostly also rent out rooms. One of them was "***Picej***", I remember the strange name, "***Eckwirt***". And I played out in my mind how I'd just to there to swim and if someone would ask me I'd simply say that someone, I think I made up the name "Matthias" from that restaurant had told me that it was okay to go swimming there. *Now, today I learned that the owner of that restaurant Picej is also the man Edith and my father had chosen to have the power of attorney for my father in case he should become mentally unable.* It's the “trustee of choice”, but he is not in office right now. But what are the odds, that I knew exactly that name from early in summer?! (I actually called the man today, wanting to discuss how to help my father, and he was incredibly rude and cut me off, saying that he “can’t” and “isn’t allowed to” talk to me, by my father, and that I must clarify stuff privately … no way for me to explain that I was worried and that he as the trusted person with access to him was supposed to help. And no way in fucking hell that I’d ever allow that person to take care of my father’s affairs! I sat down and wrote a whole long letter to the notary who had been hired to make that deal and explained the situation in detail and also sent my emails exchange with Edith. I’m doing everything I can to help my father, while the person who is the trusted one doesn’t give a shit. I will send this to the notary tomorrow, when she answers me.

June 16, 2020 – ***Plumeria Flower & “Hihi’a”***

Took a walk with Jacqui, trying to focus on ***nature*** *and the surroundings …*

And yes, the ***clouds*** *“spoke” to me with a very clear “****shark****” … and the* ***entangled plants*** *shouted “****hihia****” which is Hawaiian for “emotional entanglement” …*



The next day, June 17, I was greeted by the ***“ali’i” colors.***

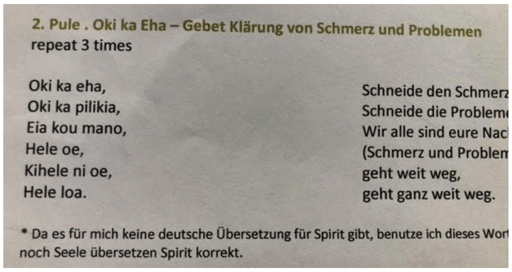
I also told Ulrich Staar, the Hale Mua guy, who asked me if I wanted to contribute to spreading Hawaiian cultural knowledge in Europe, that my documentary series about the true Hawaii of old, is my contribution, of many years of unpaid work and a lot of pain involved.

But then … doing this, I got to live in paradise.

That’s what I should benefit from now, in my mind … from my memories of Bob and Maui and housie and all that we did and were. That’s what memories are for: To keep us sane in times of insane living conditions.

Marshall … alone, abandoned, nobody walks him or talks to him … it makes me so angry to see that, I can’t even fucking express it. I really wish for all the people who are involved in causing this for him to suffer exactly the same: cold, abandonment, fear, loneliness, being held captive with no way to escape. I wish it for them with all my power.

Ulrich sent me a “**pule**”, and a strange version of Hawaiian, it’s for clearing oneself of trauma.



2. Pule . Oki ka Eha – Gebet Klärung von Schmerz und Problemen
repeat 3 times

Oki ka eha,	Schneide den Schmerz
Oki ka pilikia,	Schneide die Problem
Eia kou mano,	Wir alle sind eure Nac
Hele oe,	(Schmerz und Problem
Kihele ni oe,	geht weit weg,
Hele loa.	geht ganz weit weg.

* Da es für mich keine deutsche Übersetzung für Spirit gibt, benutze ich dieses Wort
noch Seele übersetzen Spirit korrekt.

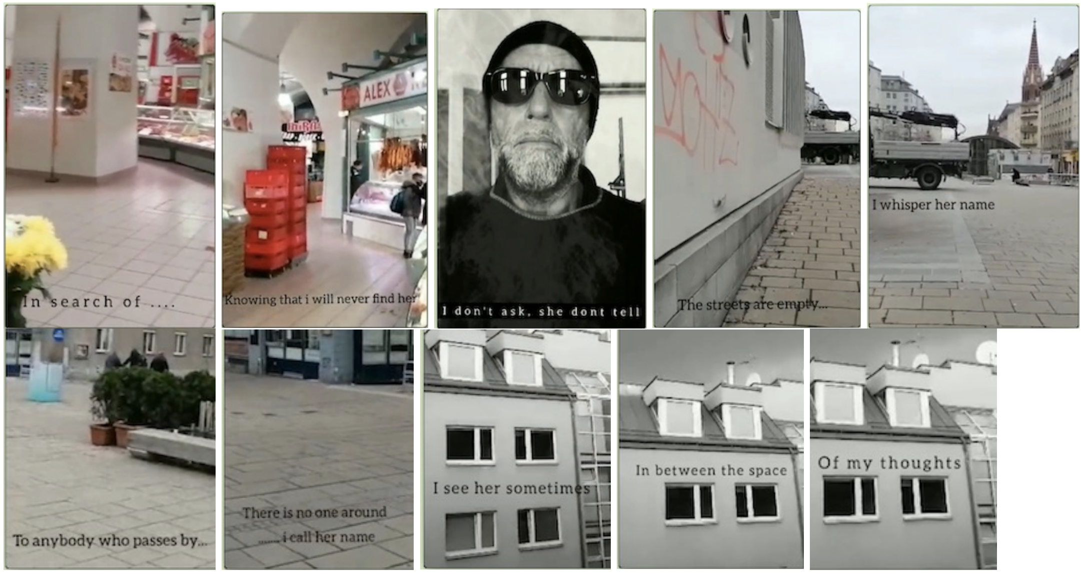
*"Cut the pain, cut the problems …"*But I know "**oki**"-expressions from my research, and it means "sever (by cutting)" like a thread, not "cut" like "cut into" … My Hawaii-docu deals with it, and so does "Regents of Clouds".

It reminded me that I once knew a pule to kill someone, at least, that's what the Hawaiians of old thought the could do. Wow. I can recall it a little, in content, not in words.
Wow!
I just realize that I just recently received an image of the heart content of that "**pule**" … It's already in this contact diary, as imagery relating to an event. I can't tell what it is.
Wow. What does that mean?

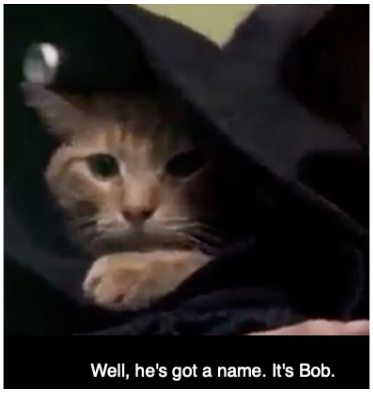
Just realizing that nobody of Bob's family even sent a note on the occasion of his death day, November 4. Well, neither did I in their direction.

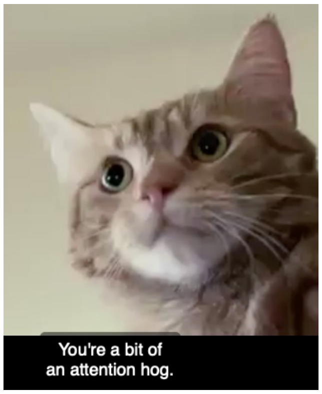
I took a walk with Jacqui and encountered a view that very much expresses "red grapes", too (but those are berries):

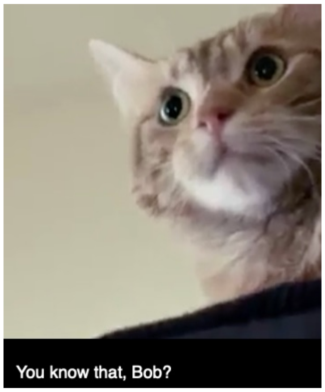
(Later)
Just received a **video** by Eric P., where he wanders Vienna's empty streets, and the text tells about how he calls a woman's name … and sometimes he sees her between his thoughts. Very interesting.

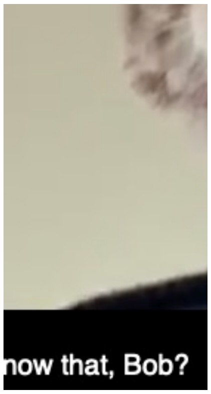

In search of ….
Knowing that i will never find her
I don't ask, she dont tell
The streets are empty...
I whisper her name
To anybody who passes by...
There is no one around
……. i call her name
I see her sometimes
In between the space
Of my thoughts

I just watched partially **“A Street Cat Named Bob”**, inspired by the news that I got today that little Momi has found a very good place with her new owner and is happy. I got a kick out of screen-shooting all the many interesting pieces of dialogue that relate to Bob the cat …

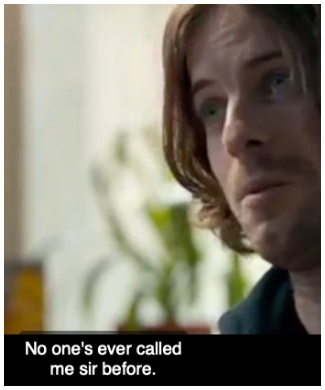

Well, he's got a name. It's Bob.

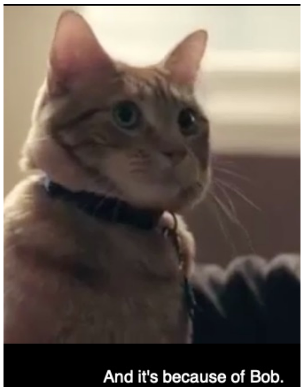

You're a bit of
an attention hog.

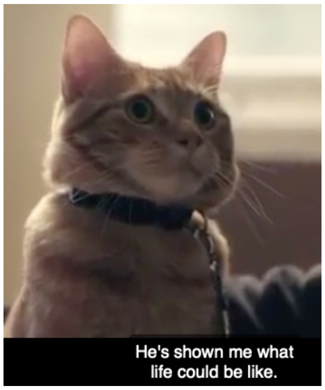

You know that, Bob?


now that, Bob?

Attention … how true. It’s what Bob was craving but tried to hide this desire … He did get some, in the early stages of the “Taylor Camp” production, and I was truly happy for him. But then, when years and years passed and John W. never was satisfied and the production dragged, the short success came with the ultimate toll … Bob’s life. That image of the cat hidden in the clothes, oh yes, that’s my Bob.


No one's ever called
me sir before.


And it's because of Bob.


He's shown me what
life could be like.

Bob made many people feel good about themselves, often undeserved, as he was the trouble shooter for their botched video productions, …

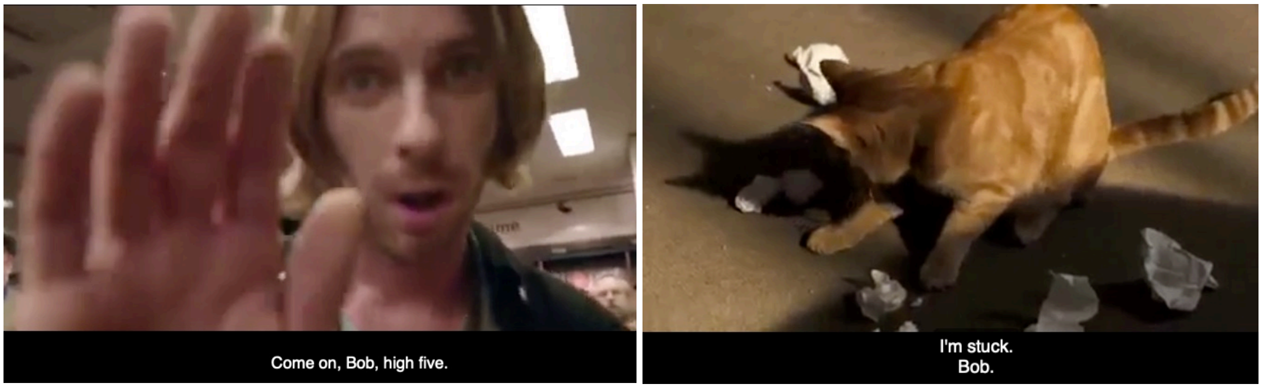
… and they’d get all the credit and he nothing, and often, because he didn’t stand up from himself, he wasn’t even paid .. not properly or not at all. That was the situation when I met Bob … a man who had no idea about audio engineering, the work that Bob had done, got an Emmy and didn’t even include Bob in the submission of a film that Bob had made, entirely, only Bob! I was there. I saw it. And I saw Bob’s suffering, so much wanting to get what was due to him but being unable … due to his upbringing and an involvement in a spiritual movement that sucked the power out of him and made him “humble” in a sickening way.

Yes, **Bob showed me “what life could be like”,** and I’ve shown him. Just that we didn’t get to live it out in this realm. He had to suffer so incredibly, and me too.

Bob being sick and me trying to help him, even that appeared in that movie …

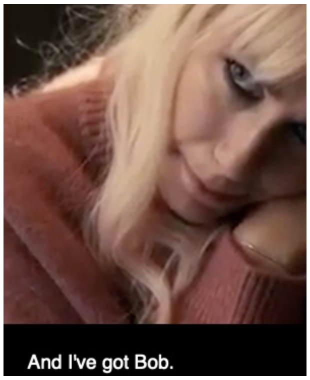
Come on, Bob. Time for your medicine.
This is gonna make you feel better, yeah?
All right. Bob, Bob. Look, look...

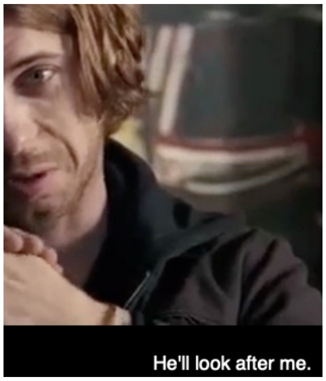
… just dialogues as they also relate to me and my Bob … like the **"High five"** that Bob and I have done several times after his passing. Or just the idea that Bob is there for me, right now.


Come on, Bob, high five.
I'm stuck. Bob.

Also an interesting twist that "Bob the cat" saved a heroin addict, like Sigi was … I'm guessing they both watched the movie with me.

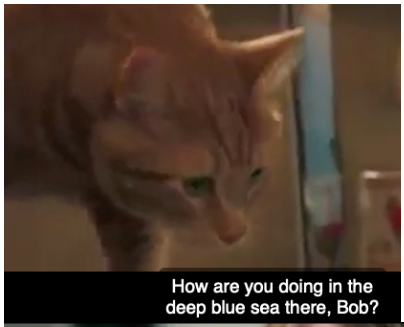
There is something I've been hearing in audience readings by mediums like John Edward recently, they keep saying to the relatives of the deceased that ***"they are looking after you"***, meaning the dead do. What fucking bullshit, I want to scream … they are watching us suffer and make our mistakes, they are not looking after us or helping us! You have horribly suffering relatives with an extremely hard mortal life … so how n the fucking world are the dead doing any good for them?

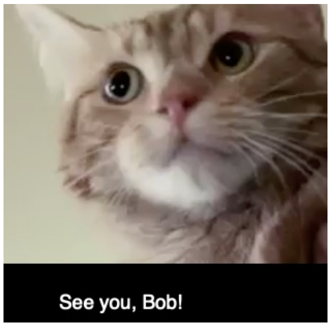

And I've got Bob.


He'll look after me.

Come on, Bob, help me out here.

The answer is, ***they don't***. They are here, I accept that. But they don't look after shit. Unless they are asked to, and then they don't even … because they must respect the free will of the mortals that will bring them to their destiny.


How are you doing in the deep blue sea there, Bob?



'A Street Cat Named Bob' was published in 2012 and became an instant best seller.

His success allowed James to quit busking and selling The Big Issue.
He was also able to leave his supported accommodation and buy a home.

Oh sure, I'll also publish Bob's story!

So strange … after saving his owner James and becoming world-famous, actually even starring in the film himself, ***the cat was hit by a car and died***, actually. It's really like it had to do a job and then was able to graduate and pass over. And that reminded me of my dog **Kimba**, whose death was a major factor in my life since 2001. Al is so very special. And I can't wait to see Kimba again too …

Sigi and Kimba … feels like this is a very current picture.

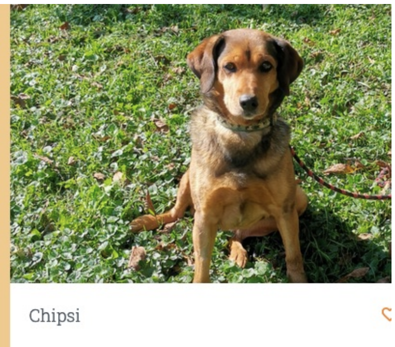
All right.
Say hi to Bob.
Directed towards Edith … I'm sure they are already together.

November 13, 2020 – **Gipsy and Edith**

Wow, I just got another message.

After a very severe disappointing setback regarding trying to connect with my father (the mentally unstable have all the say, obviously), I suddenly felt the urge to google "**animal shelter Wolfsberg**". There is no reason for that. I don't want an animal … First, I looked at cats, thinking of Momi and that, maybe, I could adopt a kitten and help if over the winter … but then, only if I had a new place to live … So I checked out dogs and was surprised that there are no fighting dogs like pitbulls, all regular dogs, and the last dog on the page was a Beagle-German-Shepherd dog mix named: "**Chipsi**".

Tierheim
Wolfsberg



I was a bit surprised, because Edith's and my father's first dog's name was "**Gipsy**", who has been dead for a few years, and it sounds exactly the same for non-English-native-speakers, and I had "felt" the dog along with Edith so closely yesterday … *(Note: I could put pictures of Edith and Gipsy here, but I can't make myself look at any …)*

I felt troubled … after talking with the Red Cross crisis helper of who I had expected by support but who had brushed me off, saying that my father was "fine". She had called him, and he had asked for help with finding someone to speak at Edith's grave, as she wasn't a member of the church. Which totally surprised me, because not long ago she kind of said to me upset that I wasn't going to church … I don't remember in what context. That crisis helper was very hard to talk to, and I was so rejected, feeling that she didn't even really listen to what I was actually asking.

So I went to take a walk with Jacqui around the *treehouse field* … thinking that I must really focus on myself and on doing the right thing … and knowing that there I'd likely find inspiration … And suddenly it became so clear to me that "**Chipsi**" the dog at the shelter was a greeting from ***Edith, who is with her beloved "Gipsy"*** (same pronunciation!) now …! Wow, I didn't react in my apartment staring at the screen. Walking on, I felt inspired, and tit occurred to me that of course I had to contact that one man who is helping my father with his errands and stuff … even though that person had rejected me yesterday rudely on the phone. I would write an email, which will also serve as documentation that I tried everything.

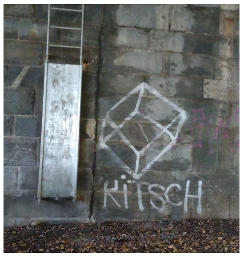
Later I wanted to watch a movie, and the one I chose and glimpsed into it (“Spenser Confidential”), had a **beagle** in it … like Sandy, Edith’s dog (who is still alive, and like Gipsy).

November 14, 2020 – **The Cube Manifested & Inside the Lake & the Upside-down Flowers & the Sleep-Book**

Drove toward Velden … thinking of Edith, and I was asking out loud if the “Play me” method did any good to someone so new in the beyond like Edith. And yes, it’s very strange at times to think of Edith as of a dead person, given that we’ve just emailed a few weeks ago, and I was really expecting to see her often once I’d live in Velden. As soon as I had spoken out that question, a car with the license plate number “**250 DO**” drove by! It rang in my mind “call on her”! Because “250” stands for “calling”, for “phone”, for “communication”, as it’s the first part of Bob’s phone-number, and “DO” I read as “do it!”

Just a few minutes later, “**250 CC**” drove by, which I read as “do as you are doing with Bob”.

I drove to Forestlake, haven’t been there for weeks, although I meant to drive there several times but kept changing my mind … and on the way, under the one bridge, there was the **drawing of a cube**! Immediately I realized that a *“cube” had been “put into my hand”* recently, just four days ago, on November 10! The awareness of the cube was there right away! It has been on that wall under the bridge for a while, I’m sure … I must have seen it many times, but I was never aware of it.



At **Forestlake** – another huge surprise …

The lake is almost without water, ***so it was possible to walk inside the lake!*** I mean … you walk **under and among clams!**

Immediately I thought how interesting that is to see *something that used to be hidden so clearly and even walk inside of it!* ***It must be like that when you're dead*** … you suddenly have access to aspects of the surroundings, of which you may know that they exist while you're alive, but which you simply can't see! It was so uncanny! The views, the impressions, the feelings.
There was one scenario that fascinated me … people being mirrored in the water puddle …***"as above so below"…***

Eventually I stood at a kind of river, and a man on the other side, nice person, talked to me, about how the main tube was going to be renewed, that connects this small lake with the Woerthersee lake … and we talked about the bubbles in the water and what they were … then we literally crossed paths, as both of us traversed that river, but to continue our hikes in opposite directions.

Later … it was strange to drive through **Velden**, recalling how I had done that a week ago, the day Edith had died. And I can't visit my father.

So I visited my mother, who was kind of fine, but she has a hard time walking, I can tell, although she doesn't want to admit it, because of her ailing back. Maybe she needs a new mattress? I'll tell her tomorrow.

I even told her about the ***red grapes story***, and she was open to hearing it … and I kept talking about how we live on after the body has stopped functioning … she seemed interested in the subject, but then said she preferred to not think about anything "heavy" at all and just live her days out in peace and quiet.

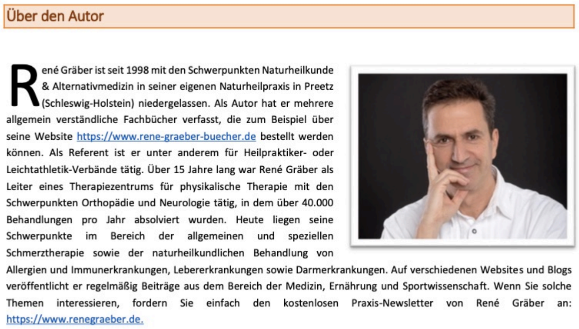
I kept thinking about my father … last night, in bed, I had impressions of him again, younger, laughing, in a good mood … he wasn't always that bitter. The problem is only that he projects all his frustrations on me, and I can't allow this. I can imagine, though, that nobody ever hugged my father, nobody cared about him for such a long time, it was always about Edith's ailings. And yes, she suffered, and I feel so sorry for her … but my father did suffer too, with his emotional shortcomings, just like Bob.

(Later)

My landlady isn't home, and with her the internet WLAN is not working, so I won't watch movies but must work on my contact diary … but I like to at least read something while eating … so I dug out an **e-book I bought, about sleep-therapy, by the wisest doctor on the planet, Dr. Rene Gräber**, …

René Gräber
Naturheilkunde-Experte, bekannt aus vielen Tageszeitungen & Zeitschriften

Besser und gesund Schlafen
Die biologische und naturheilkundliche Behandlung von Schlafstörungen



Über den Autor

René Gräber ist seit 1998 mit den Schwerpunkten Naturheilkunde & Alternativmedizin in seiner eigenen Naturheilpraxis in Preetz (Schleswig-Holstein) niedergelassen. Als Autor hat er mehrere allgemein verständliche Fachbücher verfasst, die zum Beispiel über seine Website https://www.rene-graeber-buecher.de bestellt werden können. Als Referent ist er unter anderem für Heilpraktiker- oder Leichtathletik-Verbände tätig. Über 15 Jahre lang war René Gräber als Leiter eines Therapiezentrums für physikalische Therapie mit den Schwerpunkten Orthopädie und Neurologie tätig, in dem über 40.000 Behandlungen pro Jahr absolviert wurden. Heute liegen seine Schwerpunkte im Bereich der allgemeinen und speziellen Schmerztherapie sowie der naturheilkundlichen Behandlung von Allergien und Immunerkrankungen, Lebererkrankungen sowie Darmerkrankungen. Auf verschiedenen Websites und Blogs veröffentlicht er regelmäßig Beiträge aus dem Bereich der Medizin, Ernährung und Sportwissenschaft. Wenn Sie solche Themen interessieren, fordern Sie einfach den kostenlosen Praxis-Newsletter von René Gräber an: https://www.renegraeber.de.

… and it was very hard to bear to realize how much I did **not** do for Bob in the years when we didn't see each other but when he complained about not being able to sleep every time we talked on the phone. Of course I must wonder why he didn't himself google help … because on one hand I realized, reading in that sleep-booklet, how much could have been done for him … and on the other hand *I totally realized to what extend we really are energetic creatures*. All those functions described, the interrelations with light and magnetism and the Earth itself … **our bodies really and truly are machines.**

I was lead to that booklet today. I really needed to be reminded that we are functioning mechanisms used by spirit. That's what we are. That's what I told my mother today, too.

That's what I must remind myself of. I saw the title of a video yesterday online, but didn't click on it:
"Why we should not mourn the death of a loved one" … I know why not: Because we should rather support and nourish the deceased one with gifts of energy.

I did that today – for the **sheep**, but before they passed over. I noticed a cart before I left for Velden near the gate to the garden. And the two sheep were locked into their den. As I looked over to them, through the garden, they looked over to me, as if they'd expect me to come and free them. Last night and the night before and the night before I had brought them carrots and cooked potatoes and apples and dried bread … and they had waited for me at the exact time I'd come with Jacqui for the evening walk. I even went out twice, also last night, to give them one more treat. So today … I know was our last day. But I told the invisibles that they must receive them when they are killed, as I truly would love to see them again. I projected as much loving light and my heart-energy to the two lovely creatures as I could … that's all I can do, imagining them sleepy and happy and not knowing that someone will come to take their life.

The world is a fucking slaughterhouse. And full of insane critters who rule it. I wish I could rule them all. The world would be a wonderful place … wait, I've already done that, ruled them all … in my "Regents of Clouds" trilogy.

Good bye, sweet sheep, shy as you were, you began to trust us … and now we're betraying your trust in the ultimate fucked up way. I love you, Jacqui does too, thank you for being our friends for a year, we'll meet again.

The landlord and landlady were gone when I returned from visiting my mother … and I couldn't help thinking how incredibly cowardly that is. So they had the sheep hauled away but couldn't stand bearing it and fled? Only to receive their meat later …? (That's what they did last year.)

I did imagine them frolicking on the eternal prairies. That's my thought for them. As I must practice to keep my thoughts right.

I've been sharing pralines and food with Edith. And today at my brother's grave, I suddenly had an input after cutting off the dried flowers that grew there … and impulse that's entirely new to my thinking. *Edith was an avid expert gardener.* So I think it was her who inspired me to cut off the dried heads of some of the flowers and put them upside down on top of the remaining plant, as between the dried stems I could see new buds coming up! **So I covered them with the "warm" dried petals of the old plants to protect them from frost.** Never would I have thought about that myself. It was Edith's doing. I had said to myself earlier looking at plants that Edith just loved her flowers and trees.

We are in contact.

(Later)
My **dreams** … lately … many and intense … can't recall.

I got to mention, too, that **the distinct "knocking" sound at my bedroom window** that I heard in the morning of Edith's death right after the two-tone-ringing sound, has occurred two more times – each time when I was in bed, but awake, thinking of Edith or talking to her. It never occurred before or after. It's not a sound that window "makes", ever. Or any of the other windows. It's the window I a straight line next to my Ouija board that now is adorned with the Maui snail-necklace that I received the day I met Willie K for the first time. One of the days of my life I will never forget.

The only distinct window sounds that happened in this apartment were the ones on the window next to me at my writing place – as a continuation of the distinct sounds of the windows in my Vienna apartment. And they occurred only in the time period described when I had first moved here and when I was talking with Bob and beginning to practice the "sharing".

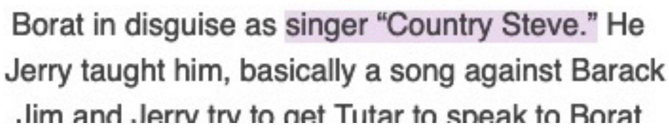
So *I'm sure that those sounds are "made", created by some frequency impact.* They do not happen by chance. They are not related to temperature or material, otherwise I'd hear them all the time under similar conditions.

Especially the last time the knocking sound at the bedroom window occurred (a few days ago, but I neglected to write it down, so I don't know exactly the date) – I was talking or rather mumbling something to Edith, and the sound was so loud and strong, that I shut up right away and remained quiet, gazing into the room with eyes and mouth wide open with bafflement. Even my dog looked up. But all remained quiet, and I haven't heard it since.

I keep saying to "them" though, that I do not want to be spooked or my dog.

(Later)

Reading up on the latest "Borat"-movie I came across a mentioning of a man who Bob cared about very very much … **a country singer by the name of Steve** (whom I gave Bob's beloved guitar). Oh, geez, catapults me right back into my past. Where life seemed to actually … well, happen. Where happiness was possible. And a future with meaning.



Borat in disguise as singer "Country Steve." He
Jerry taught him, basically a song against Barack
Jim and Jerry try to get Tutar to speak to Borat

November 15, 2020 – **The Gambling Cube & Major INSIGHT!**

I feel so sad and worried because of Marshall … nobody ever walks him, and since my landlord told me that he has access to the basement and "has it dry there", I'm afraid they are locking the dog into the basement all the time.

I took a walk with Jacqui to St. Kollmann, so sad, because that's where we went with Marshall, too.

I found a **dead mouse**. (Looking at the picture, I felt deeply touched … seeing the details of that little critter's existence, and the way a leg of the mouse bends a **blade of grass** on the mouse's last resting place – I think it was killed by a cat, but the cat must have been disturbed by passers by and left it there – with two **dew drops** attached to it, was a part of a huge micro cosmos … how dare we, humans, to ever kill any critter … but then, that's what Earth life is all about, creatures killing others to feed on them …)

Walking up to it … I had talked out loud, in English, and recapped my strange experience from many years ago where ***I had felt being drawn out of my body*** while fully awake and standing in the kitchen-living-sleeping-room in "housie" on Maui while Bob had been in the edit room … I remembered it so clearly, how I had been aware that if I didn't fight that I might not ever come back to my body … while my body began to "not belong to me anymore" more intensely with every instant … and I remember grabbing the white painted back of a wooden chair and holding on to it and speaking to me out loud while staring out of the window, saying to myself "I'm staying here … I'm aware, awake, I'm not fainting …"

I thought of calling Bob for help, but I couldn't move … and I had to take all my power to staying "inside of my body", and while this was happening I was aware of that strange pulling force … as if a magnet was trying to pull my consciousness out of my body and out of the house over the "lanai" towards the ocean and the West Maui Mountains …

Also I must say that I had that *"being-pulled-out-of-my-body" experience* one more time, also on Maui, very similar, and it wasn't a matter of illness or blood pressure, because I wasn't sick ever at all, no problems with heat or anything. But that other time I don't recall that there was any connection with any person, but it also happened in the housie and I had to struggle to hang on.

So those were my thoughts before meeting the mouse …

I talked with Edith and with Bob … then I pulled out my phone to call my mother, on the path along the river, and there it was: a **white gambling cube**.

Another cube. This time in 3D. **A real cube**. Another manifestation. I was stunned speechless. And I had that kind of surreal feeling like I always have when something like this happens.

I try not to think about my father … not much I can do right now. I don't want him to suffer, but I also won't give him the opportunity to abuse me, in whatever way. That kind of shit is in the past.

I picked **acorns** for the ***wild pig*** on the way and had brought apple slices. When the pig saw Jacqui and me come along the path, it came galloping (!) down its enclosure to the fence. So touching.

The I saw the **cutest most fragile mushroom** … just standing there. What a miracle, those giant towers from the perspective of an ant.

Didn't hear or see Marshall at all, even though his owners were out when I returned … but it has been several times that I didn't hear him and thought someone was out walking him, and suddenly he burst out into some hoarse barking … he did this morning, freaking out entirely. Things must change for him.

I have realized that I'm afraid of Marshall's owner. But I have to overcome this. I'm not afraid for myself, but simply because of the fact that this sadistic fucker is able to mistreat such a sweet animal like Marshall like this … I haven't seen Marshall from close for a while, but since he is never out, I don't think his body has had a healthy development in the last half year since he wasn't allowed to walk with us anymore.

My heart breaks for the little guy. I so much want to help him. Finding the cube today … kind of gave me hope. Not sure, what kind.

Back to the **"being-pulled-out-of-the-body" experience** one more time … I also recalled exactly how I had met that strange man at a Big Island golf store where Bob and I were shooting a commercial. I remember that man of one of the owners, I think, and I still see him in front of me … how he "felt" so heavy and kind of intensely "familiar" to me. We stood with each other, not talking, for several minutes, and he looked at me so strangely, he was a quiet man … and I liked him. So we did our shoot, and I didn't really talk with the man, I only felt strangely interested in him … on some kind of energetic level.

So a few days after my **"being-pulled-out-of-my-body" experience**, Bob told me, checking his emails, "Wow, Dani, remember XY from the golf shop on the big island? He killed himself on (…)" And immediately I flashed back to my "being-pulled-out-of-my-body" experience when Bob said that, and I knew that this was related to that man taking his own life – around that time when I had experienced that! I told Bob that, and he agreed that it was a strange connection.

So can it be, that somehow, we are "pulled" into someone's dying? I did think many times that maybe I had an aneurism or some breakdown … but I know myself and my body very well, and it wasn't anything like that. It was really me consciously fighting to stay in my body. That's what it was. After hearing so many accounts of near-death-experiences, I'd even say that it was the onset of dying. For whatever reason. Maybe my heart had stopped … I remember "feeling" down my body and realizing that my legs and my torso and even my arms felt "detached" from "me". But I sent all my attention I could muster into my body and into my body-awareness, and I remember saying "no, no, I'm staying" over and over, maybe not out loud, but I think I even struggled to get myself to speak … it was a real struggle, and I got dizzy and nauseous, but I refused to close my eyes, even though I had to force them to stay open.

And suddenly there was some kind of "popping" impression and I was "back" and the dizziness subsided.

It may have been a silent heart attack or a stroke … but there were no signs of any illness or confusion or any inhibition of my physical or mental functions afterwards. I was entirely back to being "me" without aftereffects.

This went through my mind heavily today … and then I found the mouse, and a minute later, the cube.

(Later)

Something else I've realized and am now sure about that was some kind of theory of mine: Since I know exactly certain facial expressions of Edith, I am able to mimic them, not visually, but inside myself I know that "I do like Edith". That way, it's easy to connect with her. I used to only do that with Bob, make the typical Bob-face with a typically slightly pulled down upper lip, and now I can do Edith's typical slightly tilted head position and her soft and patient smile. That makes not only Edith herself pop right up in front of my inner eye, I feel as if I was Edith, in a way.

I've tried that basically with Sigi and with my brother Peter … and it also works!

So the mortals' ability to really pay attention and be aware of another person's physical traits is a major prerequisite for establishing and having spiritual or energetic connections with the dead, in terms of sending energy to them like one can do while having an orgasm or while eating and enjoying the taste and consistency .. and pretty much sharing anything else that's a mortal's experience!

The better we know the looks and habits of a person, the better we can internally mimic and that way reach them when they are in spirit!

I think that this is a major insight in terms of relations with the deceased. And most like it also plays a huge role in telepathic and other energetic connections between mortals, too.

November 16, 2020 – **The Bell, the Saying About the Hand & the Little Feather**

I had a very intense **dream** about a **woman**, kind of pudgy and blond and older, and we were in some kind of hotel setting, I think … and I should have had a love affair with her, but I didn't feel entirely attracted. There was something about a **steep slope**, where I had to go find her, and I think that she was kind of **running** down that slope way too fast and disappeared, in a way, and I couldn't catch her in time … but there was great love between us … and eventually I had to leave for a **trip** or something, and then everything changed, and I had a new impression of myself and of her, and there were other people, in a kind of golden lit setting on top of that slope where there was something like a hotel … and something disgusting happened, too, with that woman … or at least something displeasing that had to do with betrayal … I think I was moving or traveling somewhere and I was supposed to have one more meeting with her … yes, in a **dining room**! But that entire meeting didn't work out … don't remember why, but I know that I realized that I couldn't trust that person. And a man was there, a **tall man**, but he had more to do with me than with her. And then I had to give up that woman, I think she died or disintegrated or disappeared.

Of course this story seems to reflect on Edith's and my relationship and my thoughts … and the woman may have had something Edith-like in the way she was kind of not readable to me, she was kind of elusive and also not truthful …

So maybe I did meet Edith tonight while my body was sleeping …? The dream ended with me knowing that I'd **never see that woman again**, and there was something about a cloth or **clothes** … something involving that woman.

Edith did give me clothes of hers, many years ago. She then had gained a lot of weight (and my father gave her a lot of grief about this) and could never wear her size six or eight anymore. (I keep thinking how hard her life really was; She once told me that her mother had hated her and abused her a lot … but I trust that right now she and her mother are really close and happy.). I miss Edith. I realize that I had really counted on being friends with her again once I'd move to Velden. She had told me about a year ago that she used to come to Griffen a lot with her dog Gipsy and once even with my dog Kimba when he was with her and my father while I was in Hawaii, because she was an accountant and had a client here, and that she went for walks on Schlossberg mountain. I was looking forward to doing that together with her and with Sandy, but my father didn't want us to have contact, and to have peace, she obliged.

It rained today, very cold rain. I kind of liked it. New lock-down by the government from tomorrow on, no contact between strangers, a lot of the commercial enterprises, hotels and restaurants, all must close for several weeks. The country is very divided in terms of the sense of all of this. (None. People should be mass-instructed how to boost their immune system, that's the measure that would be necessary.)

I sent my father a nice condolence letter and a letter to Central Pacific Bank to close my account, kind of heartbreaking, too … then I took a walk on Schlossberg with Jacqui in the rain.

I was talking out loud with Bob and with Edith … and I thought about how I'm reluctant to put out my hand again … but then felt so urged to do it, on the same spot, almost, where I had "received" my cheesecake and ball of wool … and immediately, I hadn't even finished the thought, I had a "**bell**" in my hand. A **small bell, like a toy bell** or a Christmas bell, even like a bell flower … so okay, accepting it.

Then I was wondering "who is with me", and I meant the invisibles … and strangely **a face of a young man** showed up right away who has nothing to do with my personal history, it's a face of my past, when my brother was still alive, we both were teenagers … The face was kind of in black and white with green, and suddenly the word "**Federle**" came to my mind, as that was that young man's nickname, and he had been ***a friend of my brother Peter's!*** I had picked a small feather, a "Federle" in German, from my dog's fur just two days ago … and I had wondered what it was about. It was a small white feather … and today the face of "Federle" appeared …

As I walked down the Schlossberg I talked about that maybe it was my brother Peter who was trying to be in contact with me … but my subconscious is not used to "reading" clues from him, and so maybe he "gave" me "Federle", and it's not about that young man himself, I can't even remember his real name. But it's about my brother expressing himself to my subconscious who would then come up with the closest it can find … So I walked and talked and said **"Das ist nicht von der Hand zu weisen …"** and immediately I was stunned by that expression, *because it did NOT come from me!*This is not an expression I would use, it's high German, nobody says that in colloquial speech and especially not in self-talk … But I immediately realized what I had said! I means in a literal translation "You can't direct it away from the hand" meaning "You can't not grab it" … and it has been about me and my hand and "receiving" messages through it. The content-related English translation would be ***"That cannot be dismissed out of hand."***

November 17, 2020 – **The Bell! The Red Grapes!**

Wow! Dr. Alice called me today and invited me to participate in online workshops about mediumship! The first is already this coming Sunday! I was so happy to hear from her and her dog Lisa! Of course I later shared the stories of the appearances of those things that were "put into my hand" with her, with photos!

I also came across a **strange bright yellow cup** in the creek at the "Oasis of Quiet" where Jacqui and I go often and where we used to go with Marshall … I saw it last time in the same spot, and today I photographed it.

So looking forward to the workshop!

Oh geez … I was focused on editing the part L of this contact diary, sizing the photos and editing, just at the Lana del Rey section … when I suddenly realized ***why** I had "received" a "bell" in my hand yesterday!*

It was because yesterday in the morning my **doorbell** had rung! *And it never does that!* Nobody every rings at my front door bell. The strange thing was, that it was a man who I had met just before, during my morning walk with Jacqui: He walked around and rang at every house's door and offered flyers asking if people wanted "**Bofrost**" (frozen) food products! And as I walked by, he asked me too!

Frische + Genuss tiefgekühlt direkt ins Haus
bofrost

Half an hour later, when I was already back home, he rang the doorbell and wanted to ask me again (I was the only one in the house, have been for days, as my land-people seem to be on holiday, and my young neighbor M. is barely ever here) … and I saw him from close, a man a least as tall as Bob and equally handsome. I opened, and before he could say something I said into his very nice face with gold brown eyes "Wir haben uns schon vorher getroffen.", "We've met before." And it was about "Bofrost" of all things. I just bought a bag of **frozen peas** yesterday, too! (Made rice with peas today.)

And a little later – I had received the "bell" in my hand …

Zumbuddy had told me that they had been right there!?

I also realized earlier something else … since early spring, a **twig of some shrub** has been in a glass jar in my view from where I'm sitting when I'm working of writing … and it turned from just a blooming twig into a twig with green grape-like berries and then those turned into **red grape-like berries**! In German, the word "Traube" – grape – also can be used for any kind of fruits that grow in bunches! So I've been looking at the development of that red "grape" for months, and now these grapes are withering, and I'll be curious if they will create seeds … so suddenly, sitting here, this came to my awareness, too. I even kept speaking to that twig because *it gave me joy, letting me watch the developing of those bright red berries or "grapes" …*

November 18, 2020 – **The Sharp Stone, Dr. Alice & Apport**

Intense **dream** of Bob! So clear, so reality-related! I visited him in **Hawaii**, and there was some kind of low-set house, like on a beach, but with many people in it, a busy place, but with a mellow atmosphere … and somehow Bob was in people's care there. He was to my left, kind of looking by me, and he was wearing something white and light blue, like pajamas, flowing and light, and he looked gaunt but not frustrated or sad, just weak and struggling. I knew, in my and as my dream persona, that Bob was dead-sick like with cancer, but he wasn't dying. There was hope … but he was not treated properly in the setting where he was, it was like some kind of sanctuary or treatment center. He was kind of at home there now, but he had waited for me to find him, and I had.

We both knew that he had not been treated properly, and that he was very weak, and that the people there would never know how to support him properly. I knew in my dream and was so happy about it that he was so happy that I was there because I understood him and knew what he needed. But he never looked directly into my face, and I could see his only from his right side profile, because he kept looking straight ahead. He talked with me, always with a half-smiling face but also breathing with effort, but I don't remember what he said.

Then he walked by me (he was to my left, then walked off to my right) to speak with other people, who where in another part of that house … and it was a given that he'd go there, it was his routine. But I knew in my dream mind that he couldn't wait for me to take him away and really help him.

There was also an **animal**, not Jacqui, but I think a **dog**, maybe white and small, and I had to take care of the animal, too … there was a problem or a conflict related to it … and it kind of was in the way of me being effective and able to go after Bob. Also, I had trouble with **clothing**, I think light clothing that I had brought in a bag and for the life of me I couldn't grab the stuff that I needed to then walk out of that room to find Bob, it was like I was entangled. And strangely, there was an aspect of some kind of "**cruise ship**" that had landed closeby, and there was a **woman** who came from that ship, and she totally interrupted my efforts too! It was like I had to take care of her and advise her and send her on her way and to see the right people … and all the while, Bob was closely, and he was patiently waiting for me to help. I knew where he was and kept an eye on the area, but I couldn't get there! And I felt so close to him but also so impatient, because he had gone to talk to or be talked to those other people, who I couldn't see, but I knew they were there. They meant well, I think, but I also knew that they weren't the ones he needed, he needed me to help and empower and strengthen him … and I was so close to do that, but just couldn't get over there, where he now was, behind that door or wall … where I could hear him, but not reach him … and I had to wait …

Of course that's some kind of reflection of how it really was between us in the last years … but still. Waking up, I had the feeling that Bob needs my help right now. Now, in my mortal "now" … in his "beyond" … so this morning, I immediately shared "hot black" with him as intensely as I could. I have the feeling that since he has chosen to stick around closely, he needs me to supply him with energy. And I've done that for Edith recently.

Maybe that's nuts … but those were my thoughts of today.

(Later)

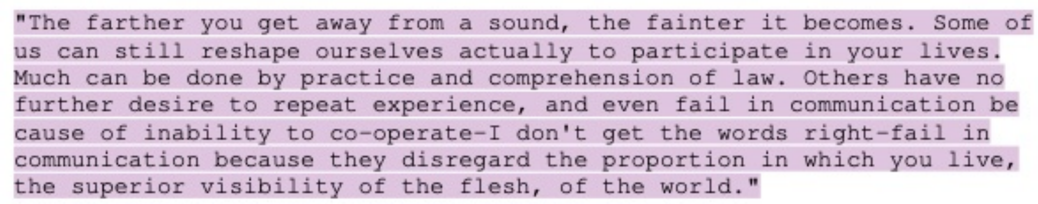
Worked until about 12, then drove off toward the beaver creek path to take a walk with Jacqui. Midway I turned and drove to the **treehouse field**. I walked the reverse direction in a dreary November mood, with smoke rising in places and empty fields.

I realized suddenly that I had to deal with my dream … and as I thought about it, it became pretty clear what it meant, considering that my subconscious is using what it knows to give me Bob's message. ***And there was a definite answer to a definite question in that dream!***

I had asked Bob if he needed help or support and if I was on the right path but must improve my methods, techniques or skills in communicating with him and his realm.

And this is what the dream had told me: Yes, I need support (Bob being so sick), and you are the one to give it to me and I've been waiting for you (I arrived, and he was so happy and I knew I was in the right place), but we can't really get together yet because I'm entangled in the situation in my realm (Bob disappearing to be talked to and talk to other people) and you're getting distracted and occupied by people and things in your realm (my struggle with the clothes, the dog, the woman from the cruise ship), but we are already in the right "place" (we actually met there), and we understand each other (the full and complete feeling that Bob and I were the ones truly connected, even though he had to go be with other people and I got stuck in dealing with other people too!

I mean … that was my dream. And that's what it told me: ***Yes, I must do stuff to learn to deal better with Bob in his invisible state and yes, he needs energetic support because he is close to me.*** Just yesterday I had pulled out an **excerpt** from "The Betty Book" that seemed to fit in the July area of this contact diary (when editing it), but it entirely fits today, too!



"The farther you get away from a sound, the fainter it becomes. Some of
us can still reshape ourselves actually to participate in your lives.
Much can be done by practice and comprehension of law. Others have no
further desire to repeat experience, and even fail in communication be
cause of inability to co-operate-I don't get the words right-fail in
communication because they disregard the proportion in which you live,
the superior visibility of the flesh, of the world."

So then I crossed the street again and took the extended new path and then turned directly onto a field, or actually the border between two fields to walk over to the actual treehouse path where we would end up right next to the treehouse.

And then I saw it: **the wedge shaped white stone with the needle sharp point.**

(In the picture I'm holding the stone towards the treehouse and then towards the end of the road (Remember, Bob's film about the treehouse commune „Taylor Camp", that pretty much cost his life, had originally the subtitle „The end of the road".)

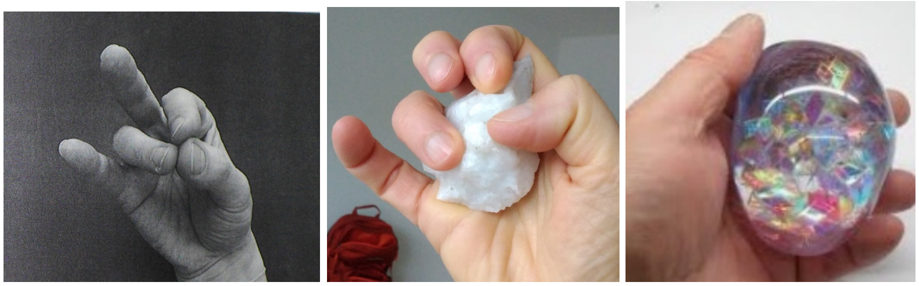
And I took it into my hand and a whole fireworks of thoughts came up holding that stone …

At first I said “Oh yes, you are sharp, Stoneman!” and then stuff like “Oh, now you gave me something real into my hand … or am I supposed to give this to you … into your hand?” poured out of me.

And as I held the stone, I realized that *it fits perfectly into my right hand* (where I’ve been receiving stuff), there is even a small round shape missing at the spot where the stone reaches the pinkie when held in my palm … and I held it and walked, and the thought occurred to me, that maybe that’s an **energetic transmitter,** and I can *use it like an actual message stone*, a real energetic current transmitter **for my heart energy!** In practicing creative imagination one uses inner symbols so that one doesn’t have to recreate the inner image of a desired outcome all the time and instead furnishes the symbol (that’s obtained in a Zen-Koan-like way from the subconscious) with energy, by whatever means that energy is mustered up … so I thought, that amazing stone can be a “symbol” for – the bridge? (That “bridge” word just came to me while writing this down, actually, not on the field.!) Maybe that’s Bob’s answer to my question how I can reach him easier and how we can connect better so that I can send him energy? (Actually I don’t think I need energy, I do think he does.)

Then, of course, I remembered the “***Arkenstone***” that had just crossed my path of awareness … and even a hand holding a stone!

While I was thinking that I thought that this was pretty nuts … but then my fingers did something that I’ve been doing a lot in the last days when my heart was acting up … **I made the “heart mudra”.** It helps me everytime with calming down my heart and stopping the (physical) pain … *and as I did it with the three fingers on the stone, I suddenly had the feeling that something shifted!* The feeling of me on that path in the cold air holding the stone, I was suddenly more “detached” from it, and the stone itself was kind of … not there. I had to tighten my grip to feel it again.



So … I thought, let’s try this out!

I mustered up all my loving heart energy that I could gather while walking and sent it to Bob … and it felt almost sizzling. Then I sent it through my mudra into the white sharp stone …

I had to smile as I felt how through my cold fingers there was a stream going into the white stone …. And because I thought and “knew” that Bob was “holding” it from the other side, I did have the impression that the energy went directly into Bob. I’ve learned how to direct energy many years ago and how to use positive expectations and certainty as energy … and of course loving feelings. It’s really easy for me to create a stream of energy any time … that’s what I felt while on the field.

I’m sure that I’ll receive some kind of message what impact that had had on Bob’s side of the deal.

It was very exciting.

But: I had to stop putting my heart energy into the stone, because suddenly my heart hurt. I stopped, took the stone in a “normal” grip, and my heart felt “clear” and I felt “here” again.

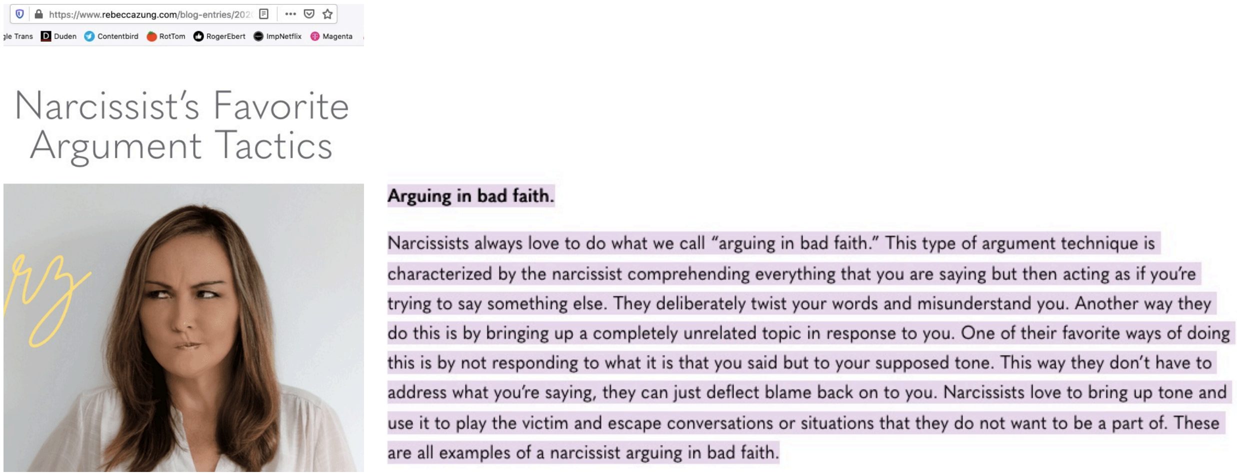
(Writing this I felt a very strange new sensation on my left shoulder … not like a touch, more like pressure of air blowing t=onto me.)

Also, I found a perfect **gourd** on the treehouse field, right after finding the white stone … I'm totally gonna eat that (and Jacqui of course and who ever wants a bite).

(Later)

The narcissist insights …

An interesting aspect of my life suddenly came to play: the realization that my father is a full-blown narcissist with all the described traits and worse, and since Edith's death I've had the guts to read up on it. (I just read a lot of what **Rebecca Zung** published online, and it's like she is talking about my father all the time.)

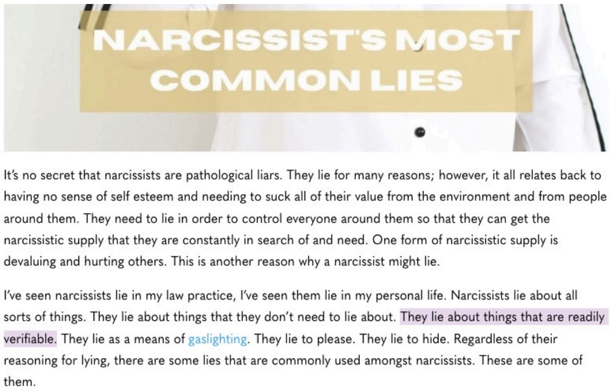


Narcissist's Favorite Argument Tactics

Arguing in bad faith.

Narcissists always love to do what we call "arguing in bad faith." This type of argument technique is characterized by the narcissist comprehending everything that you are saying but then acting as if you're trying to say something else. They deliberately twist your words and misunderstand you. Another way they do this is by bringing up a completely unrelated topic in response to you. One of their favorite ways of doing this is by not responding to what it is that you said but to your supposed tone. This way they don't have to address what you're saying, they can just deflect blame back on to you. Narcissists love to bring up tone and use it to play the victim and escape conversations or situations that they do not want to be a part of. These are all examples of a narcissist arguing in bad faith.

Edith was very selfless and couldn't help but be loyal … reading up on relationships with narcissists absolutely clarifies things for me. I know my father and I can't be friends, he likely has no concept of that.

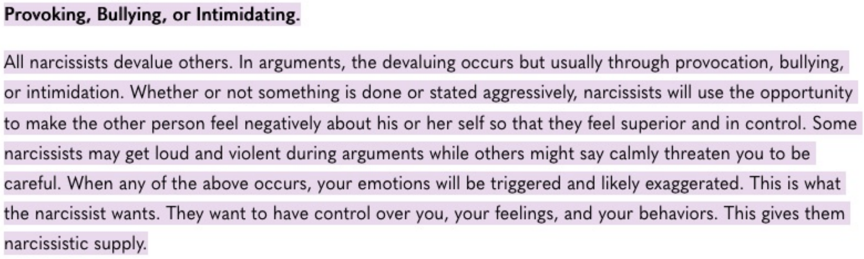


It's no secret that narcissists are pathological liars. They lie for many reasons; however, it all relates back to having no sense of self esteem and needing to suck all of their value from the environment and from people around them. They need to lie in order to control everyone around them so that they can get the narcissistic supply that they are constantly in search of and need. One form of narcissistic supply is devaluing and hurting others. This is another reason why a narcissist might lie.

I've seen narcissists lie in my law practice, I've seen them lie in my personal life. Narcissists lie about all sorts of things. They lie about things that they don't need to lie about. They lie about things that are readily verifiable. They lie as a means of gaslighting. They lie to please. They lie to hide. Regardless of their reasoning for lying, there are some lies that are commonly used amongst narcissists. These are some of them.

All those years and decades … there were events that were so baffling to me in terms of my father twisting and turning events so that he'd tell the opposite of what actually happened, so that it fit into his universe, and he could fool a lot of people, but in reality, he was playing a brutal narcissist game with everyone … but mostly with Edith.

(Although … I remember in winter how much I struggled to stay calm when my father tried to provoke me at every word I said and then insulted Bob in the most malicious way … I looked at him and thought that he was just an old feeble man … and he is, but his bitterness and rudeness … I don't know … maybe I'll have to get over this and try to be close to him now? Currently I'm afraid of calling him.)



Provoking, Bullying, or Intimidating.

All narcissists devalue others. In arguments, the devaluing occurs but usually through provocation, bullying, or intimidation. Whether or not something is done or stated aggressively, narcissists will use the opportunity to make the other person feel negatively about his or her self so that they feel superior and in control. Some narcissists may get loud and violent during arguments while others might say calmly threaten you to be careful. When any of the above occurs, your emotions will be triggered and likely exaggerated. This is what the narcissist wants. They want to have control over you, your feelings, and your behaviors. This gives them narcissistic supply.

There are so many stories about the ordeals of poor Edith … and I won't tell them. But one thing I will tell: This sweet and soft and very talented woman went through hell for a long time, starting with her childhood with an abusive mother. Meeting and marrying my father did not bring her happiness. There were times when I thought I could help her and we could be friends. But everytime we had private and warm conversations, she turned right afterwards towards my father again and stayed loyal. I read that partners of narcissists often have their own disorders encouraging the abusive behavior. Never would my father and Edith invite my brother or me to do something with them. My father didn't want his children in his life. I pretty much forced myself upon him and Edith and then also my brother's little children, so that they'd have their grandfather. They loved Edith, too, but they also had a hard time dealing with my overbearing and rude and reckless father. He would treat Edith badly, and the kids were sad about that, which didn't help their relationship with my father.

So my father has called me and declared his despair – only to deny it … like the many many times when he abused me verbally and told lies about me over the decades … wow, what a mess. It better be good for something, the suffering of so many people, in my family alone.

I just earlier sent a whole bunch of energy in Edith's way … and it's like I can feel her smile on me like a radiator somewhere in the nothingness. Her smile was lovely. She had that **soft, quiet, pensive smile** while she'd slightly lower her chin or tilt her head, as if she was pondering at the same time … I can mimic it, and that gets me closer to her.

She has arrived in paradise, and as much as I'm sad that I don't ever get to be with her again in this realm, ***I'm happy for her that her ordeal is over with.***

(Still I can't make myself look for her obituary, but my friend Inge has told me that she saw it online. I can't stand seeing Edith's face "for real", I don't think, I'm too mortal for this. Inge actually keeps giving me food that her daughter gets for free from the store she works at and that Inge hands on to me, Kuchen, Bread, Cake … nice.)

Of course my father suffers. Of course he is alone now and desperate. But also … not it's even more all about him and his opinions and his ways … being a narcissist, it must have been hell for him having to watch Edith be sick so much and be in rehab so much whilst he had to toil. That enhanced his hatred against her … and I remember very well how often she had told me how he treats and verbally abuses her. And the dog. My father announcing suicide so many times is a typical narcissist trait – and the denying of having ever said anything too. His way of hurting me and my brother and my mother were manifold. I wish I had studied psychology, as I had started to do in my youth. But then because of the horrible circumstances in my family I had to stop studying altogether to work and support myself. And then I met Sigi who ruined my life some more … and then … oh my.

All that said … my father didn't become like that on purpose. And the fact that he and Edith met and stayed together, is their own karma. Sweet beautiful and proud Edith who turned into a miserable out of shape old woman with numerous ailings and a very ruined body when I saw her last in winter 2020.

(Later)

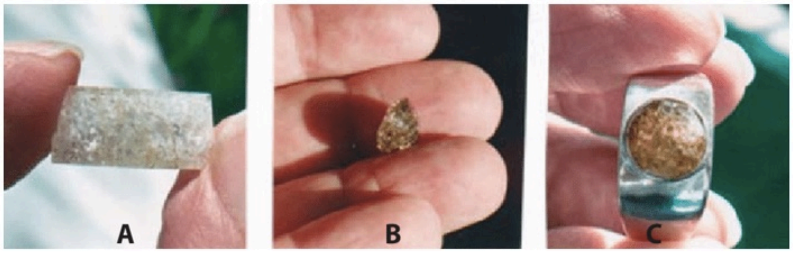
Wow, it's getting intense again.

Dr. Alice just wrote to me after I had shared my "put stuff into my hand" experiences … and she mentioned the term "***Apport***" for physical mediumship, appearance of stuff in someone's hand. That's a bit odd, because supposedly little stones or minerals appear in someone's "hand" but material ones.

I found a small stone in my bedroom, yes, but …

So I googled "**Apport**" and immediately found the example of the medium "Herbert Baumann" – and I saw images of him holding a crystal like stones in his fingers! Wow! And that hours after I photographed my own hand with that white stone that I found today in my fingers!

Figure 1. Herbert Baumann (left) and



Stones that were apported during a séance in Hamburg on May 15, 1970. They display numerous cracks that rendered them so unstable that they might break; the mountain crystal (A) broke twice and was glued together again. (B) shows a topaz as I received it, and later enclosed into a ring (C).

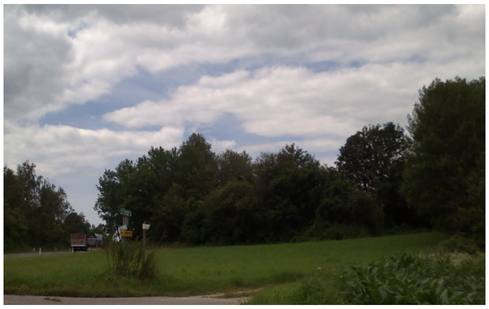
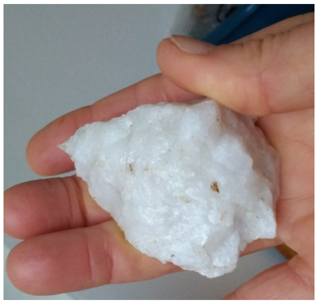
Of course I immediately shared that with Dr. Alice!

Well, of course many crystals and stones have appeared in my life since Bob's passing.

(Later)
Took an evening walk with Jacqui in the dark along the back path up to Schlossberg … and even though it was dark and there were only lanterns on the path, I found a **one-Euro-coin** in the mass of dry foliage on the ground. It blinked, and there it was.

(Later)

Oh wow, I just got to ***July 13*** in my editing process, and that's the day a strange **wedge-shaped cloud** with a roundish **dent** showed up … and now look at the similarities between the stone I found today and that cloud! The **stone** has the **dent** too!



Time does not exist in the beyond!

November 19, 2020 – **Stone and the Stoneman, Manifested**

What a manifestation … and I only realized it just now, reading a pdf-paper about the medium **Herbert Baumann aka Jons Dave**, who had the special feature that "stones appeared" when he was present, **gems or minerals materialized out of the thin air** and sometimes even came out from his body … I don't say "ability", because it pretty much happened to him (well, that's what is described), and he didn't consciously make it happen.

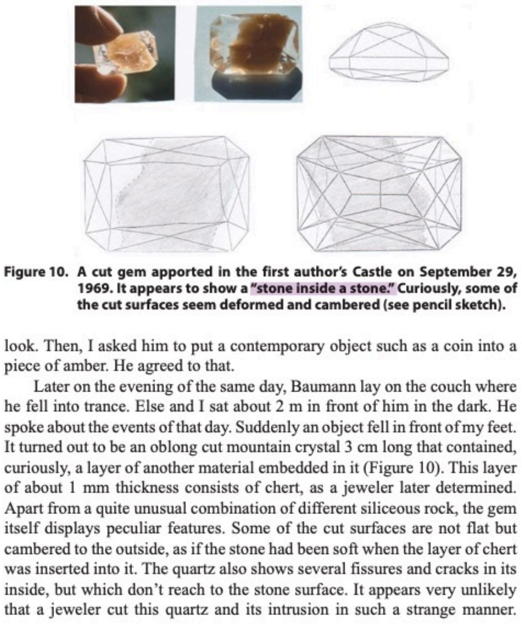


Figure 10. A cut gem apported in the first author's Castle on September 29, 1969. It appears to show a "stone inside a stone." Curiously, some of the cut surfaces seem deformed and cambered (see pencil sketch).

look. Then, I asked him to put a contemporary object such as a coin into a piece of amber. He agreed to that.

Later on the evening of the same day, Baumann lay on the couch where he fell into trance. Else and I sat about 2 m in front of him in the dark. He spoke about the events of that day. Suddenly an object fell in front of my feet. It turned out to be an oblong cut mountain crystal 3 cm long that contained, curiously, a layer of another material embedded in it (Figure 10). This layer of about 1 mm thickness consists of chert, as a jeweler later determined. Apart from a quite unusual combination of different siliceous rock, the gem itself displays peculiar features. Some of the cut surfaces are not flat but cambered to the outside, as if the stone had been soft when the layer of chert was inserted into it. The quartz also shows several fissures and cracks in its inside, but which don't reach to the stone surface. It appears very unlikely that a jeweler cut this quartz and its intrusion in such a strange manner.

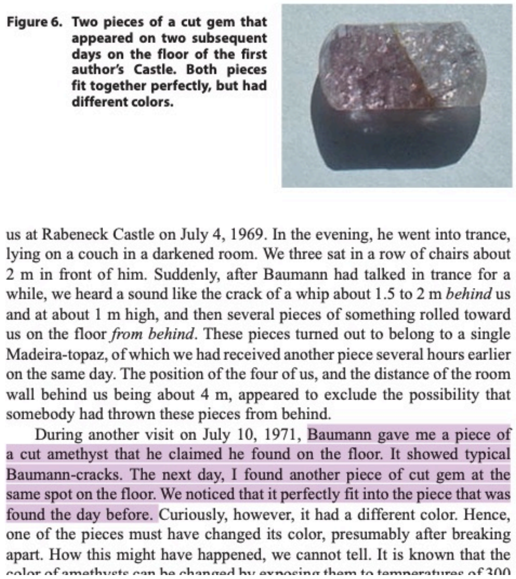


Figure 6. Two pieces of a cut gem that appeared on two subsequent days on the floor of the first author's Castle. Both pieces fit together perfectly, but had different colors.

us at Rabeneck Castle on July 4, 1969. In the evening, he went into trance, lying on a couch in a darkened room. We three sat in a row of chairs about 2 m in front of him. Suddenly, after Baumann had talked in trance for a while, we heard a sound like the crack of a whip about 1.5 to 2 m *behind* us and at about 1 m high, and then several pieces of something rolled toward us on the floor *from behind*. These pieces turned out to belong to a single Madeira-topaz, of which we had received another piece several hours earlier on the same day. The position of the four of us, and the distance of the room wall behind us being about 4 m, appeared to exclude the possibility that somebody had thrown these pieces from behind.

During another visit on July 10, 1971, Baumann gave me a piece of a cut amethyst that he claimed he found on the floor. It showed typical Baumann-cracks. The next day, I found another piece of cut gem at the same spot on the floor. We noticed that it perfectly fit into the piece that was found the day before. Curiously, however, it had a different color. Hence, one of the pieces must have changed its color, presumably after breaking apart. How this might have happened, we cannot tell. It is known that the color of amethysts can be changed by exposing them to temperatures of 300

Wow … and all that new subject came from me sharing my "put into my hand" stories with Dr. Alice and she mentioning the word "**Apport**", which I googled … and all of a sudden, I'm totally immersed in what I've been wishing for the most, for months now, for two years, to be exact: That a **stone appear, my "Stone", my Stoneman.** And here I am … reading about the most abstruse and weird and questionable stuff I've ever come across, that "**stones appear** near a medium" … so that guy is a "**stone man**", too !

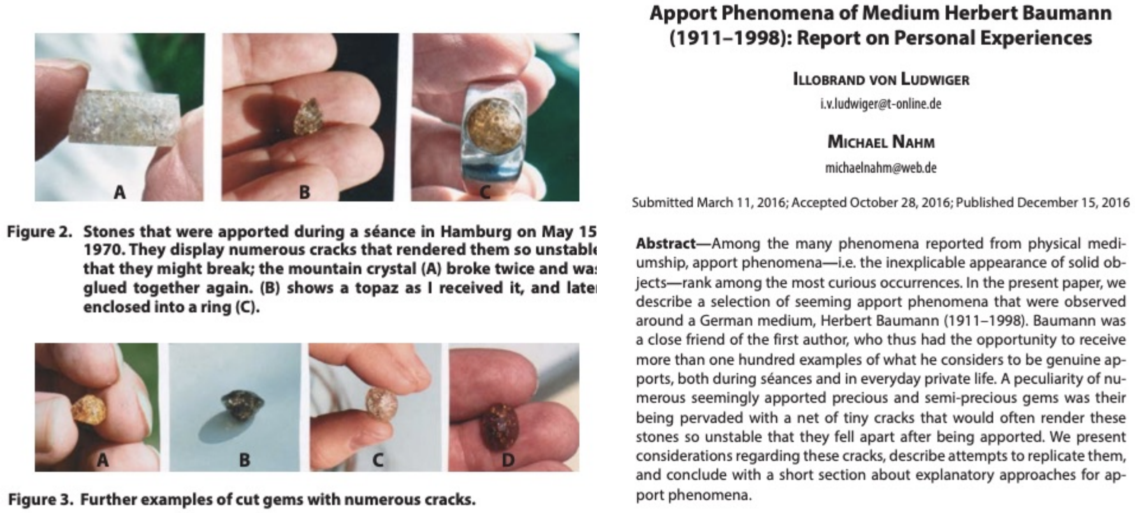


Figure 2. **Stones that were apported during a séance in Hamburg on May 15 1970. They display numerous cracks that rendered them so unstabl that they might break; the mountain crystal (A) broke twice and wa glued together again. (B) shows a topaz as I received it, and late enclosed into a ring (C).**

Figure 3. **Further examples of cut gems with numerous cracks.**

Apport Phenomena of Medium Herbert Baumann (1911–1998): Report on Personal Experiences

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Abstract—Among the many phenomena reported from physical mediumship, apport phenomena—i.e. the inexplicable appearance of solid objects—rank among the most curious occurrences. In the present paper, we describe a selection of seeming apport phenomena that were observed around a German medium, Herbert Baumann (1911–1998). Baumann was a close friend of the first author, who thus had the opportunity to receive more than one hundred examples of what he considers to be genuine apports, both during séances and in everyday private life. A peculiarity of numerous seemingly apported precious and semi-precious gems was their being pervaded with a net of tiny cracks that would often render these stones so unstable that they fell apart after being apported. We present considerations regarding these cracks, describe attempts to replicate them, and conclude with a short section about explanatory approaches for apport phenomena.

Well, that so fits to the many **crystals** I've found on my path shortly after Bob's death, and sometimes I did wonder where they came from … wow, *did I "make" them appear?* The feeling when seeing the cube in the mud the other day, kind of plays into this new subject. It was just so uncanny, so surreal … a white cube lying on my path. How did it get there? How and when and why – when I had just "received a cube in my hand" just two days earlier …?

But one thing is for sure: Stones appeared to that medium and his friends, and I'm reading that paper and am simply baffled. Seriously, other than a hint at **"you wanted and wished for the Stoneman to appear", and now you've got the "Stoneman", a man, who made stones appear.**

Hahaha! I just had to **chuckle**, because a voice in my mind just said "*This makes passing a stone appear in an entirely new light …!"*

Really that's Bob's humor. I almost can see smiling faces all around me. Oh, I'm so curious if any of this will come up on Sunday, during my first mediality workshop … online!

The weirdest part, though, is, that *I did find a mysterious **stone** in my apartment,* too. Weird enough for me to include this into this contact diary …remember?

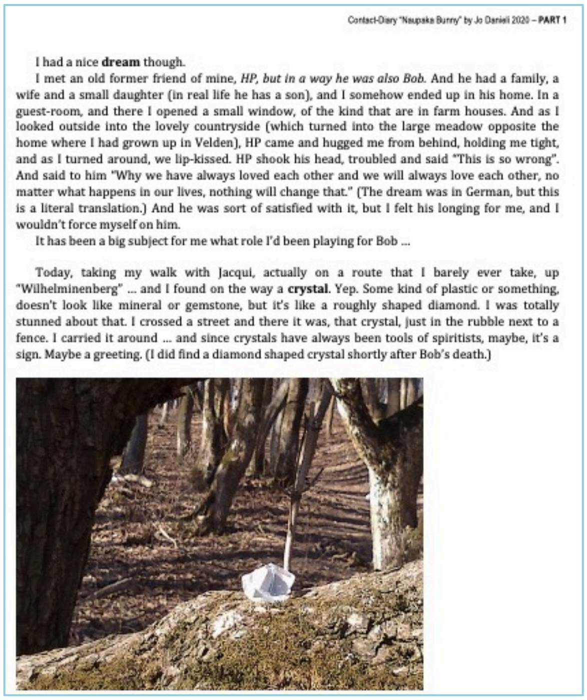
Entry from June 28:
*"Writing this reminds me of yesterday morning, when I found a **small stone in my bedroom**.*

My dog must have somehow brought it in, maybe it was stuck between his toes ... but I had to laugh about "a stone is in my bedroom" …"

It's not just a little peace of street cover or forest rock, it's a small crystal with a shape and many cracks … how interesting to read about the amazing patterns of cracks in the stones that man manifested?! How strange to even come across a story about a man **"making stones appear"**?

How odd is all of this?

I also had to think of the milky white **moon stone** that my "friends" N. and L. gave me once, on Danube Island. *And the moment I put it into my pocket, it broke apart. (Below my February 17, 2019 entry, when I found that strange crystal on my birthday.)*



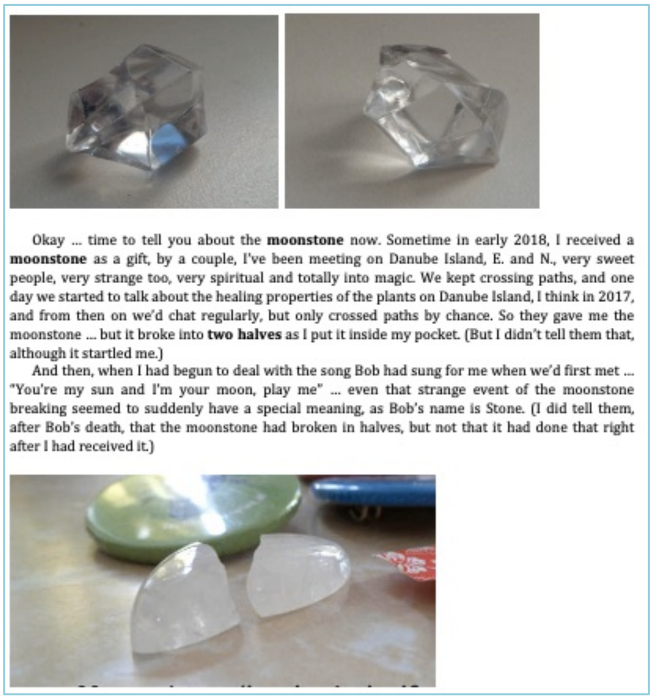
Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2020 – **PART 1**

I had a nice **dream** though.

I met an old former friend of mine, *HP, but in a way he was also Bob*. And he had a family, a wife and a small daughter (in real life he has a son), and I somehow ended up in his home. In a guest-room, and there I opened a small window, of the kind that are in farm houses. And as I looked outside into the lovely countryside (which turned into the large meadow opposite the home where I had grown up in Velden), HP came and hugged me from behind, holding me tight, and as I turned around, we lip-kissed. HP shook his head, troubled and said "This is so wrong". And said to him "Why we have always loved each other and we will always love each other, no matter what happens in our lives, nothing will change that." (The dream was in German, but this is a literal translation.) And he was sort of satisfied with it, but I felt his longing for me, and I wouldn't force myself on him.

It has been a big subject for me what role I'd been playing for Bob ...

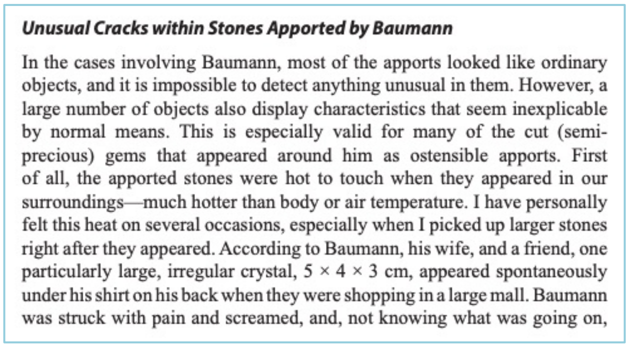
Today, taking my walk with Jacqui, actually on a route that I barely ever take, up "Wilhelminenberg" ... and I found on the way a **crystal**. Yep. Some kind of plastic or something, doesn't look like mineral or gemstone, but it's like a roughly shaped diamond. I was totally stunned about that. I crossed a street and there it was, that crystal, just in the rubble next to a fence. I carried it around ... and since crystals have always been tools of spiritists, maybe, it's a sign. Maybe a greeting. (I did find a diamond shaped crystal shortly after Bob's death.)



Okay ... time to tell you about the **moonstone** now. Sometime in early 2018, I received a **moonstone** as a gift, by a couple, I've been meeting on Danube Island, E. and N., very sweet people, very strange too, very spiritual and totally into magic. We kept crossing paths, and one day we started to talk about the healing properties of the plants on Danube Island, I think in 2017, and from then on we'd chat regularly, but only crossed paths by chance. So they gave me the moonstone ... but it broke into **two halves** as I put it inside my pocket. (But I didn't tell them that, although it startled me.)

And then, when I had begun to deal with the song Bob had sung for me when we'd first met ... "You're my sun and I'm your moon, play me" ... even that strange event of the moonstone breaking seemed to suddenly have a special meaning, as Bob's name is Stone. (I did tell them, after Bob's death, that the moonstone had broken in halves, but not that it had done that right after I had received it.)

The aspect about the so called "Baumann-cracks" as the inexplicable **cracks** in those stones reminds me of crop circles, for some reason … just writing this I can almost hear Bob *crack up* about that.



Unusual Cracks within Stones Apported by Baumann

In the cases involving Baumann, most of the apports looked like ordinary objects, and it is impossible to detect anything unusual in them. However, a large number of objects also display characteristics that seem inexplicable by normal means. This is especially valid for many of the cut (semi-precious) gems that appeared around him as ostensible apports. First of all, the apported stones were hot to touch when they appeared in our surroundings—much hotter than body or air temperature. I have personally felt this heat on several occasions, especially when I picked up larger stones right after they appeared. According to Baumann, his wife, and a friend, one particularly large, irregular crystal, 5 × 4 × 3 cm, appeared spontaneously under his shirt on his back when they were shopping in a large mall. Baumann was struck with pain and screamed, and, not knowing what was going on,

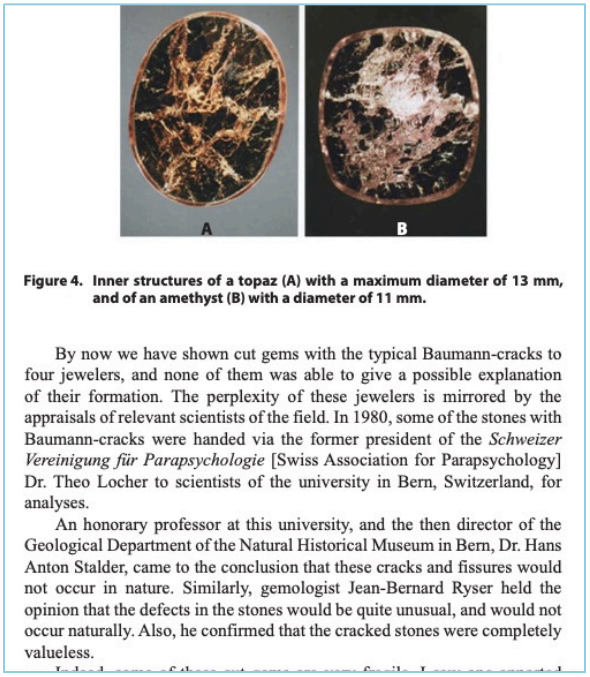


Figure 4. Inner structures of a topaz (A) with a maximum diameter of 13 mm, and of an amethyst (B) with a diameter of 11 mm.

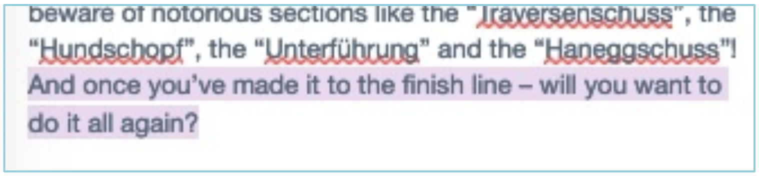
By now we have shown cut gems with the typical Baumann-cracks to four jewelers, and none of them was able to give a possible explanation of their formation. The perplexity of these jewelers is mirrored by the appraisals of relevant scientists of the field. In 1980, some of the stones with Baumann-cracks were handed via the former president of the *Schweizer Vereinigung für Parapsychologie* [Swiss Association for Parapsychology] Dr. Theo Locher to scientists of the university in Bern, Switzerland, for analyses.

An honorary professor at this university, and the then director of the Geological Department of the Natural Historical Museum in Bern, Dr. Hans Anton Stalder, came to the conclusion that these cracks and fissures would not occur in nature. Similarly, gemologist Jean-Bernard Ryser held the opinion that the defects in the stones would be quite unusual, and would not occur naturally. Also, he confirmed that the cracked stones were completely valueless.

So … yesterday, me, with that amazing sharp edged needle pointed white rock in my hand … and just a day later, I'm totally immersed in something that I couldn't possibly see coming.

Stones appear out of thin air … is my new topic. Yup. My dream vision. But still – I really want everyone to take it serious that I can ***not*** be spooked! Don't ever spook me! I think they take it serious, in their way by sending me a ***synonymous experience*** … or manifestation.

Also … sometime today this **sentence** hit me, in my line of editing work (it's about skiing):



beware of notorious sections like the "Traversenschuss", the "Hundschopf", the "Unterführung" and the "Haneggschuss"! And once you've made it to the finish line – will you want to do it all again?

November 20, 2020 – **The Dream of Dreams, the Ring & the Stone**

It's a 222-day. And this morning's "**dream**" surpassed everything I've experienced in terms of Bob being close. He was physically close. I embraced him and stroke his hair and face, and he was there, in my bed with me, on top of me, I felt his massive torso and the back of his thighs and his butt with my hands and I touched him all over and held him and squeezed him wherever I could, felt his face, his jaw, his ears and his hair, and at the same time I said ***"How can this be possible? You are dead!"***

The dream started with me being around in **Vienna** and not able to express myself or speak properly to people, it was a sunny day and felt like there was some event going on in the town (but I don't know what district, feels like the area between the real life first and the ninth district), like a fair or a gathering, because people were streaming in a direction (towards the center) or were hanging out along the streets. I met a very **famous man**, who I was friends with, and I know that man in real life, but I think he is dead already, he was pretty old when I knew him in my late 20s, a journalist in Vienna, but I can't remember his name, tall and slender. And he was there, as a friend of mine and greeted me happily, and I was happy to see him, and I was supposed to meet up with him later. Then I was with other people, namely a man, who I didn't see clearly, and I wanted to tell him about that friend of mine, but I couldn't think of his **name**, which was a longer name, a German name, and I felt inhibited in other ways too, it was like I couldn't move properly … and I kept losing contact with people. With anyone, really. I tried to get some kind of vehicle, a bike, maybe, to move faster towards the center of the city where everyone was going, because I was supposed to go there too.

Somehow, I ended up with my friend again, and I suddenly knew his name, but there was nobody to tell that name, it was a name with only e and o as vowels and first and last name had at least three syllables.

Then, suddenly, maybe I had woken up in between? … I was in the **kitchen** at my grandmother Maria's house, and it was just like in my childhood, and my **grandmother** was there, too! Strange enough, there was a **young woman with long dark hair** around who felt familiar, but who I didn't recognize (*thinking about it now, it may have been a young Edith!)*, and somehow I had to deal with her, like teach her something, but she was reluctant and kind of grumpy and kept turning away from me, visibly overwhelmed. My grandmother Maria was much younger than when she died (in her 90s), looked more like in her fifties, and she was in patient good spirits, I think handling some pot and a cooking spoon. There was a situation where I was supposed to accomplish something relating to her and other people, like connect them (?), but this part of the dream is fuzzy … The strange thing was only *that in my dream I knew (!) that this young dark haired woman had died recently.* And I was with her and my dead grandmother Maria, so I was dead too. But in my dream I knew (!) that I was not dead and that I was probably dreaming! There was something about some kind of **pole** or **mast** where I climbed to reach something to help that young woman, but she was stubborn and reluctant, and it didn't work out what I had started and knew that it could work. My grandmother was in the background all the time, working the **stove**, watching us.

For some reason, I was suddenly sad and exhausted in my dream, and I lied down. Before that or at the same time I gave something to the young dark haired woman, maybe food, that she and my grandmother needed, but then I kind of grabbed a blanket and lied down, in the real life area of my grandmother's kitchen, *where there is nothing to lie down on*, kind of between the table and the sewing machine, but I was able to lie down backwards … and as soon as I was doing that (and in my dream (!) I was actually wondering why I did that, knowing that the young woman and my grandmother were around, but I dove into the bedding) **there was Bob!** He simply appeared, and he came under the bedding with me, and he was real! He was so real, that I actually halfway woke up (in real life) and thought in my half dream state ***"This is you, Bob, I feel you, you are entirely real!"*** And he "responded" not with words but with thoughts expressing ***"I know!"*** … and I held him and pulled him on top of me, like we had done so often, in a way that I had the most of our physical contact, but there was no sex, I didn't feel his penis, I only felt him as a whole man, the big strong Bob I knew so well, and while stroking and patting him all over and holding on to him and squeezing him I had the clear thoughts "This is Bob, but he is dead, and I'm maybe dreaming", and I reached up to his face and his hair, and it was so real, that I kept saying "This is so real, you're really here?!" And he kept acknowledging that he was real in my thoughts and by thinking into me in a way, and because he was so tall, like in real life and I was clinging to him like a monkey, I could not see his face … And I said "But I know that you are dead, so what does this mean?" I almost cried and I grabbed him so much and intensely as I could as I knew in my dream that this would likely end …

And he let me hold him, but he didn't hold me back, because he had to kind of prop himself up, but that's not what he did, he was kind of "suspended", and I felt some kind of **effort** – like holding one's breath - from his side that he was there and stayed with me.

And I could kind of “see” that young dark haired woman and my grandmother in the background, they were not surprised but watched with some kind of well-wishing attitude. I started to feel as if I was on Maui, and I said to Bob ***“Wow, this feels so real like we were in housie on Maui and would get up soon and go about our business …”*** and then I started to wake up, and in my dream I realized it and though “I think I’m waking up now” … and Bob, again, acknowledged that in his thoughts, I never heard his voice, but I could “hear” him anyway … and it was like ***“Hold on as long as you can, Dani, I’ll be gone in a moment” …***

… and then I opened my eyes, a little bit, but my eyelids were still too heavy, and I realized I was in my bed in Griffen, but still, the presence of Bob lingered so heavily, and even though I couldn’t see him, I still was “seeing” our Maui house … I was in Pukalani on Maui in our beloved housie and Bob was still there, and yet I knew that I was in Griffen in my bed. And I found myself smiling and “said” in my thoughts to Bob, *“Wow, I still feel you so close, you’re still here, and it’s like I’m still on Maui, but I know that I’m now awake”.*

That feeling of Bob being with me is still here, it’s a different feeling now that just yesterday. I just had my breakfast coffee and held the white stone while “sharing” the “coffee drinking” (which we loved so much, having our “hot black” in the morning) with Bob … and even now, as I’m writing this, I still have the feeling that Bob is right here, even more “in me”.

One thing I noticed: As soon as I was fully awake, and I woke myself up knowing that my dog must go out really urgently, I realized that I had a bad stinging pain in my head. And I also remembered that like most nights of the past month I had woken up towards the morning burning up in my bed, so hot that I actually had to strip naked and put away all bedding with the window open, and only this way I could go back to sleep. After a while I’d automatically cover up again, … and it had been like this today, too.

My headache I got rid of right away by pressing on that spot in my right temple.

Right now, reminiscing this “dream” I just know that it’s not an experience I’ve had with Bob before of that intensity. I only had that once in my life before with Viktor, a few weeks after his death, when we met in an “attic” and he embraced me and comforted me. And even that was when I was in my late twenties, I remember that “dream” as a real life event in all details, physical and mental and emotional.

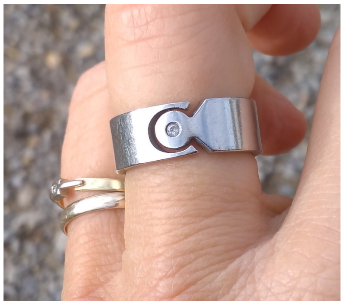
The encounter with Bob today was triple the intensity. I could swear Bob and I met for real today … in the realm where it’s possible … and I’m aware that my subconscious is using my most intense memories of closeness with Bob (and actually e*ven that thought occurred to me in that strange state while I was holding Bob*) … but the event itself, the hugging and squeezing was a new event. That was not something I simply recalled … it felt new and never before experienced.

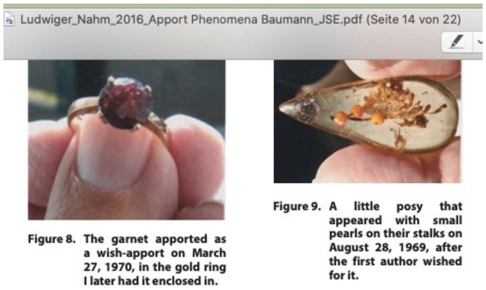
(Later)

Oh wow, just about half an hour after I wrote the above – it happened! **The Ring!**

I had decided to drive down to the village of Griffen before noon to send a postcard to my father, hoping that maybe he’ll receive it tomorrow. I had just realized that today is Friday and not Thursday, as I had thought. I had shared my dream experience with Dr. Alice, so stirred up, I just had to.

So at the *post office* – as I entered the building (it's a "Traffik", tobacco store, but with mailing functions) I saw something sparkling round, and I picked up a **ring**! A finger band – ***with a small crystal in the middle and an interlocking-design!***





Ludwiger_Nahm_2016_Apport Phenomena Baumann_JSE.pdf (Seite 14 von 22)

Figure 8. The garnet apported as a wish-apport on March 27, 1970, in the gold ring I later had it enclosed in.

Figure 9. A little posy that appeared with small pearls on their stalks on August 28, 1969, after the first author wished for it.

I was so baffled, that like many times before, time inside of me and outside seemed to slow down and stand still! I had *just last night read about the sudden manifestation of crystals!* Now one was in my hand, in a ring …

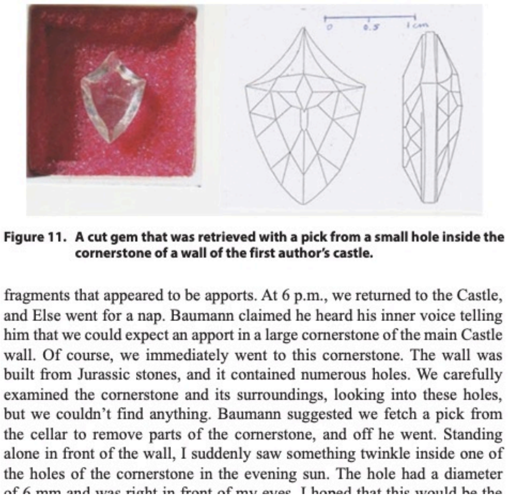
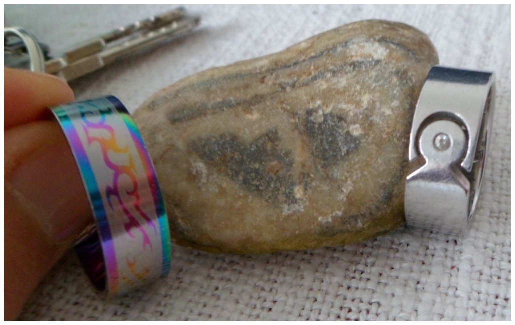


Figure 11. A cut gem that was retrieved with a pick from a small hole inside the cornerstone of a wall of the first author's castle.

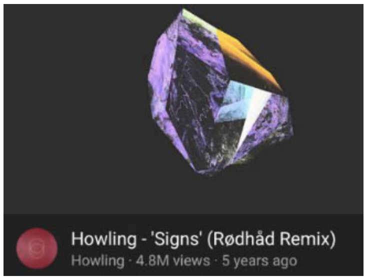
fragments that appeared to be apports. At 6 p.m., we returned to the Castle, and Else went for a nap. Baumann claimed he heard his inner voice telling him that we could expect an apport in a large cornerstone of the main Castle wall. Of course, we immediately went to this cornerstone. The wall was built from Jurassic stones, and it contained numerous holes. We carefully examined the cornerstone and its surroundings, looking into these holes, but we couldn't find anything. Baumann suggested we fetch a pick from the cellar to remove parts of the cornerstone, and off he went. Standing alone in front of the wall, I suddenly saw something twinkle inside one of the holes of the cornerstone in the evening sun. The hole had a diameter of 6 mm and was right in front of my eyes. I hoped that this would be the

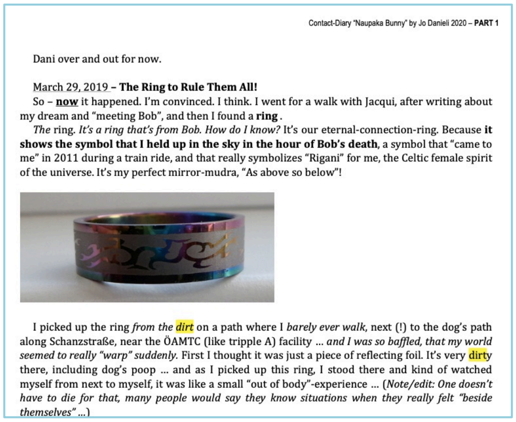
Okay – so then, as I drove off from the post office, behind me, a car drove in and I think it parked on the other side of the street, with the license plate number "VK **48 UA**"! And "**Ua"** is the blessing from heaven or greeting from the Aumakua and folks in the beyond, and "**48**" is Bob's and my code for "audio signal"! And I've heard that distinct sound in my right ear last night several times. And every time when I said "I hear you", it subsided again.

But it wasn't over! I took Jacqui on a quick walk along the creek at the outskirt of Griffen, close to the Billa store parking lot … and I decided to take a left turn to walk back through the meadow path … and there lay a **roundish stone** – just that stone, no other stones! – **with an interlocking pattern**, too! It felt just … in an extraordinary way purposeful, organized, like a message!



And the situation was like finding the ring last year! Wow, and all that after that dream! And the crystal stone from yesterday! And the image what "C" had sent me, of a crystal!


Howling - 'Signs' (Rødhåd Remix)
Howling · 4.8M views · 5 years ago



Contact-Diary "Naupaka Bunny" by Jo Danieli 2020 – **PART 1**

Dani over and out for now.

March 29, 2019 – **The Ring to Rule Them All!**

So – **now** it happened. I'm convinced. I think. I went for a walk with Jacqui, after writing about my dream and "meeting Bob", and then I found a **ring** .

The ring. *It's a ring that's from Bob. How do I know?* It's our eternal-connection-ring. Because **it shows the symbol that I held up in the sky in the hour of Bob's death**, a symbol that "came to me" in 2011 during a train ride, and that really symbolizes "Rigani" for me, the Celtic female spirit of the universe. It's my perfect mirror-mudra, "As above so below"!

I picked up the ring *from the dirt* on a path where I *barely ever walk*, next (!) to the dog's path along Schanzstraße, near the ÖAMTC (like tripple A) facility … *and I was so baffled, that my world seemed to really "warp" suddenly*. First I thought it was just a piece of reflecting foil. It's very dirty there, including dog's poop … and as I picked up this ring, I stood there and kind of watched myself from next to myself, it was like a small "out of body"-experience … (*Note/edit: One doesn't have to die for that, many people would say they know situations when they really felt "beside themselves"* …)

So I'm right now so entirely baffled that, like many times before, I'm a bit numb inside.

Had to think about that extreme bout of heat in the early morning before dawn again, like very high fever. But I had read just recently how the brain is cooled down in the night while sleeping. And I used to be a tight and good sleeper, never had that kind of heat spells in the night. I didn't have menopause flashes, nothing. Just in the last weeks those feverish events while sleeping … I do feel some pulling pain at times in my left breast and recently in my abdomen and my stomach, too. So I hope I won't die soon? Because the stinging headache today again … maybe it's just the weather. Or it's … age. But then, at times I look into the mirror and I'm so baffled how young I look. An hour later, and I barely recognize myself because I look so old.

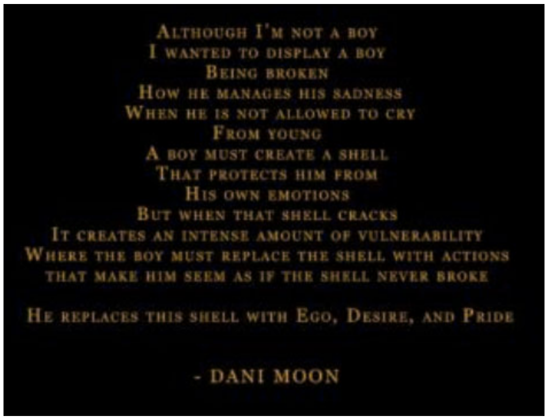
What's going on?

I just have to say … the ring-find along with the crystal-apport theme last night and the dream … that all belongs together. That's pure communication with the beyond. I did ask Dr. Alice for her commentary, I hope she won't be overwhelmed. I feel that she isn't all that well, physically.

My **horoscope**, by the way, is also all about communication and my intuition today! It all fits.

(Later)

…. Aaaand it goes on full circle, because – **Reverse Synchronicity again!**



Although I'm not a boy
I wanted to display a boy
Being broken
How he manages his sadness
When he is not allowed to cry
From young
A boy must create a shell
That protects him from
His own emotions
But when that shell cracks
It creates an intense amount of vulnerability
Where the boy must replace the shell with actions
that make him seem as if the shell never broke

He replaces this shell with Ego, Desire, and Pride

- DANI MOON

I just started editing the L-part of this contact diary again, continuing on July 28, and ***"C" had just sent me a picture of the crystal, featured above!*** *And even more****; She had sent me a poem from "Dani Moon", and I had thought it's about Bob … but really, it also relates totally to my father,*** *about whose full-blown narcissism I've been reading yesterday and today to figure out how to handle him …*

(Later) **Major Spiritual Insight!**

Went with Jacqui on a hike to the "Oasis of Quiet", but somehow I just couldn't get any "calm thought", was unable to even try to collect my thoughts, so I let them run free. I ended up walking by the **cemetery**, and there I smelled incense and candle wax …

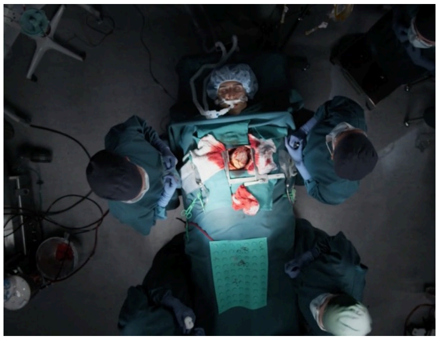
GEORG STRASSNIG
IDA STRASSNIG

… and it went right into my stomach, and I started *talking to myself*, as if I was talking to an audience:

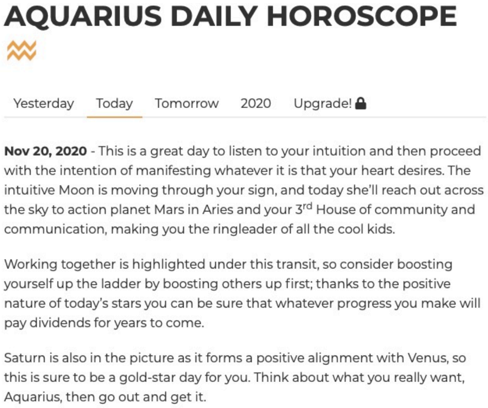
"It's a means to subdue and scare people to let them believe that in a grave, there lies a person and is doomed to forever rest there. It's just so untrue, and it's so hurtful, people really shouldn't think that or be made to believe that. This idea makes people suffer and grief, and it's entirely for nothing! It's rotting flesh at first and then calcium remains that's in a grave … even cremation is a better solution to benefit the survivors who, in that way, likely can't think that their dead loved ones actually are in those urns or earth holes …" I suddenly had the deep emphatic impression what my father is now feeling, that "his Edith is now in the ground", and this must hurt as hell and is pure torture … It felt so wrong that I got physically sick be the thought! Of course I also struggled to not think about Bob as a decaying body … but yes, his body decayed, no doubt about that, but Bob didn't decay along with is body! Neither was he burned to ashes, and neither was my brother Peter or Edith!

How many millions of people are lead to think this bullshit! There is no “dead person” to be “visited at a cemetery”! **What a horrible disrespect towards the facts of life!** Just a deeply erroneous idea that humans have about their own life! Geez, makes me shiver only thinking of this.

(Later)
Landlady and landlord came back home, so I have internet for movie-watching again, immediately watched **“The Good Doctor”** about the autistic surgeon, and there was a view of a heart being taken out of a man’s chest, and it kept beating, was stitched up and then was put back into the chest!



Also … sometime today I felt like sharing a **peanut butter jam toast** with … Bob, I think. But I “dedicated” it to anyone who felt like taking a bite. My horoscope kind of expressed … interesting stuff, that would motivate me if I only knew what it means.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

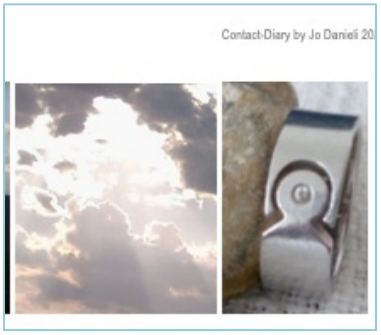
Nov 20, 2020 - This is a great day to listen to your intuition and then proceed with the intention of manifesting whatever it is that your heart desires. The intuitive Moon is moving through your sign, and today she’ll reach out across the sky to action planet Mars in Aries and your 3rd House of community and communication, making you the ringleader of all the cool kids.

Working together is highlighted under this transit, so consider boosting yourself up the ladder by boosting others up first; thanks to the positive nature of today’s stars you can be sure that whatever progress you make will pay dividends for years to come.

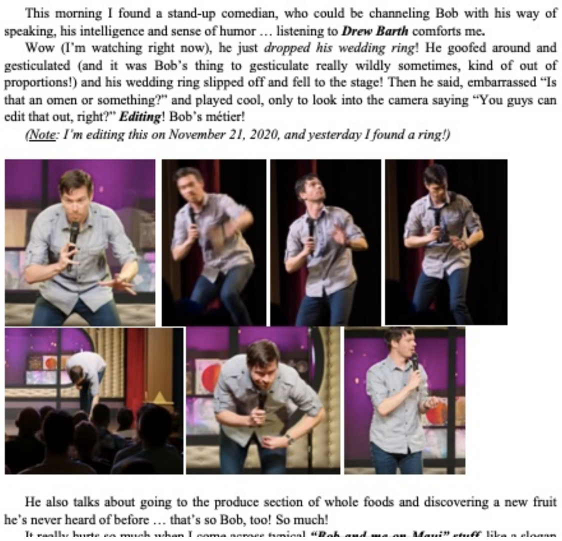
Saturn is also in the picture as it forms a positive alignment with Venus, so this is sure to be a gold-star day for you. Think about what you really want, Aquarius, then go out and get it.

November 21, 2020 – **Nausea, Ring, Butt & Bob’s Picture**

I woke up feeling weak and really ***dizzy, nauseous and sick***. Strangely, that’s exactly what I wrote at the time period of this contact diary that I was editing, early August, … plus there was a ***cloud*** that looks like the ***ring*** I just found … and a comedian that gesticulated like Bob and who ***lost a ring*** on stage …



Contact-Diary by Jo Danieli 20



This morning I found a stand-up comedian, who could be channeling Bob with his way of speaking, his intelligence and sense of humor … listening to ***Drew Barth*** comforts me.

Wow (I'm watching right now), he just *dropped his wedding ring*! He goofed around and gesticulated (and it was Bob's thing to gesticulate really wildly sometimes, kind of out of proportions!) and his wedding ring slipped off and fell to the stage! Then he said, embarrassed "Is that an omen or something?" and played cool, only to look into the camera saying "You guys can edit that out, right?" ***Editing***! Bob's métier!

(Note: I'm editing this on November 21, 2020, and yesterday I found a ring!)

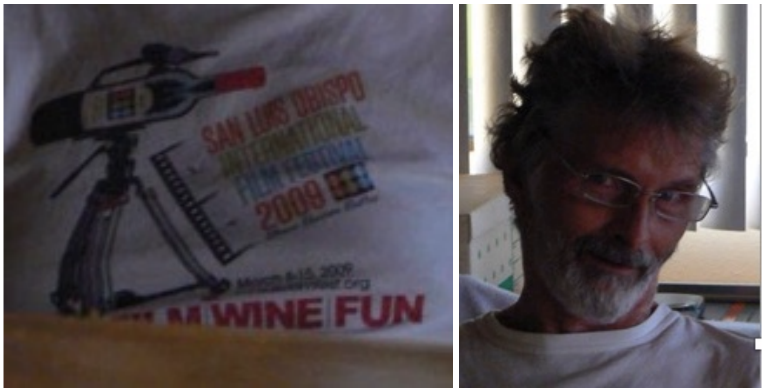
He also talks about going to the produce section of whole foods and discovering a new fruit he's never heard of before … that's so Bob, too! So much!

It really hurts so much when I come across typical ***"Bob and me on Maui" stuff*** like a slogan

previous renter … but in winter, I drowned it by too much watering, I think, and it rotted. I didn't throw away the last rotten stump but put it into some soil in a pot … and suddenly, it began to grow again! ***I left Bob with a small stalk of a plant***, don't remember if it was ginger or Aloe Vera and told him to take care of it … I put it right onto the table on the lanai so that he'd see it every morning … maybe the Aloe Vera is now the Griffen-version of the Maui-plant that Bob didn't get to raise for me anymore?

(Okay, now that I see that plant in the August entry … I just took my Aloe vera plant from the balcony an hour ago, because it was freezing at night for the first time tonight.)

I also came across a **picture of Bob**, and I'm so curious if he'll mention it to me through Dr. Alice tomorrow, when our online-meeting workshop will take place. I was able to make this picture big and really look into Bob's face … that's a first. I also noticed for the first time the ***pattern on his t-shirt,*** very distinct … Oh I flashed back to Maui …



I'm excited about the ***workshop*** tomorrow. I said Bob that I want him to speak to me through Dr. Alice, she is the medium. I know I shouldn't expect anything … but there got to be a reason why she got around to try and actually do online workshops (the real one on Nov. 13 had been cancelled due to Corona) and why she called me to tell me …

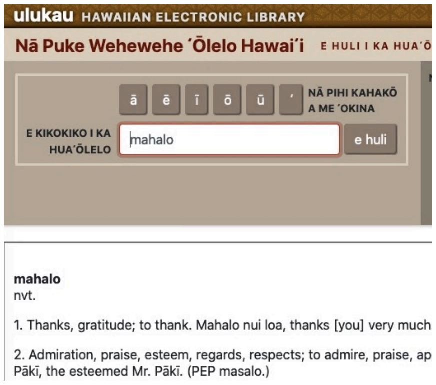
But I felt so sick today, with my chest hurting and me feeling feverish and nauseous, that I even only sent a text message to my mother, not even called her. I had to lie down, even … but my breathing got worse, so I struggled to get up again, and all that before noon.

Then I pulled myself together, doped myself with Aspirin and essences of Melissa and Hawthorne and Spitzwegerich and drove to the *treehouse field.* There I met “Anna”, a woman with a dog, Oscar, who lives just a few houses up the hill from where I live and who was one of the first people I had met when I moved here. She turned around and went the entire route with me, and we chatted. It was very nice, and I totally suppressed being sick. Interestingly, just yesterday I looked at the kitten-paste I still have in the fridge and thought about the anti-flea drops (spot-on) I have for cats … and Anni told me that her cat is all sore from fleas! So of course she received it all. Her sister is the one who used to live in the apartment where I am now, and she has children in the USA and keeps commuting back and forth! Wow! I must give her a set of my Hawaii-DVD!

November 21, 2020 – **Thank you in Hawaiian**

Tired of editing … feeling feverish … felt like checking out a near-death-experience video on Thanatos.tv … found one, a woman I saw already on another channel … and I skipped through her interview an ended up at her saying, that she had **tattooed the word “thank you” in Hawaiian** (!), which is “mahalo”, because she has learned to be thankful for the time given to live in this so very limited mortal realm.

Michèle Bögli-Mastria erlebte während eines Krankenhaus-Aufenthalts eine Nahtoderfa
ihrem Leben alles veränderte.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E KIKOKIKO I KA HUAʻŌLELO: mahalo

mahalo
nvt.

1. Thanks, gratitude; to thank. Mahalo nui loa, thanks [you] very much

2. Admiration, praise, esteem, regards, respects; to admire, praise, ap
Pākī, the esteemed Mr. Pākī. (PEP masalo.)

Okay. So that’s what I was supposed to hear. I feel the urge to send her my Hawaii documentary.

November 22, 2020 – **Session: Greeting from Edith & 3 Accurate Readings**

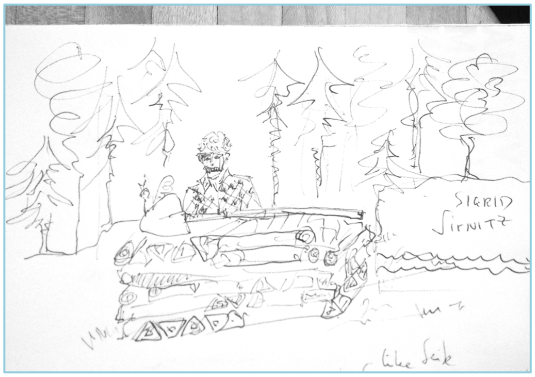
Today I participated in an **online-session with Dr. Alice regarding mediality.** A quadruple 2-day (2222) plus another 2 in the “11 (November)!

Oh wow, it was amazing. Now I know (again?) what it’s like to be a medium and to deal with one!

The problem was, that I couldn’t see the other participants, because the hostess had not opened the video for me (deactivated, but she couldn’t fix it and wouldn’t try to not risk that nothing would work anymore at all). Anyway. I heard them (it was strange thought, that they saw me, but I didn’t see them).

After a short opening meditation that I didn’t really think I could follow, as I wasn’t calm enough, where we were supposed to focus on breathing and then heartbeat and open up our energy to reach the other participants, something amazing happened:

I had immediately seen a man similar to my uncle Karli, with a moustache, jovially smiling standing behind a pile of cut up firewood, about 2 m by 1,5 m (h) that covered his body up to his chest, and a squirrel was sitting on that wooden pile on the left side, and there was a shovel that he picked up and held in a kind of square way, with the metal part on his left side. Behind him was a forest. On the right side there seemed to have been a small creek, and in my vision I kind of walked around that pile to kind of stand above that creek, but I still didn't see that man fully. A word wanted to come up, with only "i" as vowels, something like "Sirnitz". I had the feeling that he was in good spirits, but he didn't speak. Alice asked me what the message was and it "looked" like a pot being emptied to the left, like the message was "give more", "share affluence", "be generous". (I did not think this was my uncle Karli then, the possibility occurred to me later, but in the end, I think someone else used my memories of my uncle to get through, a man who happened to be called Karl, too.)



Dr. Alice kept asking us, the participant to simply announce if we felt something had come to us and share who we thought it related to, or she asked us if we could relate to what had just been "read".

Interestingly, she would only later "understand" that my story was a reading for her!

A participant by the name of "Karin" seemed to connect with Edith: She described Edith with a red-brown knitted jacket sitting at a small table, in a place on the country side, in a rustical setting (my father's and Edith's home is furnished heavily rustical), and it was all about coffee and Kuchen (cake) and nice porcelain cups, … and the message was that I should work on offering care and help. I realized how full of clear evidentials this story was, as especially the fact that my father insisted on serving me coffee and cake was an important regarding the real life event back in January 2020 (an event I'd thought about a lot in the last two weeks) as well as - the cup that my father used, because I found it so nice that I even made an entry in this c. d. about it! And the message, that Karin also voiced in the end, was definitely geared towards my father. Since Edith's death I've recalled the last time I had seen her many times, and it was which that strange brown-red jacket that didn't seem to fit to her colorful dress. The situation was that my father had to bring coffee and Kuchen for me from the other house, and I felt very uncomfortable that he had to do that. But he insisted, and Edith claimed he didn't mind. It was a strong heartbeat-fastener what Karin said, and what she had "seen" applied to nobody else but me. The message was to take efforts to care and make sure the proper attention was given no matter how difficult and impossible it seems! Wow, that is my question to Edith answers, whether or not there is even a point to try and help and care for my father!

Later, we did another meditation, and this time a woman by the name of Brigitte said that she had now gotten to wood pile in her vision, and the man had light blue eyes (yes, my uncle Karli had those) and a red face (yes, that too), but he didn't hold a shovel, but a gun, and there was something about his left side, darker and more unclear, and he was wearing a green Filzhut (felt hat), a woolen hat, like a hunter, and he also was situated with his back to a forest. And now Dr. Alice suddenly realized that this reading related to herself, and so hand mine! Alice asked for a message, and that man expressed through Brigitte that he regretted or was sorry or ashamed. That was interesting (because I had just yesterday dealt with my uncle Karli again and his mysterious death in the Edling reservoir …), but I took it that the man regretted decisions he had made in his life. He also let us know through Brigitte: Beware of the temptations of a dark nature, even though they may sparkle like gems (! And I had been dealing with those in the last days!) and are tempting and alluring, but the pleasure of giving in to something dark or negative or violent will only last for a short time. Wow, I was very baffled, because I've been thinking so dark stuff so much recently, vengeful thoughts, hatred … everything. Brigitte also said that there was something heavy or strange or tight in the left side of that man's body … but that relates to my uncle Karli who may have died of a heart attack and that's why he drove off the street and into the Edling reservoir and drowned there? He supposedly came from a dentist and was maybe reacting to anesthesia?

So at first I thought that the message was for me, and that it was my uncle Karli (whose wife's name was Brigitte, like the speaker's name) … but then Dr. Alice said, that the reading is clearly directed towards her: Just yesterday she had thought that she'd like a certain man by the name of Karl to come through, and she thinks it was him! He was a hunter (speaks for the gun Brigitte "received" and for both her and my forest setting and wood pile, and even though I had seen a shovel, I did receive a long metal thing that he held, anyway), and his name was Karl Pfeiffer and he had taken his own life by shooting himself with his gun years ago.

Wow, that was very strong. So I had picked up on him first and then Brigitte too. He was there very strongly, obviously! I had thought that my uncle Karli was that, but maybe not, but I could receive it just because it played into my subconscious, because I had an uncle who was so similar? I must write Dr. A. about this!?

Later, at another meditation, I received a "glass drop" of the size of a light bulb with something like some globe-image in it, the Earth in blue and white, like one of those snow-in-the-glass souvenirs … now I think it means that "they" are telling me that they "see everything", but that where they are, everything is so much bigger that Earth seems to be so small and confined … then I turned around and found myself in a desert, and there was some kind of big cardboard box closeby, big like a plane hangar. Another participant, Denise, who was in Dublin, also saw herself in a desert, which I found strange.

So nothing from Bob, not even a thought … but on the other hand: All that I did with Bob in the last two years lead exactly to this! Edith was able to come through to me. The thought and realization is still fuzzy in my mind. But there can't be any doubt.

Because: Toward the end, another participant (I don't remember who that was, maybe Karin again?) got another impression of a big strong "loud" woman, which definitely was Edith, in a rustic furnished kitchen, a woman, who really was a sweet and sensitive woman, who had been in "the war". She had also liked many people around her, in the kitchen, as she loved cooking. That had been an ongoing thought of me in the last two weeks, too, how Edith was such a master cook, and how her kitchen is now lonely and empty. Also caring for my father would never ever mean that I'd cook for him, as I am not a good cook at all. Seeing me cook in Edith's realm would probably outrage my father

… and I think Edith addressed that through that reading.

Dr. Alice immediately decided that it must be an older woman, as she had been in the World War, und she asked the participant if an actual war was meant literally, and the participant said yes. But I don't accept that at all. And when I said that Edith had been in a kind of "war" in her marriage too, Dr. Alice brushed it off. I know there is a chance to interpret something into it … but on the other hand a reading can never be taken literal by all means! Maybe Dr. Alice is right, but I know my feeling and my impression of Edith standing there, in her rustic kitchen, so "loud" sometimes, but she was such a sweet woman, too and she had to be louder than my overly loud father … so I'm entirely sure that it was Edith who was there to address my worries again and that she is getting what I'm thinking! It was so clear! Of course someone said it could be their grandmother who had been in the war, but so it could have been also my grandmothers, but neither of them was "loud" in the way Edith was in a way "loud", in terms of talking and her ways.

Then there were "readings" of cards (I couldn't see any of that, because I didn't have video feed from the hostess' side), and it was a lot about suns and light and impressions and healing … which can relate to anyone.

Dr. Alice guided us through another meditation … and there I did learn something immensely important today, as of technique and practicability: First she asked us to go inside, empty our mind of thoughts, relax, and then **focus on our frontal lobe area of the brain and imagine that this is an inner screen on which "messages" will be projected … that felt like an incredible important tool.**

In the end, Dr. Alice asked us to pick another participant and "draw an image" for them, and I don't know if that was serious, but I immediately got the name of a participant "Sandra", and I "saw" for her "bird song like from a canary bird, wind and an outdoor setting with blue sky and small clouds, some kind of song coming up, lightly, on a meadow, and behind Sandra, who I saw dressed in brown, a group came closer, maybe small children, holding hands, running across the meadow, while Sandra didn't look at them. But I didn't get to say this. So I wrote it down and asked Dr. Alice to forward to Sandra.

So it was very mixed feeling. I was surprised about me picking up things so clearly and about Karin and Brigitte totally tuning in, too.

I was the total newbie, though. Ha. Don't think so.

I'm happy for Edith that she got to come through. That's a given for me. But I wouldn't mind some kind of heads-up that "they got it that I got it" and they confirm it for me.

(Later)

Took a walk with Jacqui along the stone-in-the-field path … and on the way, **a giant question mark "?"** stood in the sky (I mean, seriously! It looks like photoshoped, but that was a question mark! There were no other clouds around it!) …

… and right after this **a wall of clouds** as the perfect depiction of how the two worlds “meet” but not easily intermingle. But they did “intermingle” … later. And I thought I saw an “E”.

(movie-cloud!)

(__Note__: I saw that “?”-cloud again on February 11, 2021 in a movie …)

The **first frost** was over the landscape today … the first night of minus degrees …

I have to keep myself from thinking about my father and how he is all alone in the big house that he shared with Edith and on the big property where I grew up …

I felt entirely spoken to. (The mentioning of the cup as given in the above account is based on the awareness of the cup that came during my walk.) Just now I realize that I found a yellow cup at a creek the other day … well, cup and creek certainly showed up today, too.

(Later)

I did something to myself, in a way. I couldn't help it: I watched an entire season of a gruesome TV-series about the ISIS-situation in Syria: **"No Man's Land"**. It was mainly in French, so I read the recaps in English first and then skipped through the eight episodes … one thing that struck me was that the men who recklessly killed others first took drugs that made them "merciless and fearless".

I didn't and still don't know what to think about this. It's easy to kill other humans when you aren't even clear enough to realize what you're doing. Anyway … Somehow watching this show and the way it outraged me realizing that it depicts real life events that take place very day, actually me consider making the most of my remaining lifetime. But even though I was "advised" yesterday against turning "to the dark side", I do know that there is power on the "side" that doesn't trust too much in the "good" working out … the heart energy and such. Because our mortal world does have a structure that's called "time". And energetic things often don't work out fast enough to fit into mortal life periods.

I can't even express how the atrocities shown and the realization what the idiotic patriarchates have done to the world. If I can help change this, I will. I must learn to acquire super powers.

November 23, 2020 – **The Oak Apples & Trust in Myself**

Poor Jacqui woke me up at 5.30 this morning, and we ran outside, and he had explosive diarrhea. Same thing at about 8 a.m. Not sure how he could have gotten it. It was strange to be out so early … Then I lay back down and immersed so deeply into being on Maui and knowing that I'd see Bob in a minute when he'd get up and appear in the kitchen … that I was very confused when I realized that this isn't gonna happen ever again.

I had to lie down again after Jacqui's second outing, felt utterly sick, suddenly, slept until 10 a.m., then it was another time for Jacqui's relief. Poor guy, he seems to have a bad conscience and is afraid that I'll reprimand him for his urges? He is so sweet and grunts and moans when I squat down to him and pat and rub his belly.

I took him for an early noon walk, just a little bit into the beaver creek area (makes me super angry seeing that big trees are being damaged by beavers again and nobody does anything against that, as if other animals didn't have right to their homes …)

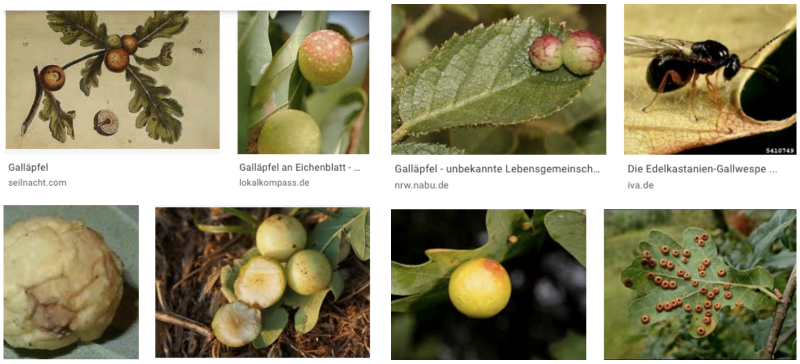
So while walking I thought about what I had learned at the workshop with Dr. Alice in terms of training … So I inhaled and imagined expanding my energy or energetic body with every exhale .. and right away, I felt it so easy to send my energetic heart love energy out and project it all over the place with this exhaling. Right then I also said "and how my frontal lobe is a projection field or screen for ***images*** I receive from the spirit world" … and right away I "saw" things, a head-profile and shoulders of a ***woman with long light-honey-colored hair that ended in one broad curl over her right shoulder,*** but I didn't see that woman's face, then a ***dark blue bottle*** and something else that I forgot … It was very strange for that stuff to appear so spontaneously. As I was writing this down just now, I suddenly had "peach" come to my mind, whatever that means.

I asked Bob to "go hand in hand with me" … and then, on top of a hill, I felt the urge to ask him or "them" to ***"put something into my hand"***, and I hadn't even finished the thought, I "saw" some **round things**. First they were like peas, at least, that's what I thought … and I said out loud "Oh come on, I do have peas in the fridge", but the round things got *bigger, yellowish and resembled marbles*, but I let go of the image because I thought that I was changing their appearance consciously.

So I kept pondering and breathing … and I had the urge to be honest to myself so I had to express, and do it herewith again, that the atmosphere at the workshop was not "right" at times. I had the feeling that Dr. Alice wasn't happy with my "advancedness", as I was advanced. She didn't even consider that my spontaneous reading had merit and was for her, and only when Karin, who has been in training with Dr. Alice confirmed my reading with the same reading (!), she suddenly was able to acknowledge it. Also … the fact that I didn't see the other participants was, on one level, outright unfair to me. It felt like the workshop was not even meant to teach people stuff, it was only some practice-space, and the advanced ones were supposed to teach me, and instead, I had my mouth open the whole time. But when they drew something I couldn't even see that … altogether I have the feeling, in hindsight, that I didn't fit. I will participate at the meditation "Sitting in the Power" tomorrow, because I really need to learn techniques.

Also, the things that Dr. Alice said in terms of interpreting visions or not interpreting them … when I shared details of my wood pile vision, saying that the man had a moustache, she said that I wasn't supposed to "interpret". I thought how is that interpretation when I'm only sharing what I'm seeing, the interpretation comes after that. On the other hand she asked me and the others "what the message" of the vision was, and that I call an impossible thing to do, as it will entirely depend on the "medium's" inner knowledge how they will interpret a spontaneous appearance. So I felt I knew exactly how these things work and not work, but Dr. Alice herself didn't, or at least, she didn't want to say anything … but to me that wasn't good teaching. So when the participant in the second Edith-come-through said that the woman talked about "she was in a war", Dr. Alice decide that it must be an actual war, and when I shared my version of interpretation, she said, no, it must be a grandmother, so they mean an actual war, and she asked the one giving the reading if a real war was meant, and she actually put words into the reader's mind. Since when is it up to the recipient of a vision to decide what the symbolic images mean? It's supposed to say someone to the sitter or the one to who the reading is directed! And that was another point that bothered me. Dr. Alice asked the participants who the reading was directed to … and sometimes she even gave choices, "to X or to Y", and that wasn't proper at all. It felt like that way the others weren't even encouraged to listen or let the reading sink in so that it may make sense later, even after the workshop. It was … in hindsight, kind of enlightening to me in terms of progress, technique and also abilities. I have the feeling that I am, in fact, advanced.

So … I pondered a bit during my short walk with Jacqui … and again, I found a strange round small thing on the ground, of which I had seen several, even photographed one and put it into this c. d., but don't remember right now, where … and suddenly I knew what it was, and I said "**Gall-Wespe**"!


Galläpfel
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Galläpfel - unbekannte Lebensgemeinsch...
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Die Edelkastanien-Gallwespe ...
iva.de

I picked the **small round ball** up – of course! It was a “**Gallapfel**” (Oak apple), and I had not been able to recall that term so far! And I threw it over the fence thinking that there are larvae in it and they have a better chance to survive in the dry oak tree leaves … *and just when I had thrown it away, I realized:* My ***“put into my hand”*** vision **of the round things** earlier had just manifested!

I had seen the “Oak apples” in my hand! And even though it was only one, I had seen already several of those gall wasp kids nests, but hadn’t picked them up, only thought about it! So that was instant manifestation! Like with the cheesecake! And I had found it “not believable” that I “got” “small round balls” into my hand! And yet, just that was about to happen in real life!

Wow! What that taught me was that I really must learn to trust myself more. Not more. Really, truly. How can I become a “magician” when I’m not ready or able to really trust my abilities?

Well, the thing is that until tomorrow I really didn’t know I had abilities.

(Later)

Okay, just now … as I scrolled up, I came across **Bob’s picture** again and the picture of the T-shirt.

I had “seen” that blond woman earlier and the **blue bottle** … now, that is a bottle on the T-shirt. Not that “blue” the way I saw it, but .... Too bad that I can’t recall the other two or three items that I “saw” when I made my frontal lobe a projection screen.

SAN LUIS OBISPO
INTERNATIONAL
FILM FESTIVAL
2009
WINE FUN

(Later) I watched a bit of and read up on the movie “Just Mercy” … reminded me again what degenerated fuckers humans are …

Then I turned to editing the L-part of this contact diary again … and it’s the August 11 entry, and it’s – about a **woman with long blond asymmetric hair style with a curl over her shoulder!** Just like the one in my afternoon vision?! Was this a hint that "someone" knew what I'd be editing later today? Here the quote:

*"And then I woke up, during my tossing and turning, and when I fell asleep again, another **dream**! And this time I was in a **movie** I had written or was planning to shoot, and Bob was there too, but kind of watching from the sidelines. At the same time, the plot was real and concerned me, but it was all seen from my point of view, I wasn't in the dream myself. It was about a **blond woman like Kim Basinger** who was a prisoner and had to be brought to some kind of trial."*

Wow I just realized that the movie "Just Mercy" is about – a wrongfully convicted man and thus - a **trial!** Wow, this is interesting, because this is how my dream went on (Quote:)

#MichaelBJordan #JamieFoxx #JustMercy

Just Mercy | "Equal Justice" Clip | Warner Bros. Entertainment

JUST
MICHAEL B. JORDAN
JAMIE FOXX
AND BRIE LARSON
MERCY

*"No, now I see it, it was that woman, the Kim Basinger type, who sat next to me like a pupil (and that part I saw from behind us, at times, not always from my perspective) and who was on some kind of trial, and yet it still was in a school classroom, and she had to answer the teacher's question. For some reason she couldn't, but I could, but I wasn't asked. When the teacher asked me, finally, the questions had to do with **Bob** and my life with him and with his death. This is vague, but I was very reluctant to answer, and suddenly, the woman took off. She was chased by authorities, and I knew it more than I saw it. She was chased by the teacher too, and somehow he found her, and we all suddenly were in a big court room, and she tried to escape through the huge door – just when the teacher came in. So she saw that there was no way out, and suddenly – although they were bitter enemies – she hugged the man and kissed him …"*

What are the odds, ***that right after watching a movie about the justice system and a trial*** I turn to my editing work only to find that the chapter is ***a dream about a court trial?*** This is really what I just saw … the enemies, the kissing, the "chase" … wow! And the blond woman!

Yup – googled "**Kim Basinger**" and the picture with the **long blond asymmetric hair** with the curl in the end over her right shoulder – that's what I saw this afternoon when I spontaneous tried out what I had learned about the "inner projection screen"!

gettyimages
Sunset Boulevard

Wow! This is amazing. It just manifested what I have seen, and the movie and the dream … it all fits together, but from all kinds of different timelines!

Also now I see that too: "like a pupil", **the teacher and student setting of my dream** of more than three months ago … that's what I had yesterday! *When I was a student at the workshop that a teacher gave!* Oh wow! And the part where "Kim" …*"had to answer the teacher's question. For some reason she couldn't, but I could, but I wasn't asked."* That reflects very much the situation yesterday! And: *"When the teacher asked me, finally, the questions had to do with **Bob** and my life with him and with his death."*

Yes, it did, because my participation in that workshop was about learning how to communicate with Bob!

And here, a further quote:

*"Just now I have another impression of a dream … on a ridge, outdoors, in nature, very green, **were people, standing and watching, …"***

That reminds me of a significant scene in "Just Mercy" where the p***eople of the black community had to stand in the courtroom, lined up in the back because all seats were occupied by white folks!***

(Later)

Something else interesting just came up, just a glimpse, but still, noteworthy:

Editing further, I just came across this entry of August: *"But I really want to watch movies ... my mind wants to, kind of, escape, I think. I have to discipline myself better. It's hard. I feel like diving into some story a lot ... Today I tried **"How to Fake a War"** ... kind of interesting in terms of video production behind-the-scenes … but an unbearable storyline, …*"

A "war". I never have to do with "**wars**", except yesterday, when one of the mediality workshop participants yesterday mentioned that the "woman in the kitchen" (Edith) had been "**in a war**", and when I watched "No Man's Land", that's about the war in Syria … And now this mentioning of a movie I intended to watch, but didn't … so its "use" is that it fits as a theme in terms of synchronicities …

Oh wow.

(A minute later)

Oh get this, what I'm at now, in terms of editing:

Quote:

*"August 14, 2020 – **Summerland & the Rat***

*I picked a random movie today, "**Summerland**", based on the picture, I wanted to see something not brutal, and it's about a writer-artist who lives alone and has to take care of a young boy during World War 2."*

Here is the **war** again! And:

*"(…) And then … eventually she – "**Alice**" (in "Hulihuli Moon", a main character is named "Alice") – explains to her little guest, "Frank", that "**Summerland**" is – **the invisible realm."***

Wow! And Dr. **Alice** was the workshop leader about how to reach the beyond yesterday!

Click OK to chat with Our Sugar MOM

Okay, this is so intense, I think I must stop working now and go outside with my dog, even though it's freezing and close to midnight.

November 24, 2020 – The Wrong Meditation & the Floating

Okay, did the meditation with Dr. Alice, my video feed still didn't work, so I saw nobody … and it turned out, after the meditation, that Alice had given the instructions the wrong way around! It was about "expanding one's energy or inner body and one's inner light", and she said "inhale and relax, and exhale and expand", every time! At some point I could totally feel how around me some kind of circular "fog" expanded (my eyes were closed), and when she said connect with nature and the Cosmos … swoosh, I was out there, above Rakounig and looking towards the castle. It was like I had been pulled outside of me … but not like losing consciousness, just in terms of "imagining" it properly! It worked! I had tried to do that after reading Stewart White's attempts of it … and I just couldn't do it … to reach that impression of "endlessness" and at the same time "personal expansion" and "affluence of energetic experience" and such, but today, I managed to discipline my thoughts in a way and relax enough to make it "out there and above" so that I could really look down.

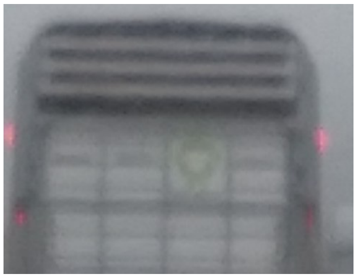
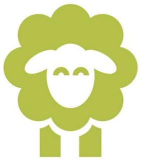
That was great! The meditation directions weren't good at all, there was so much distracting explanatory chatter from Alice … so I wasn't able to let myself fall, because where? She kept talking about stuff instead of helping us to images … and then, again, she directed us wrong!

I was baffled, when afterwards, she mentioned that "she always did that wrong, she should have said and will write it down next time "inhale and expand, exhale and relax"! Oh well.

November 25, 2020 – The Sheep, the Golden Ball With the Crown & the Frog & 91IO

I took a half day off today and drove to visit my mother. It's ice-cold at night already, the car was frost encrusted this morning … I'm worried about my mother, but I got to trust the "angels" to protect her. She has a lot of backpain and moves insecurely, drives me nuts to see that. But she wouldn't go to see a doctor. I brought her nutrition bottles, as she likes them … but back home I realized that I can't be sure that she is actually really driving or only claiming that she does? Wow, that's a horrible thought. Still, I must get to the bottom of that. Oh I wish I lived in Velden. Driving back so far to Griffen was very hard.

Driving away from Griffen, I immediately ended up on a car with a **transporter**-hanger, and on that transporter was a sticker in the form of the "**head of a sheep**"! I have seen horses and cows transported, but never ever have I seen a **sheep** transporter! So I took it as a greeting, because I had asked Bob to tell me when or if the two sheeps from our garden had arrived with him! And today I see a sheep head sticker on the first car that I drive after on the highway.

Hard to see, but the green thing is a ***sheep's head.*** I did remember the website with the logo (shoaf-bauer), and so that's how I found that sticker! Yey! Yup, it counts. It does. Mahalo!

Before seeing her I took Jacqui for a rather short walk into the *forest*. Standing in the sun, I texted Dr. Alice about a date for our session (where she'd give me a trance reading, as I want to talk to Bob and his friends in the beyond); She had called me this morning, which was night.

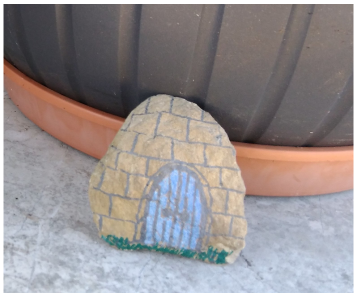
I came across a lovely **sunspot** in the woods … like the sky was sending me messages through the rays …

Suddenly, while walking on, I really had the urge to connect with "them" … and I thought intensely of Edith. I can't bear driving through Velden, I really miss her in many ways. So I just had to stretch out my hand, I felt totally urged, and as soon as I said "*Well then, Edith, put something into my hand!"* **a golden ball with some crown on top** came to my mind. I kind of rolled my eyes about this … I mean, *a golden ball with a golden crown* … geez. It reminded me of the story of the ***"Frog King"*** *(or Prince)*, somehow … and I thought that I had seen a frog image somewhere. So I stretched my other hand out and asked that something be "put into it", and right away: a small kid's glove (Fäustling, "mitten") in green, blue, red and white. Or maybe it was a sock …

*(**Note**: The strange thing is, that in my memory later it turned into a sock whilst at first I thought it was a mitten … a few days later, I had no memory of the mitten, only of a sock ….!)*

Well.

So on the way to my mother, coming back from the short forest round, Jacqui and I passed by that kind of shrine where there are always cool stones, painted. I saw one that had a "gate" painted on it! Yes, a wall and a **gate on a stone!** I found that very cool. So I photographed it, and as I bent over to take a closer look, I happened to look over the green fir twigs that were draped there as a Christmas decoration, and I was stunned:



A **ball with gold and a golden crown!** Need I say more!?

It really taught me again – ***“Do not doubt your connectedness!”*** And I won’t anymore, I promise. It’s just that Dr. Alice said on the phone today that she thinks “I’m overwhelmed by all I experience that the spiritual world is about and can do …” But it’s not true. I’m not overwhelmed by that. I’m more “upset” that I seem to be stuck, somehow. But maybe I am not, and that’s what I need to find out! I don’t need guidance the way she thinks I do. I need support, a push, answers! That’s why I booked a session with her.

I mean – I “see” a “golden ball with a crown”, and then I get – that **white-golden ball with a golden bow** as a “crown”! If I had seen that directly, that’s what just now comes to my awareness, I’d be simply clairvoyant. But this is someone else “talking” to my subconsciousness, which then in turn uses what I got as memories and knowledge and the closest thing to what was put into my hand, so that my conscious mind “understand” it. And that’s how I did see an actual golden ball with a crown, because that expresses closest-possible what I was going to find half an hour later!

I visited my brother’s grave … and as I was standing there remembering him and thinking that somewhere there is also a grave for Edith’s remains, and I asked her, quietly, if she wants me to “visit her” … and suddenly an impression came to my awareness, as if I was talking to myself. Some voice sai***d “A grave really is a memorial site … that’s where you can recall us better, because that’s where you take the time for it …”*** So I realized: A grave as a memorial site is meant to spark memories of a dead person – in order to recall them in order to connect with them!

This was very baffling, to have thought that.

Of course we must use our memories of the **deceased to “recall”** them … wow, even the word now makes a big fat sense all of a sudden.

It’s really true: A grave site is not a place to be sad and mourn and cry, it’s like a mnemonic “device”, to help us remember to – connect!

Wow.

I started crying driving back from Velden, so sad about my mother, my father, Edith and Bob … and I said to Bob that I really need to see him, that I need very much proof again, that he is with me. I feel a little bad, at times, asking for this … but I’m only mortal, and I’m very lonely and desperate in many ways. Seeing my mother … it was so clear already that her body isn’t strong anymore. Geez, I’m afraid of what could come. I must be strong for that.

I took a short break at the Wörthersee lake raft-bridge, where I had a few wonderful swims in fall. So really nothing happened on the highway, … but after a few minutes car with a **frog** image on it passed by me! And I had thought about that earlier! So a green happy frog waved at me – without a crown or golden ball or something! But there was a **frog on a car!**

That was nice. But nothing else … until, shortly before Griffen, a car passed by me with the license plate number “WO **91 IO**”. So it’s actually a double meaning, depending on the way you look at it: 911 O or 91 IO. In Hawaiian, “Io” is the highest spiritual entity, in one of the many spiritual traditions. “Io” is also a “falcon”. And “911” of course is the last day I ever saw Bob in the flesh (or what was left of it). So that was a very strange combination of numbers and letters, and it felt utterly significant.

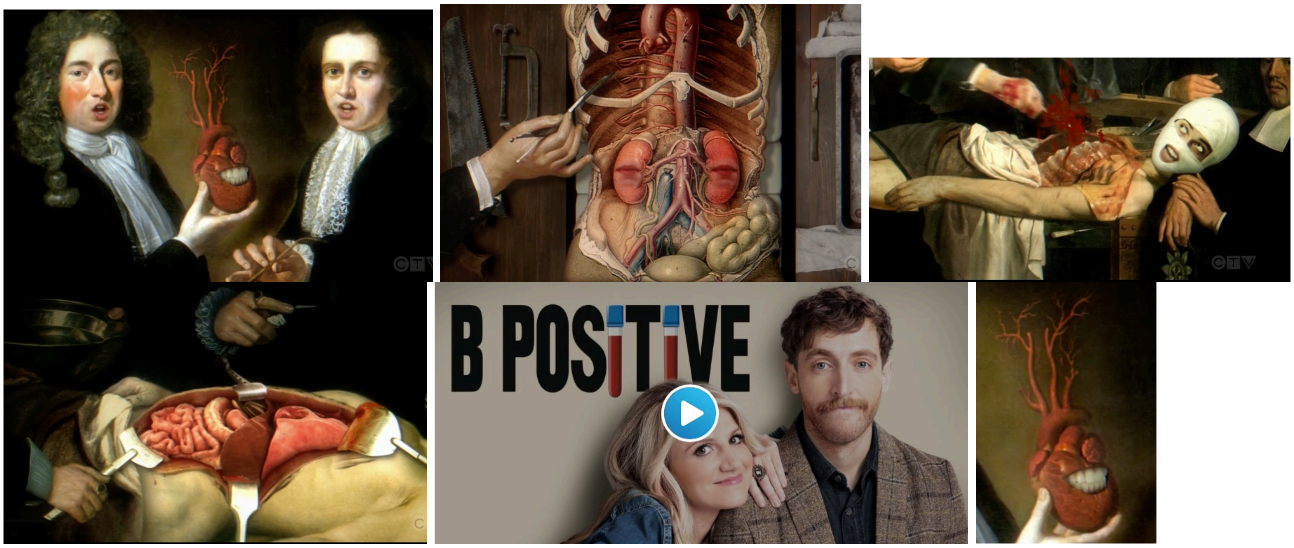
It says “It all depends on how you look at things regarding what you see in them”. So true.

But this doesn’t equal reading meaning into things, it only means that there are two sides, at least, to things, always.

Curious, what comes out of this, further.

(Later)

Working on sticking the pics into this contact diary, I skimmed through TV-series and movies, and there was one series about a potential kidney donor and her relationship with the potential recipient, called “**B-Positive**”. What intrigued me about it, was the intro … that displays the “machine-ness” of a body so very very well. Kind of comforts me, being pointed at the facts of mortality all the time … well, my own body has a few “flaws”, but not getting into this right now.



November 26, 2020 **– Glinik**

My mother called me this morning, I didn’t hear it, then I called her back, she sounded horrible,, as if she was drunk. My family past came flashing back … and I realized more than ever that my parents really were never there for me. But I was there for them and still am. I bought an infrared lamp, and drove up to Velden to bring it to her. She was happy. I had a talk with Sabine D., my dementia advisor, and it helped me to be more understanding and calm towards by mother, who, of course, downplays the pain in her back, but she is likely scared and worried … so we actually had a good talk, and she was looking forward to her self-treatment. I realized how urgently I must move to Velden. Too back that my father hates me, he has two houses and a huge property for himself now. I’m thinking of calling him, but that would be hard.

Taking a small walk with Jacqui after the visit, I met Gerti, who was an acquaintance from the early Sigi-days and who had been a pupil pal of my brother’s. That was weird, to chat with her of all people. But it was actually nice. Our common past should be talked about. She immediately wanted to talk about Sigi, but also she told me stuff about her life … wow, I got almost jealous hearing the story about marrying a foreigner, living abroad, having kids, loving each other and still having each other. Her mother is much older than mine, and Gerti moved back to Carinthia to care for her mother. Maybe we’ll meet up again and go for a longer walk.

A **playful cloud** showed up …

I had taken my laptop with me, so I parked on a highway parking next to an Ibis hotel and had free internet access and worked for about an hour before driving on to Griffen. I felt so strange thinking that I can't spend time with either of my parents. My mother only wants me to visit briefly and my father not at all … I can't even say "I stay for a few hours and do some work before I drive back". No, I have to work in my car on the highway. Geez.

I also realize that I want to write to my father, alright, but I want to be brutally honest with him. Yes, he is having a very hard time now after Edith's death, and I can't imagine his agony. But then … he never gave a shit about my mother and me having to cope with my brother's death, and he never even contacted my brother when he had final cancer. My father was such an asshole to me regarding Bob's death … So now … well, I'm not willing to make him the victim and be so sorry for him, I want him to be normal and treat me right, and then I'd be willing to help me. That's my truth.

On the highway driving back to Griffen, I was overtaken by a car with the sticker "**Glinik**" on it's back. I immediately realized that this was familiar, but it took me another second to recall that it was the name of the man who owned an apartment in Velden that I thought I could rent … but when I talked with the current renter, it turned out to be not suitable for me in many ways. Just odd that of all names on car stickers, that's the name I saw. And I'm aware of stickers always, so I know that there aren't many names on the road ever.

November 27, 2020 **– The Guy from the Workshop!**

Last night, in bed, after working on the c. d. part "L", I felt that I wanted to "receive" some … input, something … and as I was lying there, awake, just about to doze off, thinking about my mother and father … suddenly: The **face of my paternal grandmother Johanna** popped up in front of my inner eye! She has never done that before! I was awake all of a sudden again, and I heard myself say out loud **"Omi Hanni!"** that's what I had called her. The facial impression lingered a little bit, but except for suddenly feeling very much "inside of me" like "looking out from two windows that are my eyes" I didn't find back into any kind of "receptive" state, whatever that is. I did ponder upon whatever that meant that my grandmother Hanni, my father's mother, appeared to me. It was strange, in a way. Did she tell me that she was watching over him?

I tuned into the house where my father lives, and it was kind of hard to realize that Edith who had replaced the presence of my grandmother Hanni, who was the queen of the house, after Hanni's death … and also I recalled the drama about Hanni's death … who, according to her caregiver (just realize that during my drive to my mother I had actually thought about that caregiver, which I haven't done in ages, her name was Conny Robatsch or Ropatsch) had asked for me many times, but my father didn't even tell me that my grandmother was sick to die, and he didn't even tell me that she had died. I had to find out later! That's what my father was like. Everyone knew – and a relative had told my mother – that my grandmother had included me in her will, but my father always denied that. So … now Edith was gone again, and maybe my father will feel the presence of his mother again in the house … it must be so horrible to be alone in there, with Edith gone and yet everything about her still there. I wish I had access to my father … I could probably comfort him just by admitting how hard it must be … But the house, now empty of Edith, and now what? Will my father move out there? Can he? Is he desperate? Does he know what to do?

And I totally remembered the energy and presence of my grandmother Hanni whose realm the house was before Edith moved in … and how Edith is gone. Maybe it's Hanni's realm again? Does she want me to be in there, actually? That thought just came to me very strongly. Not sure what that means …

Anyway. So that kind of thoughts came with the sudden image of my grandmother Hanni's face, as she was looking at me directly. It did feel like she was about to say something, but then the connection was gone. There was a direct line between her and me, I felt it. She, of course, is now with Edith … and I'm sure they are all watching me right now.

Today I included Hanni in "sharing" food with the invisibles … I did that one by one, whoever I could think of, while driving back from shopping in Wolfsberg, where I had bought kettle potato chips … which I love. And Bob loved them too. And I shared with my brother Peter and Edith and Sigi and all kinds of dead folks, as if they had lined up to receive treats.

Yesterday and today on the highway there were so many very impressive and "telling" license plate numbers, but I didn't have the energy, somehow, to write them down. I kept thanking "them" for connecting with me that way. But my mind feels in a way … I don't know, withdrawn.

Dr. Alice called this morning, and we set our session for Monday, December 1, at 5.30 pm. I really want Bob and whoever wants to, to connect. Alice said she was going to do a real trance this time. I'm very excited about that.

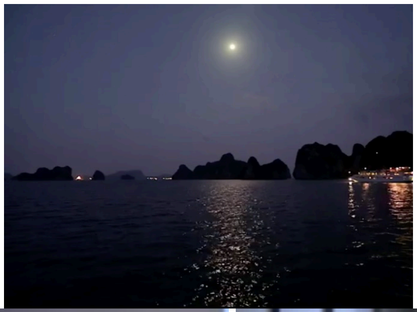
In **Wolfsberg**, during a short walk *along the river Lavant*, I met a man of about my age, maybe a little younger, twice, with his nice dog. The second time, both of us on the way back, in opposite directions, we talked a little, and he said that his dog was 12 years old, and the dog was absolutely focused on the man. And that man – was a very nice man. I regretted briefly that I didn't live in Wolfsberg. I would have liked to get to know that man, I thought. But then I realized how vulnerable and sensitive he seemed to be … and somehow, that repelled me. (I know it's the thought that again I was to be the one to be cautious and give and make feel comfortable … but who in this fucking world would ever try to do that for me? Bob didn't, as much as I'd like to believe he did.)

I must admit that I've been postponing checking my other email account from where I have written to that guy Valentin P. who is his designated caretaker … just for fear of what I might read. I really must check today. Maybe he didn't respond. Maybe there are bad news? What if my father is in a hospital or dead?

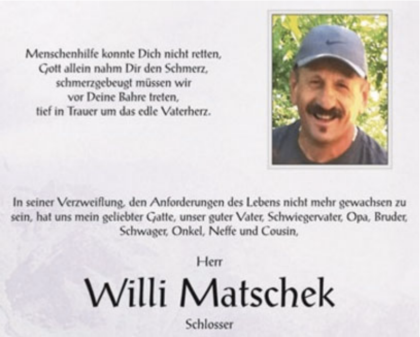
Somehow, I just have to … kind of keep standing behind what feels like a barrier right now.

(Later)

Oh – geez! I just saw **the man from the reading during the workshop** in a TV-series I just started to watch, "**Halifax: Retribution**"! I have to send it to Dr. Alice! The ***"half man behind the woodstack"***, but even though I didn't se him with a hat, the other participant later did, Brigitte! I'm so curious if that man resembles the dead Karl Pfeifer that Dr. Alice thought came through! Also the **"two face halves"** kind of spoke to me … it's like *"being half Bob and being half me",* as that's what it feels like when I'm doing the "Play me"! Wow, this hasn't happened in a while that something in a film comes across so directly?! Also … a room with **guitars** … the **moon** over the ocean …



High-way: “**SMB 911”** car license plate!



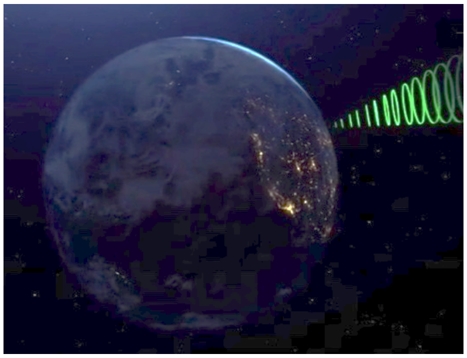
Menschenhilfe konnte Dich nicht retten,
Gott allein nahm Dir den Schmerz,
schmerzgebeugt müssen wir
vor Deine Bahre treten,
tief in Trauer um das edle Vaterherz.

In seiner Verzweiflung, den Anforderungen des Lebens nicht mehr gewachsen zu sein, hat uns mein geliebter Gatte, unser guter Vater, Schwiegervater, Opa, Bruder, Schwager, Onkel, Neffe und Cousin,

Herr

Willi Matschek

Schlosser



I’m again back to my vision during the workshop … and now I finally know who that man behind the wooden pile reminded me of! This man! I had found his ***obituary*** and felt very drawn to it and to him … so I’m now very much sure that he is the guy who appeared in my vision … just the interesting thing is that there now are three men that are so similar: My uncle Karli, Alice’s friend Karl and this man, Willi.

Somewhere, in a movie I zipped through (or even a trailer, I don’t remember), this image of ***“Earth & Sound”*** showed up and spoke to me (so that I took a quick screenshot) … it’s me, isn’t it? Calling out to … to …? It reflects my wish to “hear” … Bob.

November 28, 2020 – **Narcissist Revelation & The Power Message**
Striking:
In the TV-series **“Halifax: Retribution”**, the psychological profiler Jane Halifax suffers a major personal tragedy – by the making of a woman who is a major narcissist! And Jane, the psychologist talks about how the narcissist will never even “get” other people or be even able to care about them. No feelings, no understanding, no remorse … but also: nothing else. It was like a major wake-up call for me. I’ve been reading about narcissists to understand my father better. He is an extreme case of

pathological narcissism, and the fact that this TV-series, that I watched through all 7 episodes, actually, brings it to the point, is not by accident.

I'm being warned to not expect anything from my father … and to be brutally honest and assert and explain what I want from him, if I want something**. "You don't see other people,"** *says Halifax to the narcissist,* **"you only see them in terms of your own internal drama."**

Thank you, spiritual "world", for the assistance. I know what to do now.

Oh! Another major **message** for me! The major culprit (who talks about the true major problems the world has, like us all being manipulated by commercial moguls and money people, from poisoning to surveillance issues!) quotes someone: ***"Every single person has the power to change the world. But only the special ones have the courage."*** How freakin' true.

Of course, in the fictional story he will go down, and his message will be treated like the one of a mentally ill person. Shucks. But alright, I get it. I'm not supposed to be quiet and timid and sad and weak. This killer, a fictional character, sits there entirely quietly with his timer knowing that he'll die too once he pulls through his plan of giving the world a message to never forget. And since I know that death is not a punishment, but a graduation – if it happens at the proper time, and when the timing isn't messed up by someone's free will fucking up everything, so that "immature souls" end up in the unobstructed phase of life, again and miss out on the proper individualization they would have achieved otherwise! And I've been thinking that killing a bad person really should never happen. They should be made to repent … but then, looking at what I've learned about narcissists in the last days and psychopaths for that matter: There are humans – and by that I mean "physical shells that contain a spirit) – that are so fucked up that they aren't capable of ever learning and / or improving. They might as well die to not cause more bad influence on other people, good, capable ones, spiritually and energetically. But then … even their fucked up existence that hurts so many innocent people is in a way always a learning and development vehicle for others, just by the events in the Cosmic network they cause or help develop.

Still, I don't believe in complete "Karma", like "everything is predestined". It's not. It's the **human free will** that we develop as mortal creatures, that influences everything. Just the ways that this free will develops has been majorly compromised by the turns that human mental "evolution" has taken … to the worse, in many aspects, for the masses.

This morning, lying in bed, realizing that I was waking up, I watched my breathing, literally felt into my lungs, observed their activities, and I listened to my heartbeat, and I totally knew myself as a container … and with "myself" I mean my body. I suddenly thought that I don't need to by all means preserve my father's or my mother's life, but I must do what feels right. And nothing else.

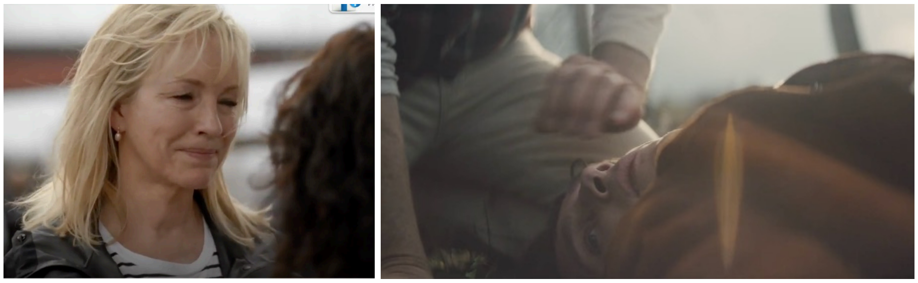
So I felt so small and **encapsulated** under my bedding, it was already light in the room, about 9 a.m., and then I saw my dog curled up closeby, and like always he mimicked my sighing and moaning. And we have that little game, that when I moan and move in a certain way, he comes over to me to sniff at my bad morning breath and to have me pat him so that he can lick my hand. I don't let him lick my face, maybe my nose sometimes. And he's all happy. And then I mostly mumble something about "Just one more minute", and I curl up real briefly on the other side of the bed, and he also goes back to his bed and does the same. And then we both fall asleep deeply for a few more minutes, and I wake up again from his snoring. So seeing and hearing my dog every morning reminds me that all those physical vehicles around contain precious spirits who have roles in the physical or material human evolution. And then, eventually, or pumping and wheezing and moving shells die off, and our spirits are free and live on in the unobstructed realm that can't be perceived by our mortal senses and bodies.

Well. It's very clear to me. I do ask myself every day what the fuck my life is all about now … and I flash back to Maui often and miss everything so much that I want to throw up. But then, there is always ever again a glimpse of understanding of that one quote that has burned itself into my mind like nothing else, what Betty White tried to bring across all the time: **"It doesn't matter what we do in life.**" I never "got that", really, I found that ludicrous and strange and unimaginable. But in a way, I begin to get it. Deep inside.

I'm learning.

My body is old in some ways. But just last night, after taking a shower and massaging some body lotion on my legs, I thought, "wow, my legs still look exactly what they looked like when I was thirty." They do. How strange is that.

Also … I just realized that the character "**Jane Halifax**" actually looks like **Hanni**, my ***grandmother*** whose face I saw two days ago … and she looks a little bit like me.

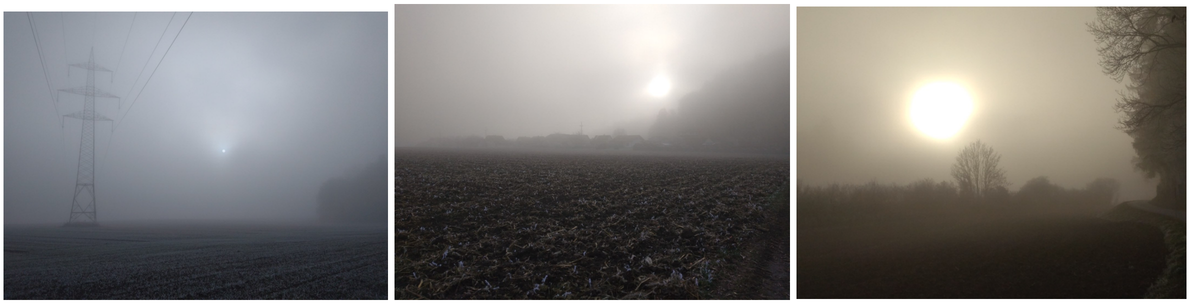


I watched the movie "*Let Him Go*" … with a mature man (played by Kevin Costner) mustering up all his strength, physical and emotional – and taking revenge and what's his. Somehow I had to think of Bob so much. One of the first scenes, though, was that man bent over his *dead son*. Simply fell off a horse. Interesting to look at … that dead shell.

November 28, 2020 – **The Blue Thing & Seeing the Light**

Took a walk with Jacqui in the ice cold fog around Griffen … and there were marvelous sights of **ice crystals.** I wonder what all of this looks like "from the other side".

… and eventually, **“I saw the light”** … seriously, it appeared to me that it was some kind of “similar thing” to what people see when they die and “*go into the light*”. I mean … see for yourself.



Then, as I was talking to "them" about Monday, December 1, when Dr. Alice will connect with them for me and that they can reach me that way and give me messages, I suddenly felt compelled to ask that ***"something be put into my hand"*** again … of course, as an image. Right away, without missing a beat, I saw **something blue and bulbous**, like a toy, with some kind of "spikes", so at first I thought it was a blue dinosaur toy. This I did reject … I found it ludicrous. Twenty minutes later, I stood facing a **bulbous blue soft bag**, maybe having belonged to a child who had toys or food in it … right there, at a little shrine …

No, it doesn't look like a toy, but that's my subconscious describing what I was about to see, and I didn't have a concept of "soft blue bag in the shape of a bulbous thing for putting toys in it". So it was a blue bulbous toy itself that I was "put into my hand".

I freaking kid you not.

My mother sounded utterly confused today and kind of "off", on the phone. She doesn't use the lamp! I told her she must, she said she feels fine. Then she said she forgot about the lamp. Then she said she used to twice. Then she said she uses it all the time. It was very hard to keep my calm.

Walking in the fog I suddenly said out loud ***"It's because of your son that you're dead, and I always knew he was bad news."*** Strange, how it was so clear in my mind, suddenly, how Bob paid so much money for his son's education who then – in the first year that Bob and I spent together – simply stopped a few months before the finals, and Bob never really spoke up, but he was devastated. Once, then, his son came to visit, and they had nothing to say to each other. In the next years, Bob's son always had something else to do when there was a family meeting. I think Bob saw his son just a couple of times in ten years! And then, in spring 2020, when Bob was already so sick and he had already told me he was sick and I was sending him medicine and had almost booked a flight and had found a place for my dog, Bob decided to travel to the mainland for father's day, mainly to meet his son. But his son never showed, because, as he called it, "Life happened". Well, then, later, "death happened", because if I had really gotten to be with Bob already in spring, we would have cured Bob, together, he and I. But because of his son, this didn't happen. And then, his son would only be interesting to come over to Maui after Bob's death if there was something material of value to him … but there wasn't. So he didn't even come to his memorial.

All that was clear and sharp in my mind today. I didn't call for it or think about it. It simply happened. I don't know why Bob wanted me to think it … maybe to give me a comparison between my attitude towards my parents, trying everything and such … and the one of his foul offspring? Life is such a mess.

November 29, 2020, Sunday – **The Penis & the Socks**

Drove to see my mother today, she was fine, quite cheerful, and she seemed to move much better which speaks for her indeed using the red-light lamp I brought her. I was quite pleased.

Before visiting her, I took Jacqui for a walk along **lake Saissersee** with stunning **“as above so below” scenery … as well as a wonderful surprisingly colorful …**

… and there we met a very nice woman, at the same spot where I had met that other woman who I found so spontaneous attractive in summer … and Jacqui immediately walked up to her. She wore nice black kind of workout leggings, and I warned her, when she started patting Jacqui, that she’ll get his hairs on her pants. She said that she didn’t mind but that the pant were entirely new, she had only worn them for two hours. It was interesting that I was attracted to those pants so that I even mentioned them from my part.

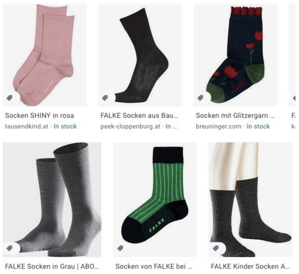
We then ended up chatting about the route from there to Forestlake, and that we didn’t wear panty hoses but just **socks**. It was strange to talk with an absolute stranger about socks, and she gave me the name – ***Falke***, meaning “falcon” – of the ***socks brand*** that she was wearing because they aren’t tight.

At some point, I don’t remember, if it even was today, but I think so, I asked for something “to be put into my hand”, and to my surprise, a **potato sack**, the rough kind, tied on the top, appeared. This was strange, so I just sighed.

On the way back, I noticed two cars with very similar license plate numbers, **“VK 521 EY”** and **“VK 721 EY”**, then several interesting, like **“728 DU”** or **“719 BS”.**

(Later)

I watched movies while working on pictures for this c. d. … and just now (11 p.m.) when I realized that my feet were cold even though I was wearing **socks**, it suddenly hit me, that the "**sock**" that I had received "in my hand" with the *"golden ball with the crown"* had just manifested!



Socken SHINY in rosa
tausendkind.at · In stock
FALKE Socken aus Bau...
peek-cloppenburg.at · In ...
Socken mit Glitzergarn ...
breuninger.com · In stock
FALKE Socken in Grau | ABO...
Socken von FALKE bei ...
FALKE Kinder Socken A...

I was kind of a Christmas colored sock, though, with red and green, and I think the woman's socks were gray, but still! I was looking at a total stranger's sock in the deep forest today! After I had "seen" a sock as something that would manifest just three days ago!

Wow. I just got a total hot flash writing about this. It's just amazing.

AND WOW again! As I googled ***"Falke Socken"***, there actually IS just one (!) red and green children's sock on the result page! Just look! Wow! It never fails, never does, the "put something in my hand" game!

Later, I watched a movie about a sex addict and a cancer patient (title "*Hooking Up*") … and sure enough, the latter looked at **"a penis"**! (Well, he had testicle cancer, though, but the theme hit close to home.) There was also a car that attracted me because of its color (teal, like Bob's beloved Honda Accord) and it's license plate number.

November 30, 2020

This morning I saw one of the adult cats of the place where Momi used to live walking on three legs only! I think it's the male cat, probably Momi's father, and I felt so sorry for him! I went over and took some dry cat food from the container the have there and put it into the bowl … poor guy! I don't think the owners of that place will give a shit and bring them to the vet. If I see him more and see him suffer, I will.

Took Jacqui for a walk to check for the cat on the way back … and to my shock, I saw Marshall's owner M. and her daughter I. take a walk in the area where Jacqui and I were, along the creek and on the meadows – *without Marshall!* I'm so upset about this, I can't express it. So this fucking asshole drives down to the village and goes for walks there with the fucking baby in the pram and her daughter with the roller, and her dog must stay at home all day every day, and nobody walks him ever? My hatred flared up so much … I had to watch a violent film … seriously, I have a very hard time handling this.

It's not that they leave the dog at home, but that nobody walks him, and I'm not allowed to, anymore! Jesus Christ, these people really really need to get a lesson somehow, and I really am praying for it.

December 1, 2020 – **Working With Bob Again & No Meeting Today**

I had the most amazing **dream** … of Bob and me and our projects! He and I were in **Hawaii**, but we were kind of h**overing above Hawaii** and had a good overview of all the islands … and we discussed – wait for it – *how we could work on a new project together even though he was dead. Yes,* ***we were both aware that he was dead and I was not!*** He was in a good mood, always slightly to my right, smiling, interested – but also a bit cautious, and I don't want to say reluctant, but rather doubtful. I felt it was because he had moved on, in a way, to doing other tings, but I was excluded from them. So I felt very passionate and even desperate about convincing him that we should really try to make it work. It felt like he was "visiting", or that I was visiting, but that our being-together was not going to last and that we needed to make decisions. It turned out that there was at least one other person who I wanted to convince that I still was with Bob, a guy, maybe a black man? But mainly I talked with Bob and kind of had to convince him too that it was worth the try to manifest ***a video or film project,*** like he had planned. At the same time, kind of intermingling, I told the other guy how it is with the second human body that exists during the mortal phase and grows, and upon death, we simply shed our remaining mortal material shell and live on as our energetic selves. This means that we can do the same things like we did when we had a material shell. I seriously educated the guy about how Bob is still Bob, and that we can make it work. Somehow it was like the man couldn't see Bob, but I could. ***I was with Bob! Directly!***

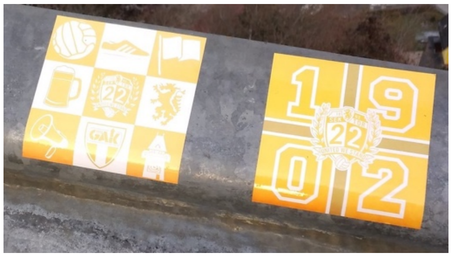
Bob was hovering with me over an area that seemed to be above Oahu looking towards Kauai (and I must say that this dream-Hawaii was a place *that I know from other dream*, and it's not like real Hawaii!), was a bit amused and not entirely sure he wanted to do what I suggested. He didn't say anything against it, but his demeanor and the way he smiled expressed that he wasn't sure. So I kept asking him if he didn't long to do that again with me and how great it would be to be together … And he asked what I had in mind as of **topic** for a film, and I said that I knew where to apply for money (and interestingly that was *a place from other dreams too,* but there it had more been some kind of *publishing house on Kauai!*), and I told Bob that I knew that there was **a place with huge magical rocks in Hawaii**, and there were other places with **magical flowers**, we only had to look for those places.

Somehow the dream switched setting at some point, and Bob wasn't with me, but I was hovering over a different place close to some guy. It was kind of bright and sunny there … and he saw me hovering and I did that to prove to him that it was possible to live on as an energetic body alone, and that Bob was alive and everyone else too, and that it had merit to stay together. I remember that guy grinning at me …

Then I woke up.

Maybe this dream has to do with the **intense feeing of Bob's presence** that I had yesterday and the fact that today is the session day with Dr. Alice? However, about that session … I thought, waking up, that the dream was very strange just because it's the session day.

It was so intense, and I was really with Bob … to dream something like this … how odd …

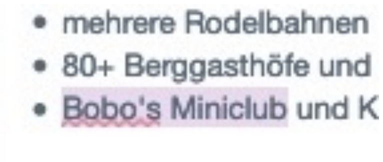


Took a walk with Jacqui … there was a **stunning opening in the sky** … and a **sticker** on a railing … with the "**222**" on it …

(Later)
Oh my. I wasn't really surprised when Dr. Alice called and said she felt so sick and needed to cancel our session. This gave me the feeling that *I actually had one with Bob already, last night.*

I feel that Dr. Alice needs my support. I want her to read Stewart and Betty's work. Send her a few Mudra-screenshots. They will help, I'm sure.

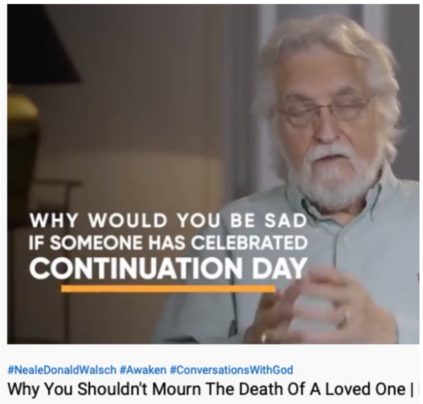
"**Bobo**" appeared in my work …



- mehrere Rodelbahnen
- 80+ Berggasthöfe und
- Bobo's Miniclub und K

(Later)
Finally watched the video *"Why You Shouldn't Mourn The Death Of A Loved One"* where Neal Donald Walsh points out that "death" is actually rather called ***"Continuation Day"***. He says once one realized that death doesn't exist and that the "passing over" is just that, one wouldn't mourn the death of a loved one ever again. Not for one second. One might still mourn one's own loss, but not the "dead". What a great thing to hear. It keeps ringing in my mind. Helps me a lot, emotionally.

Continuation Day, huh. Kind of cool.



#NealeDonaldWalsch #Awaken #ConversationsWithGod
Why You Shouldn't Mourn The Death Of A Loved One |

Just before that I watched *episode 5 of "The Good Doctor" Season 4*, and there was an elderly guy who died, and there is a scene with an empty hospital hallway, and I really had to think of *Edith* and how she died at a hospital. As did my brother Peter. And my grandmother Maria. Haven't heard from my father, haven't dared to call him, did write him, though.

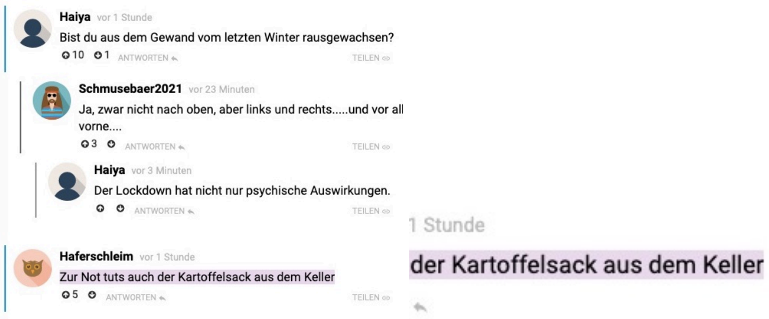
In the episode there was also something else that struck me as very emotional: A **wooden painted parrot.**

Now, the thing is that I've been thinking several times in the last weeks about that **wooden painted parrot** that *I had once **made** from a root from the forest* given as a gift to a friend of mine who then moved back to Chicago, and who was a cousin of a guy who was once Sigi's best friend, and about who I had talked with "Gerti" the other day … when we met in Velden and talked about Sigi.

And today there is that wooden painted parrot. What does it tell me? That "I" the way I always was am still here. The parrot reminded me of a time when I had no clue of what was coming for me as of fate … but I realize I had always a strange feeling about myself. I always felt really really old.

December 2, 2020 **– Potato Sack Manifested**

Oh my! The **potato sack** showed up! The one that showed up "in the palm of my hand" on November 29 or 30?! In a user commentary in an online-newspaper, where it was about big time snow coming these days (it's snowing today, too)! Someone made fun about another reader having grown out of his/her winter clothes, and the commentary stated that **"a potato sack from the basement will do, too".**



Haiya vor 1 Stunde
Bist du aus dem Gewand vom letzten Winter rausgewachsen?
10 1

Schmusebaer2021 vor 23 Minuten
Ja, zwar nicht nach oben, aber links und rechts.....und vor all
vorne....
3

Haiya vor 3 Minuten
Der Lockdown hat nicht nur psychische Auswirkungen.

Haferschleim vor 1 Stunde
Zur Not tuts auch der Kartoffelsack aus dem Keller
5

1 Stunde
der Kartoffelsack aus dem Keller

ANTWORTEN
TEILEN

KARTOFFELN
POTATOES
POMMES DE TERRE

What are the odds? I was really … I mean, I am really really surprised. Baffled. Kind of very … satisfied, though. Even the most ludicrous seeming image of something "they" "put into my hand" showed up. That counts for … a lot.

December 4, 2020 **– The Concierge Doctor, the Jingle & Benny Poodle**

Fresh snow. Should be nice. It's for Jacqui, and I'm happy for him. Nobody walked little Marshall. He was able to jump around in the garden, at least. I took Jacqui on a long walk, and there were amazing impressions … like the view of some kind of **division in the sky, like a frontier, a boundary … right above a bridge** … seemed to be speaking to me.

Watching a new series, “**Royal Pains**”, about a doctor among rich folks in the Hamptons … and there is the jingle at the beginning that just makes me see Bob dance to it all the time … it’s really funny. I know how much Bob would have liked this jingle, and probably the series too, because there are such likeable characters … oh, just now I realized that the kind of doctor that “Hank Lawson” is, is called “concierge doctor”. Well, and Bob’s an my TV-series project “Paradise” is about a concierge in a hotel.

THE BLUE VAN
0:03 / 5:08

The Blue Van - Independence

Everytime when I hear the **jingle** … ***Bob pops right up and dances to the music and makes goofy motions.*** Of course it’s wishful thinking and imagination, but I’ve learned to “hold still inside” and just let the images come. I know Bob is dancing for real.

Here’s the lyrics:

“Independence” by The Blue Van
My independence went away
I didn´t listen when it said
'rely on yourself
trusting someone else is a path for the silent ghost'

Yup, that’s it. The song itself continues:

“My independence went astray
I didn´t think you could betray
the pieces that belong inside yourself
Still I wonder where did we go wrong

Dear independence, which way to go?
Dear independence, the world will know what I think is right

My independence kicked me out

It fed me to a hungry crowd
Like a leper I´m not touched
and cannot bear to watch as I lose the will to lose myself

Dear independence, which way to go?
Dear independence, the world will know what I think is right
My independence had a mind of its own"

I know that he is here, because I must smile from a very deep point inside myself … I feel Bob's amusement and joy … that he used to have at times when we were together, actually, very often.

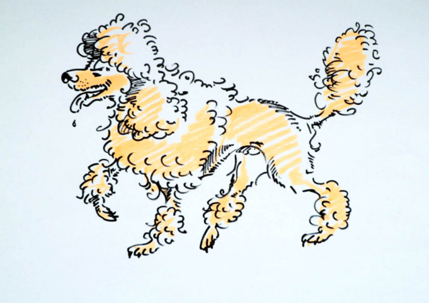
I received a registered letter from my father … and I haven't dared to open it. I send the email correspondence between Edith and me to my father's future "caretaker" (the guy who he and Edith wished to have the power of attorney in case, some day) via email.

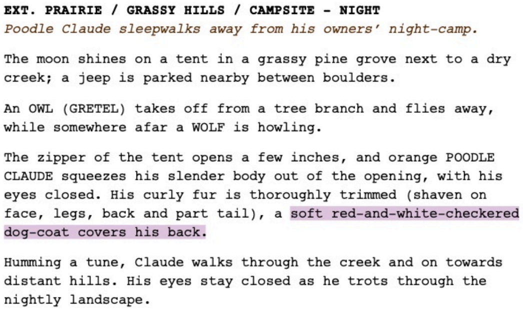
My mother was slurring her speech on the phone today, again, after I couldn't reach her yesterday …. And it scared the crap out of me. I can't handle this, her beginning to drink again. All the progress me made in the last months, is for nothing if she drinks. I really don't know what to do.

Tomorrow, I will talk to her straight-out about it. And then I'll see.

This can't be my life now. I just can't be.

(Later)
Geez! I just realized something … and it took me a year to "see" what was right in front of my eyes: an **orange poodle**! Like the star of my best script winning animation screenplay "**Woodle Or Wolves Are Us**" about an orange poodle by the name of "Claude", later "Woodle".





EXT. PRAIRIE / GRASSY HILLS / CAMPSITE - NIGHT
Poodle Claude sleepwalks away from his owners' night-camp.

The moon shines on a tent in a grassy pine grove next to a dry creek; a jeep is parked nearby between boulders.

An OWL (GRETEL) takes off from a tree branch and flies away, while somewhere afar a WOLF is howling.

The zipper of the tent opens a few inches, and orange POODLE CLAUDE squeezes his slender body out of the opening, with his eyes closed. His curly fur is thoroughly trimmed (shaven on face, legs, back and part tail), a soft red-and-white-checkered dog-coat covers his back.

Humming a tune, Claude walks through the creek and on towards distant hills. His eyes stay closed as he trots through the nightly landscape.

Bob loved that story and even took a class for movie pitching on Maui with the script back in 2017. I was so happy about his initiative … but he never followed up with the necessary steps after the workshop. So that small orange poodle had lived up the street, a few houses, and the animal looked entirely miserable, his body naked of fur in many spots, and sometimes he wore a small dog's ***manteau*** – like Woodle had worn it!

He ran free, and I was so worried all the time that he'd be run over by a car one day. Rumor had it that his owner wished for him to run over, as she called him "cripple". I remember a few weeks ago, after a visit at Momi, Jacqui and I saw the little orange poodle cross our path way far away from his home. I thought good for him that he gets to explore the area. He was very shy, though, and wouldn't approach. I put some dog treat down somewhere hoping he'd come and get it.

(Actually, looking at the pictures of poodle mixes … that's what he looked like, he likely was a mix.)

Today, a new acquaintance, **Anna**, a woman I actually met pretty soon after I moved here, who lives up the street on a farm all by herself, with her dog Oscar, her two cats and a lot of sheep and chickens, told me that the orange poodle had been put down because he had had testicular cancer. I felt so sad. I miss the little guy, somehow.

But the fact that together with the lit stone and the house of the sun even an orange poodle are around here – is actually very stunning. The fact that the little orange poodle is dead now … wow! Does this mean that maybe he is with Bob? I have to ask him.

Oh, something else I just realized: That dog reminds me of "**Irkle**", the small beige dog that was tied to the house across the street and had to run under the roof and on the driveway on some kind of running lead attached to a line under the roof .. and he'd bark incessantly. Irkle was very similar like the little orange poodle-mix here in the neighborhood, can be that his name was **Benny**.

Irkle was so thin and always alone … never in the grass, never out, always running back and forth on the concrete … thinking about this right now, Jesus Christ, how could I watch this? I did call the humane society because of other mistreated dogs (after Irkle's death) … but I really didn't do enough for Irkle. But Bob said not to interfere. But I still began to throw food up to him, and once I brought him water, when the owner wasn't at home for days. Later I learned that Irkle had been the dog of the owner's wife who had died, and he didn't know what to do with him. So he simply let him alone and lead a miserable life … I so regret that I didn't interfere consciously, but this would have meant crossing Bob … I remember very well my deep frustration, but I couldn't dare to do anything, I was a "guest" in the country, and my relationship with Bob was precarious … eventually, Irkle ended up in a ditch next to the driveway, and I heard the horribly whining and went with a torch to look … heartbreaking to see him lying there, blind and helpless. Another neighbor came, and she called the humane society. I'll never forget Irkle. But I'll not forgive myself for not doing anything besides sneaking food to the dog and talking to him from afar. Just yesterday I reminisced my Maui days and remembered that I had actually a few times thrown food towards the dog but not far enough, so that he couldn't reach it. It's forbidden to trespass, so I had to run up there quickly and grab the morsels and throw them closer. I think those were shrimps, back then. Oh, I wish I had given him more food or had asked the owner … Bob and I could have taken care of poor Irkle. Barking his heart out day in day out.

By the way, two days ago I asked again for something to be "*put into my hand*", and it was a "**book**", it looked like **a thick book** (that I only saw from a low perspective corner side) with some **golden** color on the page cuts …

Today I tried it again … and there was some kind of "stack" of something, like some "Lego"-construction that a child had made, kind of colorful, very strange.

Good bye little orange guy Benny … maybe we'll meet again. He did touch my heart in a certain way, everytime I happened to see him swish between the sides of the street … he was so fragile and thin and really ugly with his sick skin … oh wow, that reminds me of Bob's psoriasis ridden body …

Well, I've asked Bob if he can go and find and keep the little orange dog. I'll be curious of the response.

I also am asking Fe and Edith.

And then I sit back and think how crazy it is that I'm talking out loud to dead people and even "look at them", as if they were here, thinking that if they really are here, they might as well put themselves in exactly the place where I'm looking so that it makes sense …

(Later)

I kept watching "Royal Pains" … and a character just explained that "**Mulligan**" (golf) means something like "fresh start", "do-over" … I had to think about Bob and me sitting and having dinner one day at the Irish restaurant ***Mulligan's On The Blue in Wailea*** … it was one of the last times we ever sat anywhere together. That's also were Willie K used to play …

Mortal life seems really not much fun right now.

That said … just remember something that I forgot to mention (but I don't remember which of the past days it was): The landlord Tony told me, that the two sheep were not killed! The were put on a different pasture with two other sheep, and they'll stay over winter in a winter quarter! I could not believe it! **The sheep are alive!** ***So that's what the sheep transporter was telling me?***

December 5, 2020

Dream! Climbing through a mountain range, kind of secretly, in Africa, looking down between crevices in the very round and black rocks, it was really dangerous. I had to reach a house, where, in some kind of "classroom", was my mother, and I think my brother was there too and maybe Bob? … and there was a very difficult task to be accomplished. And I had the lead … shit, I can't remember it clearly, but it was all about my being the clue to accomplishing something in that exotic environment. A dog was there, like Jacqui, but another dog showed up, smaller … and I realized that it wasn't a house but some kind of factory ruin where we were … and we had to keep the door closed overnight, between that room where we were and the rest of the building. In the morning, when I looked outside, the dog was there waiting. He had long hair and was white and brown …

I remember now that the dream had many layers, and a lot happened … but right now it's gone. There were people who challenged me, but I wasn't scared of them, I was more upset about having gotten into this situation! Oh, and I remember that I had to go to a bathroom! That's right … we were wandering about that factory ruin that seem to have been on top of that mountain range that we climbed before, and there were many other people, like refugees, in a way, and all were looking for a toilet. Oh, and now remember! I really needed to go and had found a hall like in a factory, high and wide and barely lit with some yellow bulbs, and there was an open bathroom with a toilet that was sitting like on a stage, as if it was a theater stage, and there was no toilet paper. And a man – someone familiar - called out to me from the left side of a hall, and he had a roll of toilet paper and held it towards me. And I was in such an urge and was about to go get it, but the threw it, even though I shouted "Don't throw it!" (Nicht werfen! It was a German language dream), but he threw it anyway, and the precious toilet paper landed on the filthy ground, were there were puddle like of feces and urine and oil … and I was outraged. At the same time my mouth filled with a suffocating paste of gray stuff, and I had to reach into my mouth to pull this kind of poisonous "crème" out, and I threw it into the toilet, but I couldn't get it all out … and it felt like I was suffocating. I went to the toilet seat that was now soiled with the gray stuff, and I thought that I'd simply sit down, but then a woman with a girl of about 13 years came, and they wanted to use the toilet. But I pushed them aside and said that I had been here first and that I was only waiting for the toilet paper. They gave way and stayed in the background to wait for me to be finished. And I realized that the only way to use that toilet was to climb on the seat and squat on it … but that seemed impossible with the others watching … and that guy showed up again, this time with a roll of kitchen paper towels, and there were only a few sheets left, and as I hurried towards him, he threw the kitchen towel roll too – so that the paper unfolded, and all fell into the dirt … I was outraged … and then I woke up.

Drove to see my mother … and I found her completely drunk. Seeing her like this, slurring her speech, pulling faces, being entirely unapologetic and with not the slightest hint of insight … I flashed back to my younger years and a situation, that my relationship with Bob pulled me away. Now it's back.

I feel so sorry for my mother … but I have to take steps. I took two wine bottles away with me and made her promise to not drink anymore. Then I had to leave her alone … after her full hatred against me came through and she said that I was a witch.

December 6, 2020 **– It Rains Love & The Book! & Probably *THE* Spiritual Insight Of Them All**

Called my mother at noon, couldn't reach her. So I drove towards Velden … During the short Schlossberg walk with Jacqui Ingrid called and told me she had food stuff for me again. Very sweet of her to think of me. She wished me luck …

On the highway, driving in the **pouring rain** I was so desperate, fearing the worst … so I talked to the only people who could actually help me. And I called on to my brother, Sigi, Edith, Bob and other deceased I could think of and told them that I really really need to know that they really are alive and fine. I talked out loud, driving behind a "Kostman truck", and I said *"Really, guys, it's really necessary like right now for you to let me know (that) …"*

And in that second, one of the few cars that were on the highway passed by me, and it had a sticker on its back window (and not many cars have long readable stickers anywhere at all!) and it read:

"Es regent Liebe." This means "It rains love".

I was baffled speechless. It was pouring … and in dealing with the invisibles it's all about love.

The only thing I was able to say, was "That counts".

Then I had the ***epiphany***: I thought that maybe water coming from the "heavens" is actually an energetic process that brings "love" which means the power of life and prosperity down to the mortal realms of Earth, so that stuff can grow, that beings can come into existence and grow … so that this was actually a metaphysical revelation I was getting today: "It rains love" or "Love is raining down" or "Love is in the rain" means that **an energetic force that we might as well call "love" is in every drop of water, and it connects the realms.**

Wow. That's "the bridge" … as a material version of the energetic one we need to establish. Right?

Then "FG 1" drove by … and I read "Feel Good".

My mother was drunk again. But at least, she was "fine" otherwise. There was no way to talk to her or get a reaction of understanding out of her … she said the same things over and over, that she had no problem, that she hadn't been drinking (but two new empty bottles were on the counter, and it wasn't even 3 pm yet), she doesn't think that it's a problem to have a glass of wine now and then, no she didn't drink yesterday … and when I pointed at that she couldn't drive when she was an alcoholic again that she'd have to go for a withdrawal again … she just stared at me. Then she said I was making everything up and that I was a witch and crazy and evil …

Breaks my heart … but I'll may have to take her independence away one day ….

Too "funny" that it's the jingle of "Royal Pains".

(Later) **The Book in my palm!**

Watched "Royal Pains" … of course it's exactly the episode where a demented depressed mother causes her daughter deep worries. The mother must undergo a psych-evaluation, but she refuses, and she can't be force. I must find a way to force mine. And I will. When I said that I'd talk to her doctor, she got really furious. Sorry, mom. During my drives I was thinking (and crying about it) that my mother hasn't acted like a mother for decades, and that she isn't a mother for me now, I can't think of her that way. She is an elderly woman who can't be left by herself anymore. It was horrible to drive away, again … but I trust she doesn't drive at night … but that said, if her alcohol consumption increases, who knows what she will do to get to her drug …

I can't fucking believe that it has come to that again. I think all that is due to the mental aid elixirs she had been buying for herself and that contained a tiny amount of alcohol. I had brought her the ones without alcohol, but she began to by them on her own, one with alcohol became her favorite. But she didn't know it. I think. So … maybe it's my fault.

I just don't even know what to think anymore.

(Later) Watching "*Royal Pains*" … the vision of the **"Book that was put into my hand**" on December 4th showed up in the series ("General Collins signing a book")! *Exactly from the side I had seen the book!* The page cut was not golden, only slightly yellow, but there are golden buttons next to the book!

Even the book has shown up. Wow.

December 7, 2020 **– Royal Pains & My Past**
Very strange **stripes** in the sky during my morning walk …

Visited my mother today. And I was amazed … after a nearly sleepless nice and the connecting her to my heart energy … I drove and talked to people on the phone (emergency care, psychiatric clinic, rehab facility) … and it was amazing how little help I got. At least, I thought, I knew now the path I'd have to go in case …

And my mother was sweet and fine and talkative and in a good mood.

Being with my mother, my heart really went out to her, and I realized what that "Royal Pains" **jingle** is saying me: "… ***rely on yourself, because trusting someone else is the path for the silent ghost.***" Now, what or who is the ghost? I'm saying "deep frustration with mankind" or simply "disappointment".

No more "***Royal Pains"*** for me. I read up on the story arcs of each character, and that suffices for me. Watching it was about the **jingle**, that Bob also likes, I feel it, including its **message**, and about me getting distraction during the days of the crisis with my mother (I binged the first three seasons and only started the forth) and, of course: It was about the **book** that I foresaw when it was "put into my hand".

There were also **rabbits** and scenes of **video production** *the way Bob and I did it so often* … and they catapulted me right back into my grief …

Today I sent pictures of Bob and me and Maui to Anna, my new friend. And it nearly undid me just seeing glimpses of Bob. Right now, mortal life seems unbelievably cruel. (Of course, just now Jacqui came hobbling from the other room and put himself right next to me, nudging me with his wet cold snout.)

December 8, 2020 – The Fluffy Stuff With Yellow & Two Major Insights Long Overdue

Dream of **Keanu**. More intense, more personal than ever. We were in love and couldn't keep our hands off each other. He took me on a foot tour through **Los Angeles**, and I was in awe about the opportunity to see places that only the "VIP" would see. Strangely, it was kind of an **industrial area** with long underground passages … At times it felt like we were not really walking but flying, he was some sort of superman. People recognized him – and suddenly, he was more Bob than Keanu! And I was so proud of him and felt so special, when people looked at him and admired him. He held me close, and we kissed, and we felt so good together. There was a **younger man, kind of pudgy and blond**, in a **stairway** down to an **underground** train station or passage (with his back to a wall, but he was still out in the open, while we were already going underground) who looked at us suspiciously as we walked by and took a sharp right turn, and I saw that he pulled something out of his pocket and held it covered, to hide it. I told Keanu about it, but didn't say it out loud, but *though it "into him",* that there was danger, and I pulled him with me, and we both ducked, but it felt painfully slow … and I knew that if that guy was to shoot, he'd hit us. But as I looked over, it was more like a small cheap **camera** what he was pulling out … and then we moved on and escaped him. Keanu then said that the thought that it really was a gun, but I didn't think so.

We came out in an open area that felt like a building site, with very few people and structures that looked like the barracks at a hangar, and the ocean was close, but there wasn't a good access. I feared that the water was more like a channel and not swimmable … and suddenly Keanu was gone … and I looked around, but he was right back, entirely wet. The water drops on his face were big and kind of stuck to his skin, as he came to me and embraced me. And I asked him if he had found a place where we both could swim, but he said no, at that spot only he was supposed to take a dip, and he'd take me to a different place, an actual beach.

(The first picture shows Keanu the way he appeared in my dream, the other one is a current picture.)

There was such a sweet and hopeful closeness between us … and I called him "Neo", playing on his role in "The Matrix", and we both spoke playfully with altered voices as "Neo" as we wandered on. Again, people recognized the famous Keanu Reeves, and I was so proud to be with him … and I realized that people were photographing and filming us, and I tried to make faces that looked nice.

In my dream I thought to myself how surprisingly nice and warm and familiar that was and that it was Keanu again … (I had dreamed of him so often, when Bob was still alive, but not for a few months).

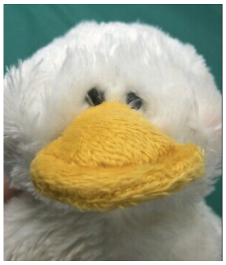
Then people in the house made noise (even though it's a holiday, and it was only about 8 a.m.) … and I woke up. Jacqui came to my bed to lick my hand, and I patted him a little, then dozed off again, and I wished to get back with Keanu … and for a brief "time" I think I did, and there was some other story-aspect to my dream, but I can't remember with other **people who gathered around Keanu** … but then I woke up again.

I don't know what that's all about … but the ***Keanu-dreams are always different than other dreams.*** They feel like real meetings. I guess I'll have to write to Keanu, even if he likely won't ever read my correspondence. I think he is with that artist, Alexandra, who is a type of woman like me, but of course successful and pretty and perfect …

(Later)

Won't drive to see my ***mother*** today, I got to trust her and have faith in her … it's raining hard, and I can't call her because her phone is broken. Tomorrow I'll have my old Nokia fixed and bring it to her. She was looking forward to her hairdresser's appointment tomorrow, after today's holiday … It's so very hard to be so far away from her. I managed to open my father's letter today. It was very short. He wrote along the lines that he is outraged that I asked if he'd rent the cottage (bungalow) to me "only a month after Edith's death … and that I didn't attend the funeral "says it all" to him. That's it. No mention of any of the ton of other stuff I wrote to him, and that he actually forbade me to have contact … he is just exactly the way grieving narcissists are described. I have nothing to expect from him. He'll never be my father, there will never be normal behavior. The only positive thing right now seems to be that he did take the effort and wrote a registered letter to me. This tells me that he wants to be in contact. But he also doesn't know how and what to do. And he hates me, but he always had. So I wrote a strongly worded letter to him today, with a few important truths and mailed it.

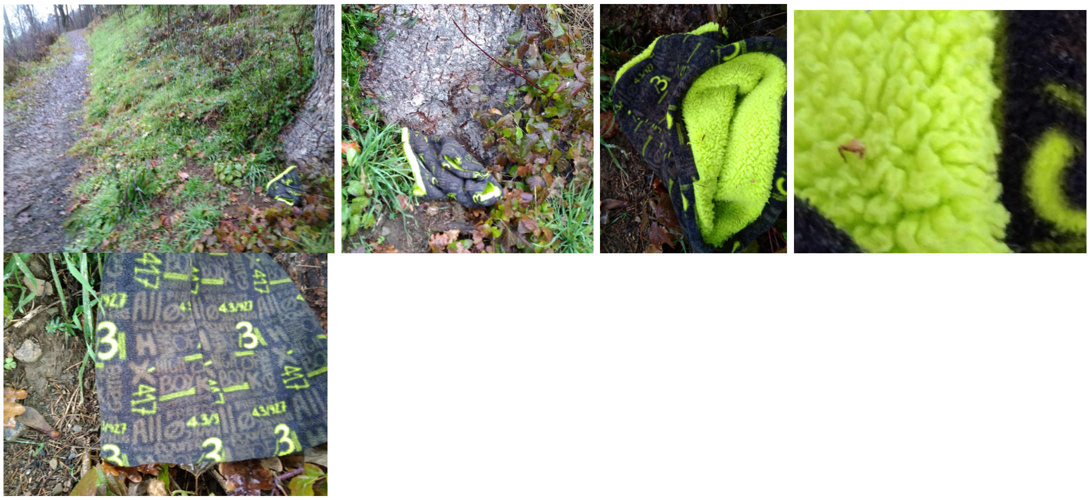
During my *morning walk* in the wet landscape, I felt the urge to put out my hand again and say ***"Put something into my hand, please!"*** but I didn't say it to anyone specific. And immediately some **white cotton wool kind of stuff** appeared, and I thought "Oh well, I'm looking at snow just now in real life, so …" but in my mind, I also said to myself *"Let it develop!"* (and maybe it was not me who said that), and suddenly a **white duck,** maybe plastic, with a **yellow beak** developed from that **white fluffy stuff** that could consist of feathers, too … so that was it, then, something fluffy ducky and feathery cotton woolly.



(Later) **"Palm Vision" manifested?!**

Wow! In the afternoon, I took a walk in the rain with Jacqui, on a route that we hadn't taken yet, to the Helldorff pond. I feel attracted to the memorial site of the woman who committed suicide in that pond … Nobody out there. (I got to mention that while getting ready for the walk I bent down to pick up socks, and suddenly there was a low humming sound in my right ear, I have never heard anything like that, and then it felt like my hearing on that ear was about to cut out … and I felt a bit spacey. I had to think of what had happened to Edith, a sudden hearing loss … I consciously got up and focused and breathed, and my normal hearing was restored.)

On the way back from the pond – **the strangest thing** was lying next to the roots of a tree: I thought it was a cap, but it wasn't. It wasn't a scarf either, I simply don't know what it was. I opened it to see what's inside – and it looked like a "duck opening her mouth", the bright **yellow** showing. It was very **soft woolly fluffy fabric, very light,** with numbers and words on it, numbers that include my **birthday**! This thing was lying in a strange spot, as if someone had put it there, to cover those roots of that tree, but there was nothing …



Can it be, that the "white woolen fluffy stuff with a duck's beak" manifested, that I was told by "zumbuddy" what I was going to see later in the day?

But then – it's not white, it's black. When I think about it … my subconscious wouldn't have had any way to imagine or anticipate what I was about to see. So it took for "fluffy" what it could, something cotton woolly and soft like feathers, and that, to me, is what I "saw" in my hand. The yellow inside of the thing I found can be like a beak of a duck or of some other bird that had a yellow beak … but in my case, I used to find ducks with yellow beaks a lot, and just the other day, I saw one. So whoever "spoke" through my subconsciousness caused my subconsciousness to simply use what I know to create the preview! Soft! Light! Fluffy! With something bright yellow! There!

A little bit just before that find, I looked up at my **umbrella**, just when I had been thinking about how to best address "them" in general, the invisibles … and I saw all the dots above me … and it seemed a perfect symbol for the multitude of humans who live all around us, invisibly.

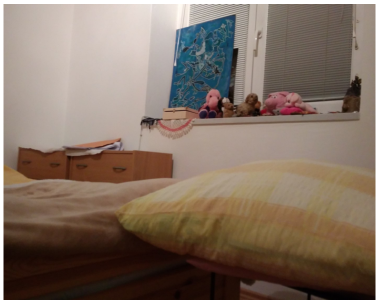
(Later) **Two major Insight long overdue!**

Sitting with Jacqui on the floor enjoying the warmth of an infrared-lamp, my glance wandered to the many **findings** on the window sill … and I flashed back to my years on Maui, where I would find shoes and toy dolls and jewelry pieces all the time along and on the roads. Many, many … so that the dolls I had picked up filled cartons eventually. I gave them all away at yard sales. I never picked up shoes, though. So suddenly the thought stood right there in my mind, like "someone" had asked it: ***"So if the stuff that I keep finding now always means something, what did the stuff mean that I found then?"*** Back then, I didn't think of it much, except that I *"had a knack of finding things"*, like Bob said on one of his last days. I couldn't interpret my findings in anyway, and it didn't occur to me. I did notice that many times I had talked about something or some important theme in my life had come up, and I'd find exactly the thing that fit that situation! Bob always was amazed. Me too. That happened with dream stuff, too. But I had never considered it some serious spiritual … event. Or … tool. Or message.

But today I suddenly did. It floated through me like a soft yet strong and irresistible wave. I talked to myself, saying:

"The dolls meant that it all is a game, and that there are players in it that are going to be disposed of eventually, just shells that remain lying around empty. The shoes mean that I was on my way, along a long path, and that I on Maui was only making a stop of many on a long tour. The path was hard, I'd be stumbling, barely able to walk "without shoes", but the shoes are also memories of people … because the shoes didn't get there on their own. The jewelry meant that it was precious what I did and had value and meaning, and the many pearls meant: it's unique what I'm doing and what I have to do."

Whatever that was all about … I was sitting there in awe about the revelation. I was meant to "get it" now. It was all preparation for the present day. It always is. My development, my awareness, all my experiences …



There was another thought that was suddenly right there: I noticed that I was talking out loud again. I had been saying to myself in the past days that it was kind of ridiculous that I was blabbing all the time, I sometimes speak to people of this realm and repeat conversations we had, or I say something out loud I want to say. Or I simply comment on stuff that I'm doing or seeing or that I had experienced. Or I chat up Bob or Edith or just "them". And today, while doing it again, I said to myself – in a manner as if I was teaching an audience:

"When you are a medium, you must be able to speak confidently and properly and not get entangled or have to struggle for words … so in order to be able to speak in any mediumistic trance, you must practice beforehand that you can speak properly and fluently and have access to all your vocabulary at all times."

Well, I'm not "training" to be a medium, but wow, does this explanation that I gave to myself make sense.

And earlier I had just shared with Bob that I was so baffled about the appearance of all those things "in my hand", but that I wasn't sure that I did enough for "our progress".

I had seen the trailer to some big ass historic-sci-fi kind of movie, and my heart began to ache so much, I felt a wave of sadness but also urge roll right through me, and I almost broke out in tears thinking of my work "Regents of Clouds" and how great it would be for mankind to get to see it. Then I wrote to a German producer, Tom Tykwer, spontaneously. I suddenly felt that I must "imua", move forward, with this filmmaking business. "Regents of Clouds" is still all my life is about. I need my mother to be fine to be able to function, though, and I mean in this realm. The same is true for my father. And my dog.

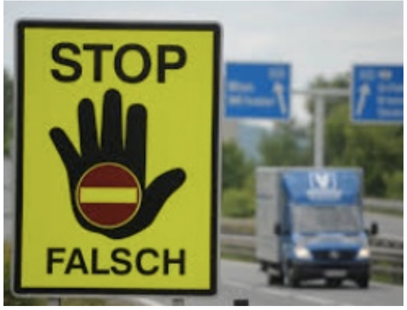
So … well. It was a very intense hour, the past one … with these "revelations" filling my heart and mind … and somehow I feel in a way …settled. Aside from the worries about my mother.

(Asked for something to be put in my hand, and it was – a *lemon,* at least, the shape and color of it.)

December 9, 2020 – Lemon in My Palm?

Did I see the "**lemon in my palm**" from yesterday today? I drove back from Velden from a visit to my mother (and it was very disheartening, in several ways, as we had a big blow-up, because she refused to take the substitute phone that I had brought for her since hers is broken and she refused to take a phone with her when she was driving. She had come from the hairdressers and was in good spirits and really well, but it was snowing heavily out there, the traffic was crazy, and the streets were snow and mud loaded. I got very upset that she'd refuse to even let me leave the phone with her, and when she said that I was "torturing" her, I couldn't stand it any longer, I jumped up and ran out, didn't even take the time to put on my shoes correctly or my coat. I cried and cursed … it was just such deep frustration that there is literally nothing I could expect from my parents in terms of any kind of normal or caring or even minimal insightful behavior towards me …

As I drove on the highway, I noticed one of the **big signs that warn drivers when they are about to drive up on the wrong side of the highway** … and immediately the "**lemon**" flashed in my mind. Maybe that's what I "saw", that's what my subconscious made of Bob's (I have the feeling it was Bob) message to me that he was with my during this painful experience …



So was that the point? I was going "the **wrong way**"? But I wasn't. Was it a warning? Or was it only a hit of something I saw … telling me that "they" can see that too? Or was it literally "Stop, Dani!" relating to the despair I was feeling right then? Relating to what I was doing or thinking? I'm trusting my gut – that was "the lemon in my hand!" I mean – look at it! A yellow hand! A palm! Yellow!

Later, I even pondered upon that "being with us" from the side of the invisibles … what the fuck good does that do if they don't help us or prevent us? They watch us suffering? How freaking great. (But – wait! Isn't that exactly the point, that this got to change?)

(Later)
After working a bit I was so exhausted that I had to lie down …

Before that I watches several training videos for dealing with demented people, with Teepa Snow, a very cool lady, I learned a lot!

… oh, yes, today I had a crazy **dream** about **Hadas** and some kind of **garden sweets baking** competition from which I was actually excluded in a mean way and missed out because I was somehow distracted or rather kept from participating, although I could watch, … it was messy. But kind of colorful … many people in that garden kind of setting, but there were also busses, with which people came and left, and so did I … and somehow I got stuck in one of those crowded busses, it seemed so that I couldn't participate when the people shared and ate those sweets like pralines or cupcakes … but I had also contributed to making them. Suddenly I was outside of that bus, but nobody could see me … and Hadas and the other people (I know from real life, but don't remember who they were, from school days, too) enjoyed themselves. I had initiated and brought about that event, I think, and then I was "locked out" …

After taking a nap I asked for something to be "*put into my hand*" (my left hand for the first time) … and immediately, no time between the thought and the image, there was a "Schleifholz", it's a **square piece of brown wood with a dark piece of sandpaper** glued to it on top, for grinding stuff with it … Wow, I thought. That I want to see manifest, that "*wooden sandpaper bar*".

It was very touching to see the **lit stone** … what a beautiful symbol for the **"light body" that Bob has now** … still in front of the bed … surrounded by Christmas decoration. I really want to get out of here and live somewhere else.

December 10, 2020 **– Sandpaper Bar & Knotted Scarf & The Egg & A Surprise Reading**
Horrible dream in the morning! Black spider jumping up on me!
Plus something about kittens …

Read up a lot about dementia last night … heart-breaking stories, and all have the same essence: Dementia patients, mostly parents, hate their care givers who have to witness how their mental capacities turns them into stubborn self-endangering strangers.

I got to think a lot later … when we look at the situation directly: the human body wouldn't live much longer when a mortal has dementia, if they lived in a natural "wild" environment, as their decisions and the decline of the ruling capacity of the brain would lead them to certain death.

Now, in modern times, we are doomed to watch a painfully long process of dying due to failing processes inside the brains, when the nerve endings don't "shoot" their signals toward the proper other nerve endings anymore … a very impressive example was to look through "goggles" created by your thumb and index finger and realize that this is the world of a demented person.

So us, the still "normal" ones, are witnessing the decline of an existence that was dear and familiar to us … and the demented people turn into withdrawn aggressive strangers and make it so hard to "love" them and care for them. That's why there are professionals now, in care homes, to care for those people who don't recognize their former loved ones anymore anyway.

What does all that tell us … tell me? That we have the perfect proofs right in front of our eyes: The mortal human is some kind of machine that begins to fail, and once it does, it's, by nature, no longer able to survive. On their own. They can be kept alive for a long time. But … for what? It keeps them from graduating to the next level, actually. Meanwhile, all we, the "still normal ones" can choose to "get out of this" is a deeper understanding of – ourselves and how to self-discipline, in a mental but mostly emotional sense. The constant worrying for our demented relatives and how they might harm themselves and others and how they torture us, unwillingly … that's a big learning in terms of dealing with it. Somehow, it can totally ruin our spirit, our own brain, our joy of life …. But then, that means, we didn't learn anything. We must let go of our loved ones, as they aren't "themselves" anymore. But we are also to realize, that they are still "in there", just the body doesn't allow the expression of the true spirit, of the energetic essence, the individuality of the soul anymore. The body wants to shut down, driven by the failing brains. And what are we doing? Keeping it alive by all means, ignoring that the true "life" of the next stage, is waiting to happen.

So, of course, as long as our loved ones are self-aware and "kind of themselves" still and able, willing and wanting to live and to live independently, we must support then. But once their decline reaches drastic levels … well, shouldn't we rather support their transition?

Reading all those stories by suffering (mostly) daughters who long for recognition and appreciation by their demented parents and will never get it … really makes me realize that I do have the knowledge and capacity of not falling into the trap that billions of caretakers have fallen into and will fall into: I will never (again) look at my mother and think "that's my mother". I must think **"this is the body that gave birth to my body once, but the spirit inside of it is not what's expressed by that body".**

There.

I want my "mother" to be happy. I want to keep her from suffering. We'll see how that will go.

(Later) Oh, geez! I think I just saw the **"sandpaper bar"**! I was sitting on my ***toilet*** and looked aside … and there it was: a **sponge** just like the "wooden sandpaper bar" I had "received" as a vision. It's light green and dark green, but next to it stands a *brown* empty bathroom tissue roll …

As I looked over, I immediately flashed to the “sandpaper bar”, and I think that means that it was indeed what I had received. And that means … in a weirdly funny way … that ***Bob is telling me that he is with me “always”***. Can’t be a more clear “always” there, on the toilet.

I just remember that I read years ago that people have the most profound bouts of inspiration in their bathrooms, also under the shower, as they are so “here and now” and relaxed there and open to receiving … Maybe the sponge-experience was a hint at that?

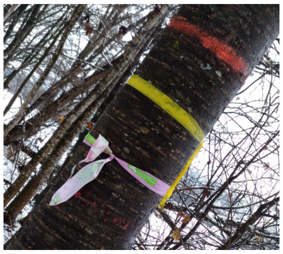
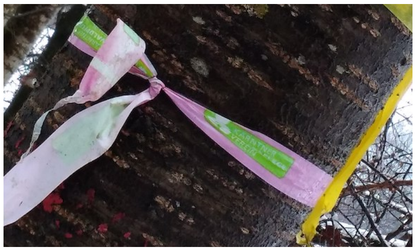
(Later) **Colorful knotted thing**

Took a walk with Jacqui in the heavy, melting snow … my heart breaks everytime I step outside for little Marshall, who is confined to his basement spot day in day out, nobody walks him, nobody plays in the garden. He doesn’t go out into the garden anymore either, I barely see him sniffing around there, entirely dirty from foot to eyes, half his ears black … oh I wish I could just adopt him and move away with him and Jacqui … I’m looking for an apartment all the time …

I took Jacqui along a path I don’t go that often, haven’t been there in months … but today it attracted me, even though normally I don’t like it that much as it leads along the highway, and it’s noisy, even though there is a distance between the path next to the forest and the highway.

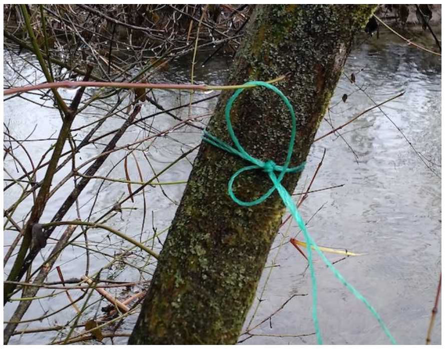
On the way, I had such a strong feeling of “presence”, and I asked “zumbuddy” to “put something into my hand”, and I hadn’t even finished the thought, when I saw some **colorful band or thin scarf, knotted in the middle.** The colors were white and very light green and pink and maybe yellow. I was surprised, like always, how promptly this had appeared in my hand …

So not only did I walk that particular rarely chose path, I also walked further along than I had ever walked before, curious what was behind the corner. It turned out, there was another path branching off – and that would certainly be a very interesting route to take, some other day, when the snow wasn’t falling on our heads all the time. I walked little ways into that new path … and there it was: A **colorful band** was tied around a tree! **Knotted**!

Wow. I really stood there, baffled. And I asked Bob, “Is this our tool now? Is this some tool that we’ve been developing and are supposed to use?”

(Later, next to the creek, there was another **knotted string.**)



There is a new mediality workshop coming up on December 13 … I guess I'll participate.

I did the "put something into my hand" again on the way back. Right away – a **white egg** appeared.

Tried to call my mother, can't reach her … although she swore she'd get her phone fixed today. It drives me crazy that her phone is broken. I'll have to drive up to Velden to check on her tomorrow. I'll give her until noon. Then I'll call. And if she doesn't answer or her phone still is broken, I'll have to do it.

I can only hope for the best. Yet, my abdomen is hurting again, and I feel nauseous again often.

(Later) **The Egg.**

So … something new may be going on.

Last night, I had thrown a potato over to the property where Marshall lives, during the day, when nobody had been home. Marshall wasn't there, though, so I thought he didn't get it. This afternoon, I saw Marshall trot through the garden and sniffing at the spot where the potato had been! So he had found and likely eaten it!

I cooked potatoes for Jacqui, and then I tried to throw another one over to Marshall's garden. But shit – I failed every of the four times I tried! The potatoes hit the wall or flew somewhere, but not into the garden. I tried with dog food – same thing. One slob even just fell off my little dog playing tool (you throw balls with it) and landed right under my window. Shit. I hoped the cats would come and eat it, or the fox.

Then I wanted to make the beef patty for dinner I had planned for, but I suddenly didn't feel like it at all. So I grabbed some lettuce, and since I had bought eggs, I boiled a few.

Later … I heard Marshall bark outside, and my glance fell on the eggs. I thought that because of the shape, an egg might fly perfectly. But it was already dark. First I wanted to throw the egg with it's brown peel, but then I peeled it and flung it in Marshall's direction … I heard it land with a "pop", and it didn't sound like it had hit the wall again. So I'm hoping Marshall will get to eat it.

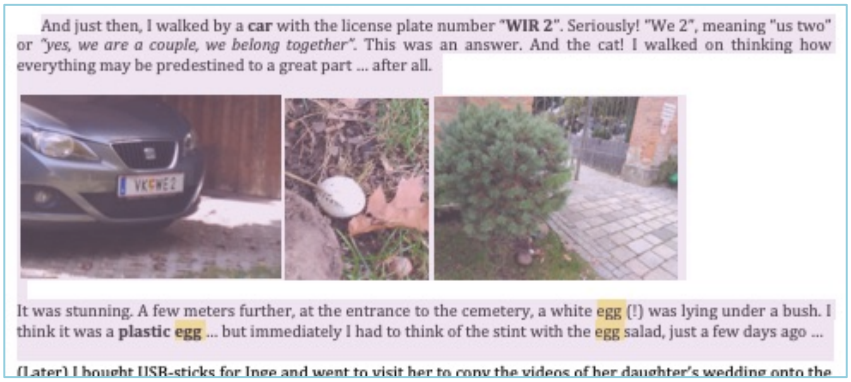
Then … I did some photo work on the c. d. part "M" and tried to find something online I could watch without puking because of all the violence, and I found "Easy", simply an anthology of relationship stories that conclude within each episode. That's relaxing to me as I can skip any couple I don't like.

Then … I sat down with Jacqui to get us some Infrared radiation, which Jacqui seemed to like … and suddenly it hit me: the **white eg**g!

I had foreseen that I was going to throw and egg to Marshall! It was white because I had peeled it!

So … is this new, that I'm being told that what I'm going to do is part of a plan and follows a pattern? Of course I can only after the fact realize that I had received an image of something that would happen later. This had been the main theme in the "put something into my hand" all along. But the thing with the egg feels slightly like a … variation.

Because why in the world would I have "received" an egg? An **egg** – that I hadn't thought about, like, ever. Except today … oh wow! I just realize that just before doing the infrared with Jacqui and before writing this I had edited the section around ***October 20, 2020 (a "222 day") – where I had found – a white egg!***



And just then, I walked by a **car** with the license plate number "**WIR 2**". Seriously! "We 2", meaning "us two" or *"yes, we are a couple, we belong together"*. This was an answer. And the cat! I walked on thinking how everything may be predestined to a great part … after all.

It was stunning. A few meters further, at the entrance to the cemetery, a white egg (!) was lying under a bush. I think it was a **plastic** **egg** … but immediately I had to think of the stint with the egg salad, just a few days ago …

(Later) I bought USB-sticks for Inge and went to visit her to copy the videos of her daughter's wedding onto the

Jesus! And in the afternoon, before I had started editing, I had "received" the white egg! So it had double meaning! Wow. Now I'm … more baffled than normally. Sure thing: ***"Zumbuddy" is looking over my shoulder! And letting me know!*** Oh, I'm so going to participate in the mediality workshop on Sunday!

(Later)
Oh! I had written to Alice in the afternoon confirming that I'd participate in the Zoom-online-workshop … and I received a response that the workshop won't take place because her new health problems … I know she'd been having health troubles for a while … I feel so sorry for her. I offered to help in any way necessary.

(Later)
Oh wow, I hadn't seen a message that Dr. Alice had sent me days ago … it was from a participant from the workshop, "**Sandra**", for who I had done some sort of reading … we had to, by feeling, choose one of the participants (I couldn't see them, remember?), and I had spontaneously felt drawn to Sandra and had seen a whole scenario involving her, and I had sent it to Dr. Alice to forward to Sandra … who then gave me a response through Dr. Alice … something that **Sandra had "seen" for me!** And here it is:

She saw an „image of my connection to the beyond", I'm supposed to trust my inner wisdom and listen to my inside and go inside, often, ask for clarity.

She also got an image of me receiving many small pieces, like from a puzzle, unstructured, like gifts, that came flying to me … and I'm supposed to come into more clarity, be on guard and alert and stick with being me, I'm suppsed to "live clarity" and dedicate myself to it …

Well. This is very amazingly accurate! The me "**receiving a lot**", "**little pieces that come to me**" … and to be attentive and true to myself … wow, yes. Thank you, folks, for giving me this message through Sandra. Trusting myself … yes, I guess that's what I have to practice more.

Strange, that I only saw it today! I did it because I went into the "Private" folder in my email account to find a response of Dr. Alice to me having sent her the Stewart and Betty works, and I had been worried that she'd reject this suggestion to read the stuff again, and when I saw her email I had thought she'd responded to that and hadn't read it (as sometimes I can't handle stuff that could upset me). Turned out it was only Sandra's response …

This is what I wrote for Sandra (on November 22):
I saw her in a long brown dress, her hair open and flying, with a few clips on the sides, and she was running along a wide meadow from left to right, with some hill rising behind her that ended in the edge of a light forest. Behind her, a group of children was running after her, maybe there were also adults, and all were laughing, and maybe singing, and they came out of an orchard, maybe of apple trees. There was distinct very loud birds' chirping, a few flowers were sprinkling the grass … and then I saw a yellow canary bird, and it sang in a was that his song turned somehow in a human singing … but the song remained unclear. The sky appeared very close, too close, like a ceiling, and a breeze came up, and there were white clouds beginning to stream across the sky … Sandra danced in a way, skipping, her arms open, running east, where the breeze blowed, too. There was also a fence behind her, from where the group was running, away from that somewhat dark orchard …

December 11, 2020 – Did I Meet My Brother and Miriam?

What a **dream**!

I was in a rural area where people lived, that I knew, maybe friends – and my brother **Peter**! There was also some kind of **teacher, a tall man** *who I sort of knew,* who was the head of some kind of **project**, and it involved a big spacious **house** and a **garden** from which a **rocky path** (a literal rural path between two wooden fences, kind of wet, between meadows, similar to an area in Kl. St. Veit where I grew up) lead somehow slightly **downhill** … into a **valley**. I arrived there, at that house, and somehow there was some mysterious **task** that only I could do, or I had to help the people already there. **Elisabeth**, my friend from Vienna was there too, just facing me, at times, and the situation was such that I knew that they all had been there long, but *I had only just arrived*. I had to **accomplish** something, but this part is very fuzzy. It had to do with me being around in that house and also outside of it, trying to … now it feels like there was a job! Oh yes! I now remember! Part of the house was a **publishing** agency office, and I thought (in the dream) that I could work there. I went there, and it was already very crowded with desks and people, and I knew that they weren't really capable. That before mentioned teacher was there, too, and my brother, too, and I was given a **job**, for which I had to leave that office again … the teacher was more like a presence, jolly, friendly, smiling a lot, I think, but I didn't really see him, and he hired or challenged me to help him find or do something. We ended up somehow climbing outside of that house, on it's walls (?), and there was always that air of urgency and that I needed to get or find something that the teacher needed. It was like all those people of that office and house were watching me, curious if I'd be capable to pull off what I was supposed to do. I remember my self-feeling in the dream, I was very confident, but somehow upset and impatient, because I was held back.

There was some kind of … meeting with that teacher, where I felt really confused, because people seemed to make my task impossible with their reluctance and incompetence.

Suddenly, there was my brother **Peter** (!), facing me (I have rarely ever dreamed of him). And we were both on that path that lead to the valley, and he held a **baby** at me – **it was my own daughter**! (In my dream – of was it shortly after waking up? – I thought, *"Wow, am I in the realm of the dead, and this is my real life baby girl that never was born, and my brother is telling me that he is taking care of her?"*

And the baby's name was something like "***Cersei***" (from "Game of Thrones", a series I had never seen, but that I watched a satire about last night, a Ryan George "Pitch Meeting"), but only similar. And in the dream I said to my brother "This is a beautiful name!", but I also thought (as my dream persona) that this was from "Game of Thrones" … and Cersei is the one with the love-relationship with her own brother!

So I took "Cersei"-babygirl from my brother, because I was supposed to take care of her now …

And then I don't remember what happened …

I only know that my task was not finished, and there were encounters with that teacher again, involving rabbits, I think and glasses with liquid … not sure.

I woke up because of pain in my left breast and in my right abdomen, the bladder, likely, and my first thought was of my mother and that I hadn't reached her, and the next of myself that these pains feel like something is really wrong in those body-parts of mine …

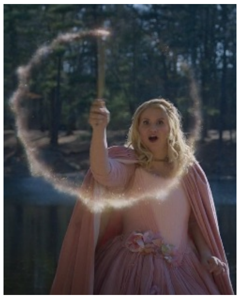
I pondered after my dream and about my mother and the dread of this situation … and then I felt into myself and thought, well, my body is certainly on the aging path and maybe preparing to shutting down … but slowly. And I probably really got to accomplish stuff.

At some point during a walk with Jacqui I asked again for "something to be put into my hand" again … and it was so strange as there were two "***Knödel***" type things, definitely food, like those Asian foods, the

dumplings … beige … “*Dim Sum”* … first it was only one, but I think those were two … well. I thought to myself “Sure, like I’m gonna find that kind of stuff anywhere.”

Strangely, over breakfast, I watched the trailer of “**Wild Mountain Thyme**”, some comedy romance movie whose title I’ve seen several times but didn’t feel attracted. But this moring I was attracted, and when I watched just half the trailer, I somehow felt … inspired in a weird way. Like almost – motivated. Like I had to run outside and … just do stuff. I felt light. (Not for long, but still, it had a strange impact to see just those scenes … who knows why. I sure will watch the movie later today.)

I also skipped through “**Godmothered**”, a ridiculous but kind of endearing fantasy movie … and I liked to see **gourd fields** again … like I had seen in real life this summer …



And a **raccoon** named “Gary”. I didn’t think of the “raccoon challenge” for a while … just the combination of gourds and raccoon … kind of prodded my spirit a bit.

December 12, 2020 – The Dream & The Bitter Reality

Intense **dream** of my mother and me … she and I were in a **tropical setting**, like Thailand, and … like in a similar dream many months ago … We were somewhere along a **beach**, where there were **resorts** or beach restaurants lined up, and I had to take care of something, maybe pay for a hotel bill, and there was a man, and I felt that I was about to menstruate … and my **mother went or drove away from me,** to my left … and I was about to follow her, but I also liked her to wait for me … and I knew that I’d have to look for her, so I was a bit upset. She was on her way to some other holiday resort or to a beach restaurant … and I felt that my menstruation was coming, and there was **blood** and had only one pad … it was stressful, because my **mother was way ahead**, and I didn’t know exactly where she was … and I had to find her … but also I had stuff of my own to do …

I woke up because Anna called … but I didn’t pick up.

(Later)

First relief, then deep disappointment and a feeling of betrayal …

I was worried so about my mother for the two last days … because whenever I called, her phone didn't work. I kept telling myself that this can also mean that they weren't able to repair it and that she'll get a new one, it must not need that she is drunk at home and can't make it to the cellphone store or that something has happened today.

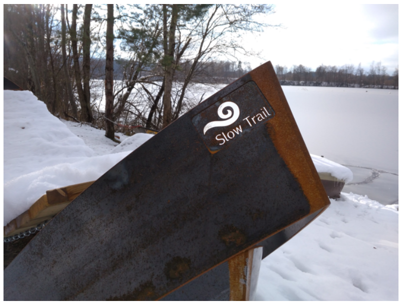
I set out to drive to **Velden** today, but before that I took Jacqui for a short walk to **Schlossberg** mountain.

Back in the car – just about to drive off – **my mother called!** I couldn't believe it, I was so happy! She talked in a totally normal voice, entirely sober, like she was her old herself (!), it was *miraculous*, and she told me that she'd gotten a **new sim-card in her phone**, and that this was her new number. I was so happy!

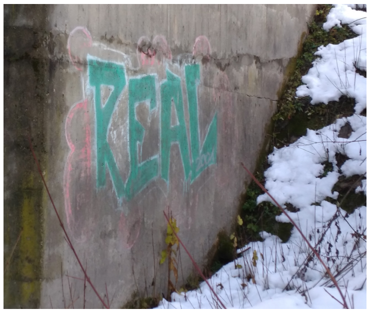
I told her that I was on my way to her anyway, and she seemed … well, not unhappy, kind of indifferent maybe? I don't know.

I drove to the village of **Gottestal** and the **river Drau** first … lovelylandscape, firm fresh snow …

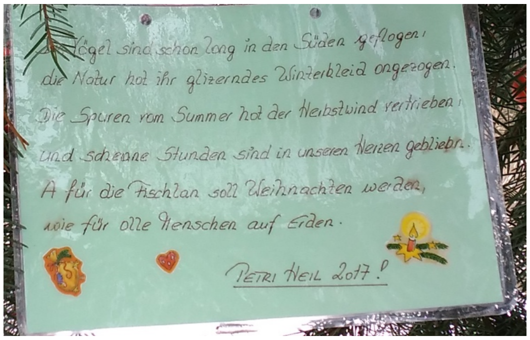
And Jacqui and I had a good hike in the **snowy landscape**, … and just regular pathways today are called "**slow trail**". Geez.



We even went under a **bridge**, where I saw the strange **teal** colored word "**real**" …



… and we ended up seeing a **Christmas Tree** dedicate to – fish!

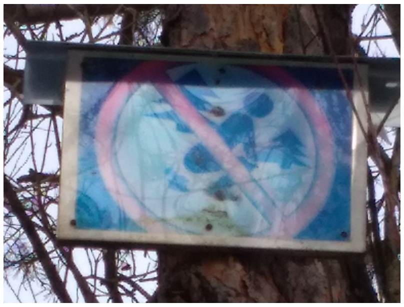


Vögel sind schon long in den Süden geflogen,
die Natur hot ihr glizerndes Winterkleid ongezogen.
Die Spuren vom Summer hot der Herbstwind vertrieben,
und schenne Stunden sind in unseren Herzen gebliebn.
A für die Fischlan soll Weihnachten werden,
wie für olle Menschen auf Erden.

Petri Heil 2017!

And Jacqui met several dogs … and he jumped and ran excitedly. I really want to take him out new places more. (Later I told my mother about this, excitedly, but she always refuses to go on walks at all. Ever.)

There was a **funny sign**, that seemed to prohibit people from shitting in the woods? Bob would have gotten such a kick out of this …



Like yesterday I practiced gathering heart-energy, loving strong force, and send it to my mother and my father … I was sure it would reach them. I did reverse the “wrong” kind of “expanding” exercise that Dr. Alice had taught us during the meditation workshop, where she had said “inhale relax” and “exhale expand”. I did try the “inhale expand” … and it has a very intense effect. It works better, in a weird way. So I took in the beauty of the landscape and the fresh air, and “sent” the impressions directly “into” my mother and my father … I really had done that yesterday intensely, a lot, walking with Jacqui.

Then I visited my mother – and she was ***entirely sober***, and spoke normally, didn’t seem confused or anything, just her aloof self that she had been for many years. She’d never talk to me from her own side, showing any interest. But that has started a long time ago. I was just happy that she was so well, and I was even happier that she excepted the nutrition bottles I had brought her and the non-alcoholic version of her favorite mental elixir. She said that she always bought the non-alcoholic anyway, even though I had just taken away from her the alcoholic version a few days ago and had seen the alcoholic version several times. For a moment I thought, well, she forgot … she also accepted the marcipain chocolate I brought her … and when she offered me the newspaper she had bought today and already read (which I can not really believe), I accepted it.

She wouldn't offer me water again, like she did a few times, and when I kept coming up with topics, she politely answered. At times she even smiled. But I did have the feeling she didn't want to engage. I had brought her a beautiful fir branch from the forest, but she didn't even want a twig.

I accepted it all, just happy that she was so sober.

Then it got dark a bit and I left to take a quick stop at the cemetery to put the fir branch on my brother's grave. It was getting darker when I finally drove away from the parking lot …

And I stopped for **a car that came from the right** (the area where my mother lives), driving out from the residence parking …

And it was my mother in her little red car. First I stared at the license plate number and was stunned. It took me a moment to realize … *My mother was driving away from her home just fifteen minutes after I had left her.* In the deep dusk. I was … in shock.

I still am.

I had asked her if she needed anything, and she had said no, she has everything.

And then she drove off, in the evening, even though she had told me many times that she'd never drive at night.

She waved me to go ahead and drive first … and I don't know if she recognized me.

I drove ahead.

I drove on. I was in shock. I realized that I have no idea what she's thinking, what she's doing, and whatever I try and how ever much I worry, it won't change what she'll do as soon as I leave.

I tried to make myself believe that she was going to a store … but deep in my heart I'm afraid that she left to by alcohol.

I'm so afraid of this. I can't remember most of my drive back to Griffen.

Then I helplessly sent her a *text-message asking her to please not drink alcohol.* Didn't hear back. So I'm back to worrying. And will call her tomorrow. I guess I'll have to ask her straight-out. Of course I've been reading a lot about people who realize that their mind is changing and how frustrated they can be and that they won't tell anyone and lie just to be left alone. I got that. Bob had a similar problem, I'm sure. For a while. I notice strange things about him. But I kind of forbade myself to think what kind of was first on my mind …

So now … I'm in deep shit … again.

I don't know what to do. Strangely, I had to think of Bob and the days when he drove all the way to Lahaina to spend time with P3, a woman he had met at a T. C. screening … and he did never take the time to drive anywhere with me or for me … and the same sense of betrayal set in.

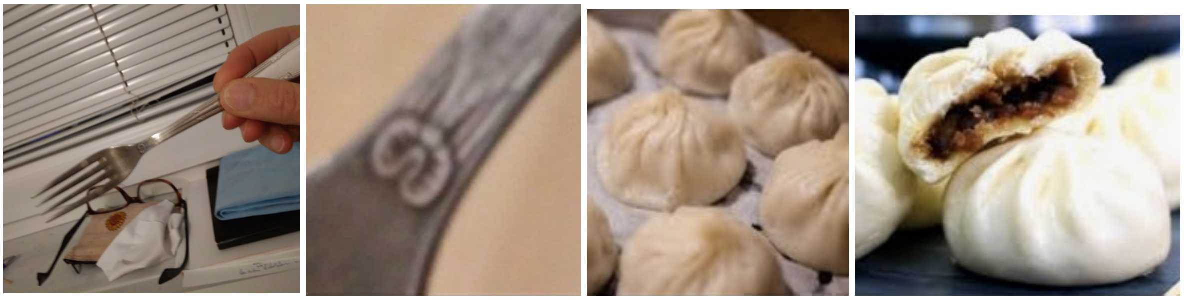
So my mother is not to be trusted. It's not her fault, I keep telling myself that. Yet …

Also, when I think about it … what a freaking clairvoyant dream I'd had! My mother taking off, leaving me behind, struggling … also the menstruation. She said today that she has a feeling of pulling and slight pain in the area of her ovaries, and so have I, actually, have been having for days, and she said "But you still have your menstruation". Kind of strange after dreaming about my menstruation!

We had a very nice calm hour, and then … well.

I virtually am flabberghasted shitless.

Insight: The "**double dumplings**" came to my awareness again today, while driving … that I had "received" on October 11, and I suddenly made another connection about them: with the **fork** that had come to my awareness and *that I had photographed just the day before yesterday* (for an entry of way earlier). I was very attracted by the **little ornament** that I discovered on the **fork**, that I hadn't noticed before … it's **two … round thingies**.



A fork is for eating food. I had seen dumplings "in my hand" … can it be, that my subconsciousness translated "round shapes on a fork that will attract you" into "two dumplings"?

December 13, 2020 – **The Loop-Realization**

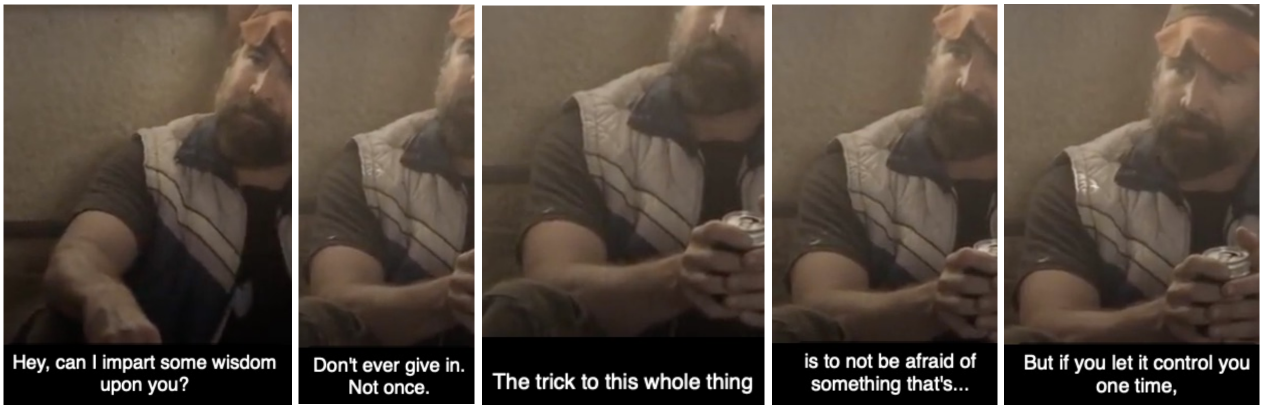
Wow, I had quite the movie-experience last night. I found **"The Endless"**, about a cult commune called *"Camp Arcadia"* and two brothers who escaped it ten years ago but return for curiosity and closure. It turns out that the camp area is controlled by a "*celestial superpower*" that keeps people reliving loops of their existence in that desert over and over again, and the loops are of diverse lengths, like one lasts only a few seconds, but the main one lasts ten years. There is always some kind of **"clay" stick** marking a border of a loop, as it seemed.

The camp inhabitants look way young than they got to be, when the brothers arrive … and the satisfying thing about that movie is that those brothers really find out what it's all about. First I thought that the brothers are also stuck in a loop, but likely not, because they grew older after they left camp … but that said, maybe their loop is much much longer. The entire movie is a perfect allegory on life and being reborn and reliving existence with just slight alterations. The difference between real life and the movie is that the camp inhabitants caught in their loops are aware that they are, and they are doomed to never be able to get away from where they are stuck … and *they try to* **kill themselve***s* or enter some kind of stupor mixed with agony, while the superpower – "It" – watches them and lets them know that it watches them. They do record their life cycles or loop, and, the brothers find the tapes.

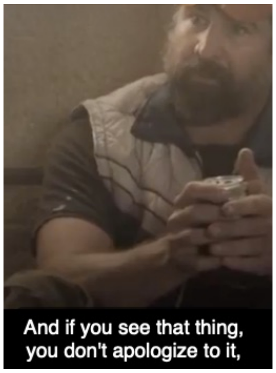
There is also a scene where **two people are right next to each other**, knowing they are, but they can't see each other. Wow, that was so "Bob and me".

Also, there were **chimes** like the ones I invented for "Regents of Clouds" …

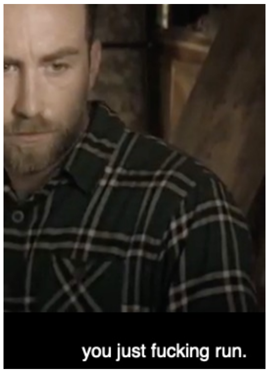
A lot of teaching too … about **not surrendering** to something that seems bigger and more powerful than oneself, even I it's actually really fucking powerful …


Hey, can I impart some wisdom upon you?
Don't ever give in. Not once.
The trick to this whole thing
is to not be afraid of something that's...
But if you let it control you one time,

it's gonna fucking control you over and over again.

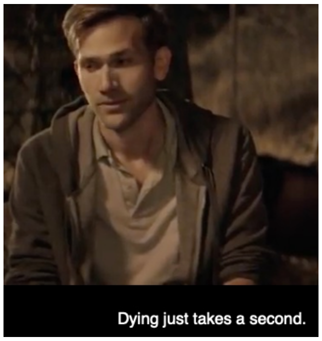

And if you see that thing, you don't apologize to it,

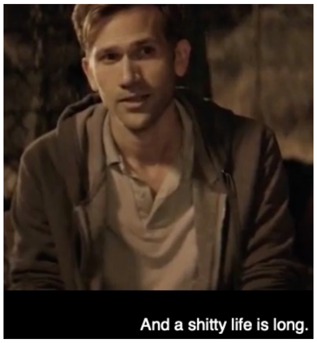
you don't bow down to it, you don't conform,


you just fucking run.

It kind of fit after my weirdly traumatic experience seeing my mother betray me in her special way. Seeing her driving off in the coming dark … and experiencing myself in that horrible helpless moment when I didn't know what to do, seeing her in the car next to mine, and then I decided to just move on … it has changed something in me.

And then … in my bed I thought that **we all are experiencing "loops" all the time, and we do change slightly from one to the next:** It also appears in a movie as one of the brothers explains with sarcasm what "*sleeping*" means: Getting tired, lying down, falling unconconscious, going somewhere unknown and finding oneself in the same place again when waking up. And again in several hours, the same thing, but we will have changed by then, physically and mentally and emotionally and energetically, and our free will has influenced those changes, and it goes on and on until one day we don't wake up anymore. Also it's about **dying** …


Dying just takes a second.

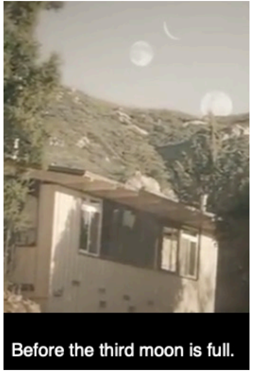

And a shitty life is long.

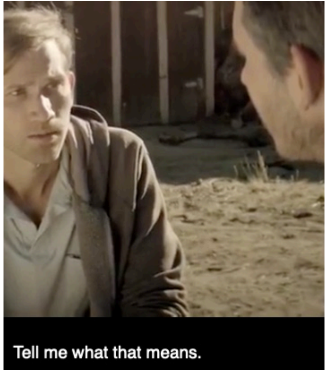
Anything is better than the life you make me live.

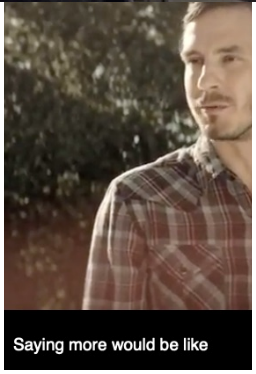
We got to make those loops worth living, as the next loop depends on it. And then … whow knows.

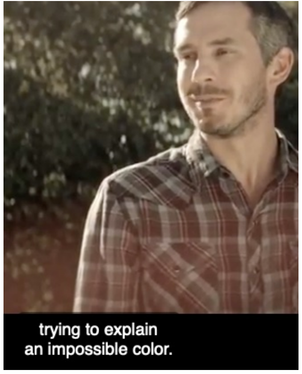
In "***The Endless"*** the "It" kind of plays and messes with the helpless folks … and this reminds me so much of Bob saying so often ***"The Universe is fucking with me".*** Maybe, Bob, and you got dementia in your early fifties and I had no clue.

There was a scene with a **room full of tapes** (as the loops were documented) … and I flashed right back to housie and Bob … it's not painful, it's just numbingly final and in that sense, destroying the "me" I once was. The whole story is about a time when there are "**three moons**" to be seen in the sky … oh, my moon. I'm your sun, still.


Before the third moon is full.

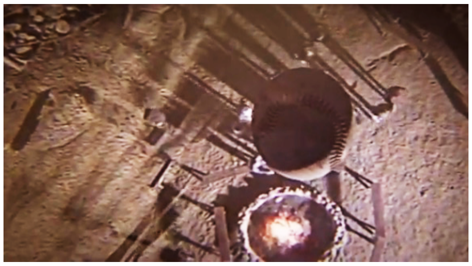

Tell me what that means.


Saying more would be like


trying to explain
an impossible color.

The loops are marked by some sort of "**energetic dome**" in the movie, and that totally reminded me of "Regents of Clouds" … and it always hurts to think about that project, as I have no freaking idea how I could possibly accomplish it.

There is a shot of a **falling tennis ball** … oh wow, that reminded me of the dream shot Bob and I wanted to do one day, for a video game I had concepted (iFly) of a **rain drop falling onto an avocado** and knocking it down … from the perspective of just above that raindrop!



This is one of the few movies where I'd like to see a sequel. It's from 2017 though, so …

But talking about dementia … the mortal loops must end somehow when the body is very strong, so the brain deteriorates in some people in special ways so that the loops sequence can stop.

It's natural.

Well … in my **dream** tonight, I met Bob and Willie K and other people. We were in a place similar to where my maternal grandparents lived and where I grew up in part, in "Kolonistenheim", between the forests and meadow, in a remote place. I loved it there. So in that dream, the place was a bit different than in real life … and there I was amidst a group, too, of people I kind of knew, but not really. I had to do something with them and for them, and *I was a major player*.

There was something with water and swimming and some younger man being so incapable, but I couldn't move on unless I had helped him. And there was suddenly some kind of a **meadow** on the side of a **lake**, with a fence, and with people lying in the sun and going swimming at times. In the "backstory" I was inside of "Kolonistenheim" in the old toilet with the stone and wood seat and the not entirely closing door, and I had to go to the bathroom so much, but other people wanted to get into the small room with me, and there was no way to keep it closed. And yet my feces needed to get out of my body so urgently, so I managed to put my butt over the hole in the seat and do some business … And outside, there was Willie K, and he kind of tried to help me keep the people at bay … I somehow got out again, and my job or project was really urgent, but I couldn't get the people – who seemed to be some kind of "crew" – to understand me and to function the way they had to. There was some kind of rivalry, and some young guy kept taking something from me that belonged to me, and my work or behavior was constantly interrupted and changed and disturbed by him and others. But I couldn't take my back on them …

So suddenly, **Bob was there!** He wore a tank-top and a shirt over it (I think a teal one), but he didn't wear any pants! And we all had waited for him, I suddenly knew it, and I was so embarrassed and also worried that I wasn't ready to do the stuff with him that we were supposed to do. So he had to wait for me … it was mainly me who he was there fore. I grabbed him by his arm and pulled him to that **meadow** at the **lakeside**. There was **fresh green grass**, but it wasn't that warm … and there were several **sun spots** between the people that were already lying there. (This resembles a scene from a movie that I had skipped through, yesterday, too, a remake of "Rebecca".) I told him to lie down and relax and get some sun while I'd finish what I had to finish but I would hurry up to come and get him. He kind of grinned, in a sort of understanding, and he was willing to settle down there for a while and rest and wait for me. I was so happy that he was there, but the sense of wariness and urgency was there all the time.

The other folks kept giving me grief, but it's all very fuzzy already … something with a basin I think and with some kind of liquid, maybe water, where I had to get something out of … maybe? There was also red brown stuff somewhere, and it had to do with Willie K, maybe fruits … or even blood and feces … I had to take care of all of that, and I was constantly hindered …

And Bob waited for me at that meadow. It felt a bit as if he really wasn't in the right place there, either, but that's the only spot I could offer him to be and feel okay, because there was enough sun for him to sit or lie down and be warm, half-clothed as he was, and it was not really summer. Maybe this is a hint at the energetic situation he is in right now … that he is trying (or forced?) to stay close to me?

Is the movie-experience somehow related to this kind of "message"?

Oh I wish the session with Dr. Alice could come about! She will have an operation, she wrote to me … oh, shit. I guess I'll ask her about the session.

I woke up because the young folks in the neighbor apartment came home in the middle of the night and made a hell of a noise, but they also left again in the morning … which was strange …

So I felt kind of sore and exhausted finding myself awake … and thinking about my mother. I just don't know how to behave toward her. What to do.

I took Jacqui for a morning walk (it was 10 am already), and I felt so clearly that I don't belong to where I'm living now. I feel so uncomfortable here. But then … where would I go?

I miss being with Bob more than ever.

Maybe the dream did tell me that *he is waiting for me but that indeed I got something important to accomplish, and he is aware that I'm hindered by all kinds of influences.*

It really bothers me, too, that ***Dr. Alice*** is again "out of order", just when I was getting into the mediality thing and was looking forward to workshops with her. Not even that works out!

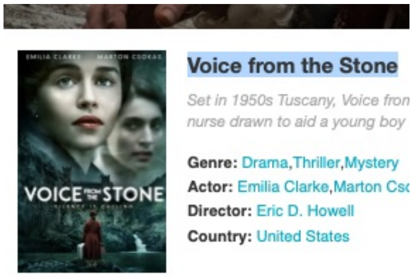
Yet … the "reading" that Sandra gave me was kind of telling … just it's so abstract, and I want to know what she "saw" concretely … I will have to ask her.

December 13, 2020 – **Luxor and those Eyes**

Such a sad Sunday. I can't make myself to call my mother. I'm deeply worried. But kind of frozen.

She and I had talked about **Luxor** during my visit on Friday (because there is a movie by that title, with Andrea Riseborough, who looks a bit like me in that movie), as we were there once, and my mother remembered. (Makes me choke up even thinking about this, as that was when I was so happy that she was so well, and half an hour before I saw her drive off in the dusk … this really shocked me in so many ways.)

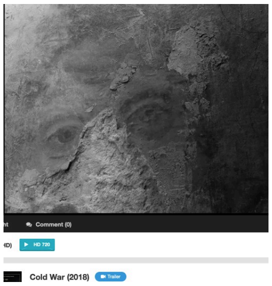
So today … I was scanning through movie titles … and one of them was … "**Voice from the Stone**" … which was interesting. But then I skipped through a Polish movie in Polish language by the title "**Cold War**" which didn't interest me at all. But suddenly there they were: **The eyes in the wall!**

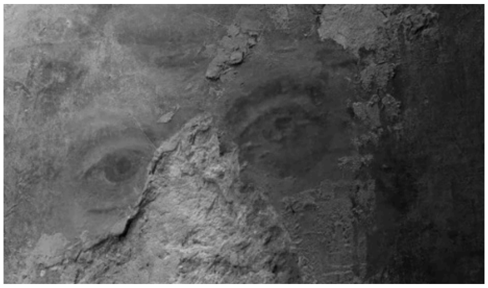


Voice from the Stone

Set in 1950s Tuscany, Voice fron
nurse drawn to aid a young boy

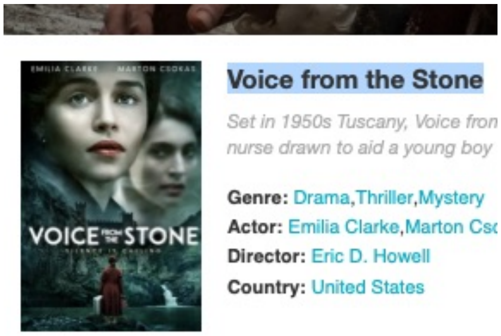
Genre: Drama,Thriller,Mystery
Actor: Emilia Clarke,Marton Csc
Director: Eric D. Howell
Country: United States





And I had only seen that one time in my life … alone between ancient ruins, with a sand storm chasing all other tourists back to their buses, just me alone there, following a flying plastic bag that dropped like a stone into the central body of water in the ancient site … and then I stood in an ancient ruin of a portal and I had the feeling the empty squar ein front of me was full with people and animals and sounds … and I was standing there covered with a very heavy cape … and I stepped throught hat portal and was alone again, a tourist in a beginning storm surrounded by sand and dust, and as I looked back at the wall, there were **two eyes looking at me** … and my heart skipped a few beats, I think. That happened at the **Karnak temple** in **Luxor**. There are no odds to find exactly this image in a movie I wasn't going to watch right after talking about Luxor with my mother …

Plus, of course there was a special “greeting”, too, as I was browsing movies:



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Actor: Emilia Clarke,Marton Csc
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December 14, 2020 **– Wander Darkly**

Amazingly detailed **dream** …

I was in a **city** and taking part in some project in which a woman participated, **Angelika B.**, with who I went to primary school (wow, that’s long ago, but I’ve dreamed about her before, although don’t have any contact with her). I was on my **motor bike** (kind of the teal colored – wait, teal? Yes, it was, in real life! – Suzuki 450 Chopper I used to own), and I **parked** it next to a street café and positioned a black chair with silver legs next to it to protect if from falling over. It was some kind of narrow busy space, a small city, with tourists, it seamed, kind of French or Mediterranean feel. I knew that to my left was the ocean and a long beach, but for the moment I couldn’t go there.

There was a **group of people** around a **man**, and there was also a feel of some room or place where I was supposed to be but couldn’t get to … Angelika asked me to come with them, for the project, and I was glad to do that, and I told her that I hadn’t thought of making films ever again or having to do with video production. I didn’t mention Bob, but it was about Bob being dead … I think I introduced a project to her, but don’t remember what it was, maybe “Dogman” or “Alien Waltz” … She was more interested in following that group around that man, though. But she did ask me to follow them. And there was something about pills … So I made sure that my bike stood firmly, while the group already walked away … and I realized that I had to follow them quickly as I didn’t know where they were going, and there was a crowd of people on that pavement and street. So I rushed after them, and I began to cry because people didn’t give way … but I did manage to see some of the group and followed them.

Somehow we were in some room then, and it was messy because things didn’t workt the way they were supposed to … And I had to go and get something, and I moved towards that ocean, out of the house.

And suddenly, somehow, I was back … and I was so sad because **Sigi** (!) had died. And I brought **stuff** that used to belong to him and showed it to the people. Interestingly there were **tiny specks of very bright turquoise color** … around. Maybe floating in the air or lying on the ground … but they kept showing up, like fire flies.

I realized, that the project was about Sigi, somehow, and that now, that he was dead, everything had changed.

I tried to explain to people what Sigi had been all about … but they didn’t listen properly. There was also some kind of end-of-the-world scenario, with maybe a big rain or flood coming, and I had to take care of things but was like numbed and paralyzed because of the Sigi situation and my devastating grief.

I think we needed to get out of that place … and there was movement in the group, but I was held back by something I needed to do … I had to explain Sigi’s matters to people, but they only looked at me, especially Angelika B., and looked dumb.

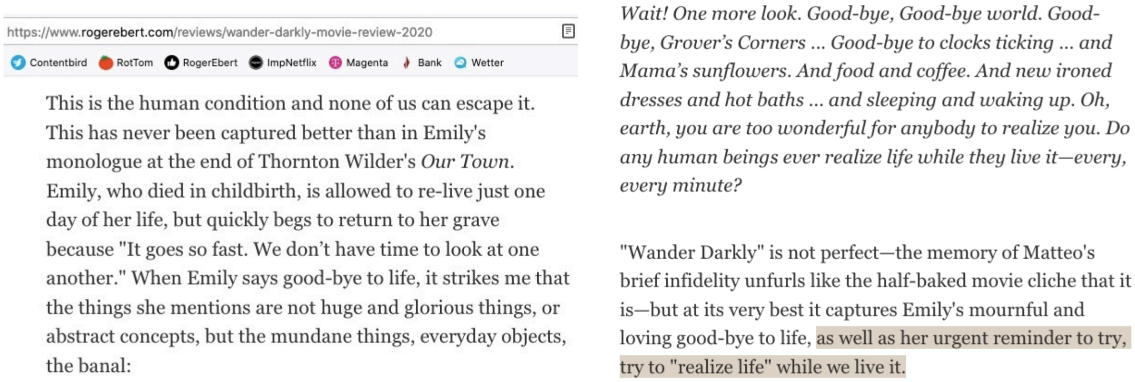
I woke up because Marshall was barking outside.

Chatted with Anna briefly … she is really sweet and astoundingly similar to me in her attitude towards people and animals. She'd do anything for animals. She told me to make me feel better that she had seen my landlady A. walk Marshall yesterday. But the dog jumped so much that it was nearly impossible to walk with him. I was indeed happy to hear that. Last night he cried so hard, out alone in the dark, after an entire day alone, again … that I did record everything, his voice skipping. It broke my heart, when he saw Jacqui and me come and rushed to the fence and uttered a deep shaky sigh, so that I could see his litte chest heave. I snuck a treat to him, simply went out in the dark and gave it to him … I just wish this would end. I hate his owners so much for neglecting the poor animal, I can't possibly express how much I wish for them to be punished.

I realized that it makes me so weak and strange in my head to think about my mother … me seeing her drive off has changed something in me. It was such a big shock to realize that I know nothing, really. It felt like betrayal, and I felt like utterly disrespected by my mother. I'm aware that it's not her fault. But that doesn't change my reality. I feel very down and strange today.

Over breakfast I read movie reviews on the Roger Ebert site, and there was "Wander Darkly" … it's on my list, but I had only briefly seen the trailer. So I was stunned to read that it's about two people who died in a car accident and meet again in the "other reality" and relive their memories.

The most intriguing part of this discovery, though, is the mentioning in this review of another film, called **"Our Town"** (Thornton Wilder), where **a dead person named "Emily" talks** about how she regrets to not have lived life better while she had it … I was baffled to read that she longs to be back with **"coffee and food".** It's like a message from Bob so clearl.


https://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/wander-darkly-movie-review-2020
Contentbird
RotTom
RogerEbert
ImpNetflix
Magenta
Bank
Wetter

This is the human condition and none of us can escape it. This has never been captured better than in Emily's monologue at the end of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Emily, who died in childbirth, is allowed to re-live just one day of her life, but quickly begs to return to her grave because "It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another." When Emily says good-bye to life, it strikes me that the things she mentions are not huge and glorious things, or abstract concepts, but the mundane things, everyday objects, the banal:

Wait! One more look. Good-bye, Good-bye world. Good-bye, Grover's Corners … Good-bye to clocks ticking … and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new ironed dresses and hot baths … and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you are too wonderful for anybody to realize you. Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it—every, every minute?

"Wander Darkly" is not perfect—the memory of Matteo's brief infidelity unfurls like the half-baked movie cliche that it is—but at its very best it captures Emily's mournful and loving good-bye to life, as well as her urgent reminder to try, try to "realize life" while we live it.

December 13, 2020 – **The Tiny Turquoise Speck**

Well.
I really really didn't think that th**e tiny turquoise specks** had any meaning … but o***ne of them showed up today! In my car!*** A tiny turquoise speck! Wow!

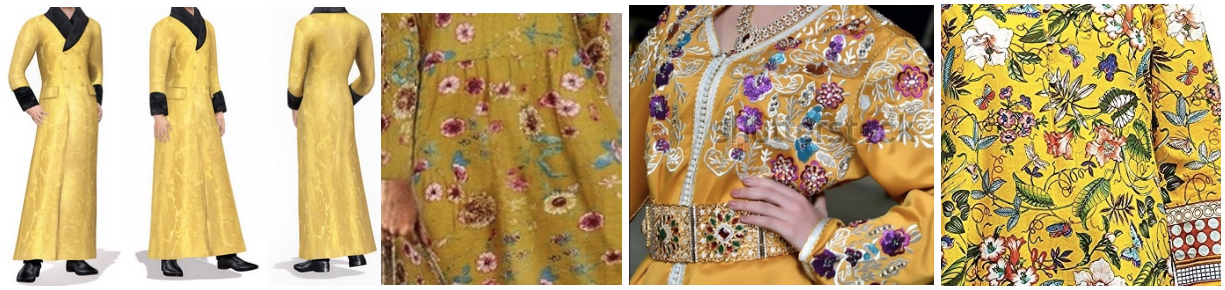
December 15, 2020 – **The Yellow Coat & Sandra's Vision!**

Amazing what happened today …

I took a walk with Jacqui along the Griffen reeds lake … and I had such a ***strong feeling that Bob was with me.*** So I stretched my hand out and asked him to put into it an image of what he wants me to see him like, if he was visible to me right now … and spontaneous there was Bob, walking next to me, **in a long yellow gown**, like an Arab's dress or kaftan, with ***very colorful flowers and insects like dragonflies printed on it …*** *and maybe other things or ornaments or geometrical patterns.* And Bob himself had shoulder-length white hair and a beard … and I jokingly said that it's interesting that he likes to see himself with a beard and with white hairs …

It felt so clear … and I talked about "Regents of Clouds" and that I was very desperate that I didn't know what to do … I can do so much as a filmmaker, and now - to do what with? And I was wondering if I should do crowd-funding … and I actually talked out loud about that.

Here I found pictures online … it was the shape of the first and a mix of the patterns of the others …



That **coat** was spontaneous and fascinating … I said to Bob that he better bring a very great evidential that this really came from him, this image and wasn't my subconscious pulling some prank. But then … why in the world would I imagine Bob like a "king" with a bright yellow long gown with all the swirling stuff on it.

Then: Through Sandra, a young woman who also participated in the mediality workshop with Dr. Alice a few weeks ago (I had asked Alice to forward my reading for Sandra to her as I didn't had the time to say it to her back then, and Alice forwarded Sandra's response to me … which was a bit generic, but very interesting … about receiving information and being asked to trust myself …,

So this time, I got a very clear **message from Bob from Sandra**! I had hoped for it from Alice, who fell sick and can't do the session now … wow, so Sandra kind of "stepped in"?

She wrote that she had taken a walk today and had spontaneously received a message for me – after she had asked for one!

"The image that was immediately there: like a rain full of gifts, puzzle pieces that come / go to you, to fly you. The picture that was there was as if you were simply receiving. Lots of particles, messages, gifts - a lot and somehow also unstructured mixed up. I think a rain full of presents is best to describe. It occurred to me that these gifts are from your partner and from the spiritual world / from your spirit guides. Then there was also peace and a strong bond. It also occurred to me that it had to do with your abilities, I believe you will also receive messages clearly for others or are already receiving them. And I don't know why, but I see a book (not a diary), but a book that you will write and publish one day (messages from the spiritual world?). My ear has opened now that I have just written you this message, that is a good sign. "

So Sandra, also while taking a walk, seems to have received the ***answer to what I had asked Bob earlier!!*** And I thought that communciations via a medium weren't possible because Dr. Alice called in sick! But through Sandra I got a very clear answer!

I mean … "its raining gifts" … of course, "rain" is a code word between Bob and me, "Ua, the blessing from heaven" …

She had asked for a message, and the image was right there … a rain of gifts, puzzle-parts that came to me, fly to me … as if I was "simply receiving". Wow! And my skills! Wow! It's not my skills as "medium" that she got a message about, but about my skills as a filmmaker! I had talked to Bob and said out loud "What did I learn all those skills from you when I no can't use them?" Does it mean that I will be able to use them after all?

Also … Bob's outfit! That long yellow coat with the many many colorful flowers and dragonflies?! Is that an image of the reading I was to receive just hours later, with the many gifts "flying to me from heaven"?

Wow!

I had said to Bob (out loud) that he better bring a very great evidential that this really came from him, this image and wasn't my playful subconscious!

So then … Sandra's vision!

Wait … maybe Bob didn't give me a preview of my future, but a reflection of our conversation, acknowledging that he heard what I had said and was right there? Or it's mix or message, preview and reflection?

I'm sure I'll find out about this.

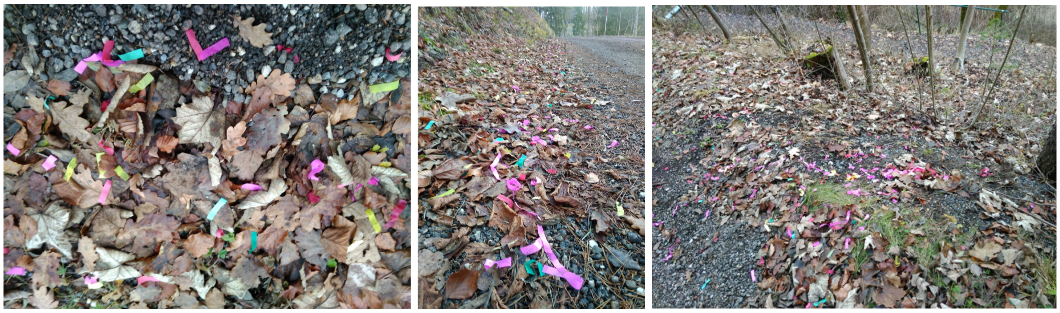
What a blessing, my connection with Sandra! She is the real medium, and I see the reading that I had for her differently now! The "kids" that were running after her, were her students or people who'd learn from her. She is ahead of them, she is the leader, she is the one to lead and teach. Yup, that's my insight right now. How exciting.

December 16, 2020 **– Paper Rain**

Very gloomy mood, gloomy foggy weather … the Covid-situation begins to bother me, vaccination, more lock dow and shit … What a fucking life. My mother won't answer her phone. I'm just exhausted. So tired. I've decided to not drive up to her to check on her today. Maybe she's drunk and sleeps and doesn't hear her phone. I don't know. Tomorrow I'll drive, and if I find her drunk, I will take measures.

I went for a short walk with Jacqui, from the Schlossberg parking lot to the **"Oasis of Quiet"** … and I found a great "**as above so below**" spot …

… and on the way, as we were walking through the small forest segment … there were many **colorful pieces of paper** along the road! As it they had "**rained down**" … just like in Sandra's picture from yesterday … where she saw many pieces rain down on me, as "gifts"! Wow! Someone is telling me that they know what I'm doing, hearing, reading!



Also … as I walked I saw something **bright yellow** lying in the brush close to the road … and at first, excited, I thought it was a lemon! Because just a few days ago I got a "**lemon**" being *"put into my hand"*, and I was kind of … I don't know, disappointed. So there it was, one single yellow fruit! But it was no lemon, it was a "***Quince***" ("Quitte" in German, Cydonia oblonga), … which is even stranger than if it had been a single lemon. There aren't any quince trees around. Anywhere.

I submitted "Hunk & Slob" to Impact Netflix today. Oh well. I've got so many great screenplays. I wish I'd be able to enter the movie industry. I'm thinking of writing to Ute Emmerich. A letter. Some Christmas greeting. Maybe send her my Hawaii-documentary.

If they don't want it, they will sent it back, won't they?

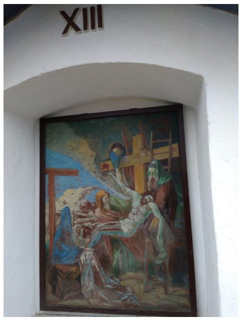
December 17, 2020

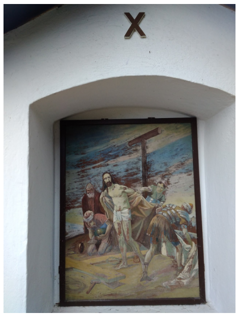
What a wonderful sweet **dream** I had tonight … about a man, who felt a bit like Bob in our early days, but who was not Bob … he was lean and tall and somehow "brown", not as of skin, but in appearance. There were other people too, feel like it was some kind of competition … and there was a woman who had some wire running inside of her mouth into her gut, and some kind of diamond or other gem (but dark) of pinky-finger-nail size was outside on her front teeth, and attached to that wire that held it in place. I was supposed to get something like that too, but I evaded that kind of … "system" that tried to catch me. And that tall nice man was actually not an ally of mine, we seem to have been enemies. But somehow it happened that we fell in love (!), and we worked together against the other people … and he embraced me so tenderly, and I snuggled up to him so closely … I felt so wanted and protected and supported and relieved. He was there for me and we were going to be together, and there was no more stress and worries …

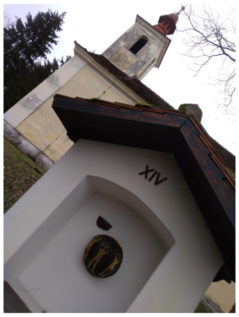
There was some other man, felt like "George Clooney", who kind of didn't believe – oh, now I remember! It was my **uncle Hansi,** my godfather, with whom I have next to no contact! – and he wanted to urge me to do something … not sure anymore.

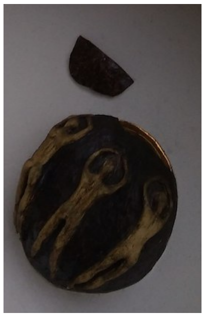
The alarm woke me … and I thought that it may be a dramatic day, because I hadn't reached my mother yesterday … I felt weak and exhausted and gloomy.

Took a rather early walk with Jacqui … Later I drove to *Völkermarkt*, to get my phone fixed (that didn't charge), and I took Jacqui on a walk to the cemetery … and there were **images** that felt very intense to me.









Then was about to have coffee … when Inge called (she had prepared free food items again! And among them: sausage! I had been thinking of buying exactly that kind of sausage! And there it was! Free!) … and that was nice. And then the phone rang again – and it was **my mother!** She sounded entirely fine, perky and sober, entirely sober, she spoke like she had never had any dementia at all and like she was in her fifties again! Wow! I was so so so stunned and happy! She said she simply hadn't heard the phone … well … and that her glasses her broken and she was about to drive to the optician at noon. She just wanted to get back to me because she had seen that I had called.

Oh wow.

Geez. Me and my bad expectations. But I had said to myself several times yesterday that I must support my mother and my father with my heart energy, and I must trust my mother more.

So wow … this was such a nice surprise – along with the wonderful sweet dream.

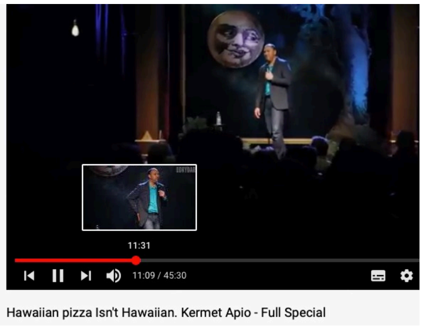
Doesn't change that I miss Bob so much like not in a long time. Can't believe he is dead. Seriously? My Bob doesn't live anymore? Can't be.

(Later) **The dream as told by a woman who had nearly died!**

I'm just now (9.30 pm) watching a video of a **near-death experience** of a woman, "Anke", and *she just described what I experienced in my dream tonight:* **"He took me into his arms, and all the stress and the insecurity about what was going to happen fell off me"**. And that's exactly how I felt with that lovely man in my dream.

Wait … is dream another form of synchronicity? I mean, the woman said exactly those words and described what I had experienced in my dream today after I had dreamed that! So is that a hint that in dreams we sometimes to enter states that are similar to near-death experiences? We do enter with one foot the beyond?

I watched some stand-up comedy … always cheers me up … and there was **Kermet Apio, the Hawaiian**. With the **moon**. Oh the memories … make me really … doubt. Everything.



Hawaiian pizza Isn't Hawaiian. Kermet Apio - Full Special

December 18, 2020 **– Assassin?**

I wanted to give my mother some space today and didn't call – and was very surprised to see her caller-ID around 5.30 pm. I was worried for a moment, but she was in good spirits and told me that police had shown up in front of her door, because her brother, my **uncle "Hansi"** had alerted them, worried, because he couldn't reach her. That's because she has a new phone number. Wow, I was relieved. But she told me that he had called me and told me to care for her … but he did not. I didn't hear from him for years.

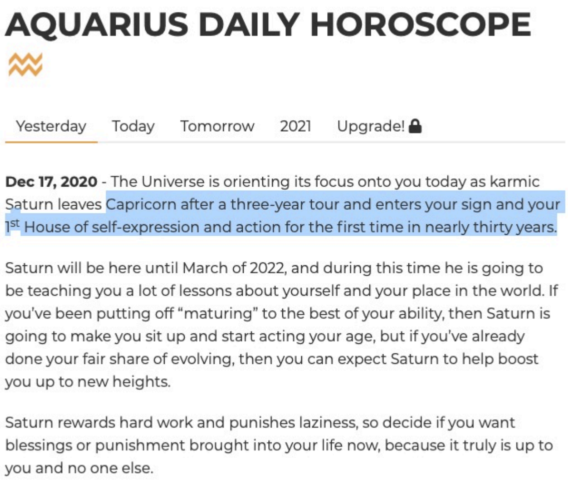
But what I did was dream of him – actually yesterday! Wow, that must have been when he was concerned and thought of me … but it's strange that he claimed that he had called me when he had not.

I'll send him a text-message.

(Later)

Wow, it’s hard and so painful dealing with closing my bank account with Central Pacific Bank. I remember so well how proud I was to have a Hawaii account. And the atmosphere in the typical Hawaiian bank … outside Kihei or Kahului, always the breeze, always the Maui feeling, the warmth, the smells … I was at home there. So much at home. Now … I’m nowhere.

I happened to open a horoscope today, haven’t done that in months … and here it is, some amazing shit … like – What! There has been some blockage for three years now, and it’s all open and possible now and will last until March 2022! Oh great.

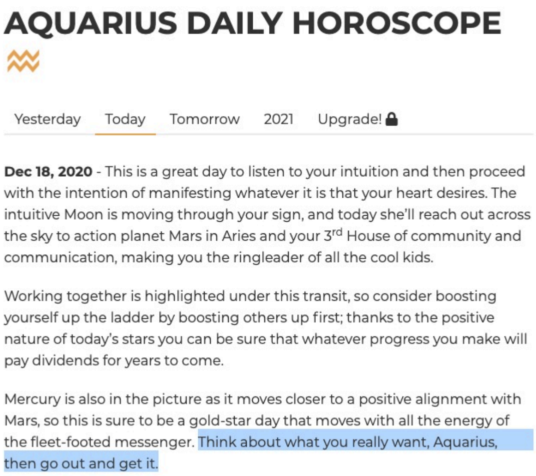


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Dec 17, 2020 - The Universe is orienting its focus onto you today as karmic Saturn leaves Capricorn after a three-year tour and enters your sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action for the first time in nearly thirty years.

Saturn will be here until March of 2022, and during this time he is going to be teaching you a lot of lessons about yourself and your place in the world. If you’ve been putting off “maturing” to the best of your ability, then Saturn is going to make you sit up and start acting your age, but if you’ve already done your fair share of evolving, then you can expect Saturn to help boost you up to new heights.

Saturn rewards hard work and punishes laziness, so decide if you want blessings or punishment brought into your life now, because it truly is up to you and no one else.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Dec 18, 2020 - This is a great day to listen to your intuition and then proceed with the intention of manifesting whatever it is that your heart desires. The intuitive Moon is moving through your sign, and today she’ll reach out across the sky to action planet Mars in Aries and your 3rd House of community and communication, making you the ringleader of all the cool kids.

Working together is highlighted under this transit, so consider boosting yourself up the ladder by boosting others up first; thanks to the positive nature of today’s stars you can be sure that whatever progress you make will pay dividends for years to come.

Mercury is also in the picture as it moves closer to a positive alignment with Mars, so this is sure to be a gold-star day that moves with all the energy of the fleet-footed messenger. Think about what you really want, Aquarius, then go out and get it.

I did something crazy today. I sent Christmas greetings to Ute Emmerich to Centropolis Entertainment in LA with DVD of “Native of Owhyhee” and “From Trauma to Peace” … yup, did. And I also wrote to the filmmaker in Vienna who Manuela had contacted on my behalf regarding my scripts, and of course I haven’t heard back. Also I wrote back to the RTL-guy Pfeffer who had once told me he didn’t want any of my scripts … and I was totally outspoken with them. And hey! The horoscope knew that it’s a day of communication for me!

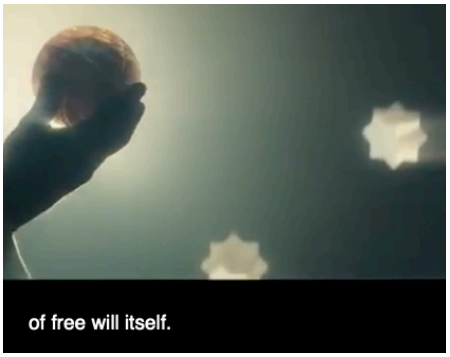
That’s really crazy.

(Later)

I watched a movie about … wait for it: Assassins! “**Assassin’s Creed**”. Wasn’t sure why, …

All that matters is what we leave behind.

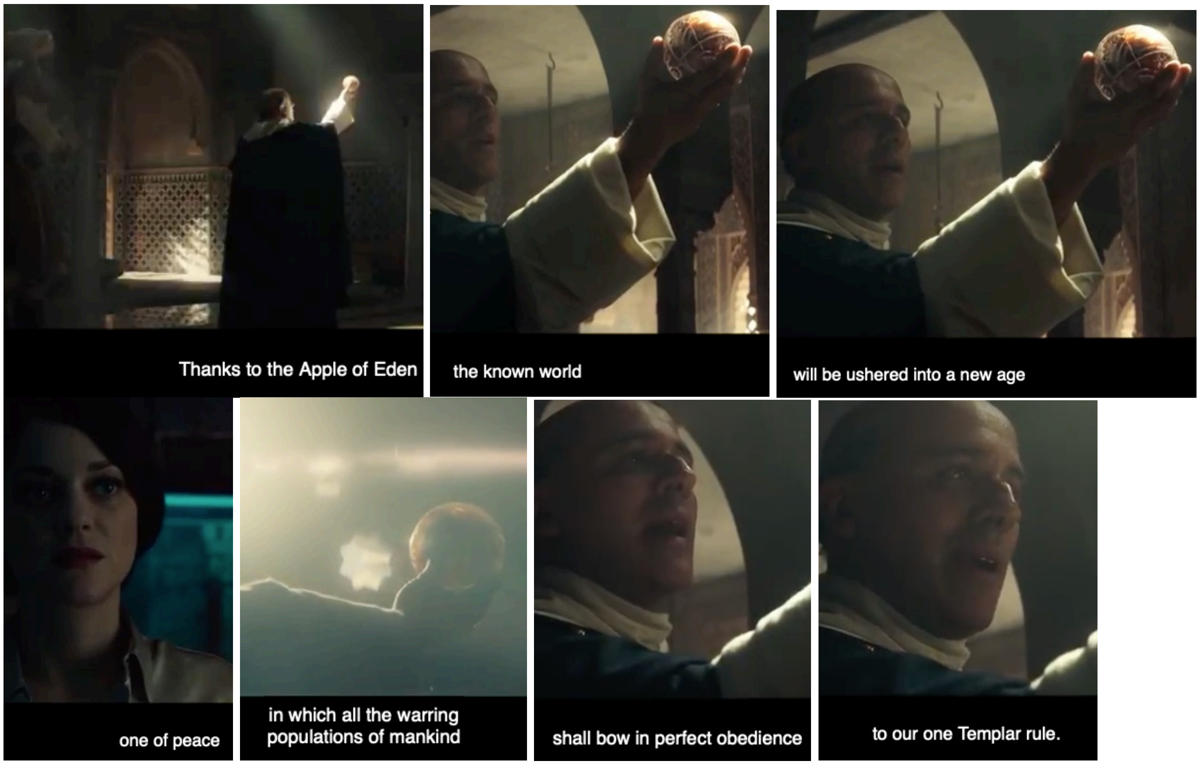
Here lies the seed of
man's first disobedience



of free will itself.

… but then, the “**Apple of Eden**” appeared! Wow, I found something just like that! Remember the “moon ball” or whatever that is?

That **crystal moon** rolled right in front of my door (on the hill where I live, it actually rolled close to the entrance of the “House of the Sun”).



Thanks to the Apple of Eden

the known world

will be ushered into a new age

one of peace

in which all the warring populations of mankind

shall bow in perfect obedience

to our one Templar rule.

December 19, 2020 **– Noboy Wants to Be Forgotten**

Oh, I’m so worried. I think I’m psychic, for real.

Visited my mother, she was sweet and in a good mood, but she did appear somewhat fragile. I kept chatting, and she chatted along … and suddenly she confessed, that she had fallen and hurt her hip and her foot – exactly at the spot next to her car where my mind had wandered several times in the last days, worrying that my mother might hurt herself there!

Jesus Christ, if it was up to me, I wouldn’t leave her alone anymore at all. I don’t know what to do. She is so happy about driving and everything … but I had to drive away from her today feeling nauseous and close to tears. Still is like this. I couldn’t bear if something hurtful happened to her.

I try to think that she was so lucky, and that was that. I had surrounded her car and herself with bright protective yellow light, and I enforced it today … oh I wish it would help!

I also worry about my father … how lonely he must be, what pain he must be going through.

I might even try to call him tomorrow … I don't really know what to do either.

It all feels so bad and sad and difficult.

Strangely, though, driving towards Velden, a **car** passed by me with a *huge **sticker** on the rear window* (!) reading **"Niemand will vergessen werden": "Nobody wants to be forgotten."**

Of course not, I said … and it's our, the mortals', the incarnates', task to keep recalling "the dead", the discarnates, to furnish them with energy, with life-force … maybe. It sure was strange to see that.

I saw that Anna called me right when I was at my mother's. I was kind of glad about the outlook of chatting with Anna, as she works in caregiving and had really listened to me a few times.

So I sent her a text when I'd be home so that we'd talk later. Sure enough, she called me again while I was driving on the highway, and thinking that it was unusual I picked up, to see if there was anything urgent. She was entirely and totally drunk and slurred her speech and was even kind of derogative and provocative, even rude towards me! I was so baffled and also so disappointed. She was kind of nasty. OH geez, I just can't and won't handle people like that.

I met my landlady this morning, but besides a short "Hallo" we didn't exchange anything. I'm so fed up with those animal torturers.

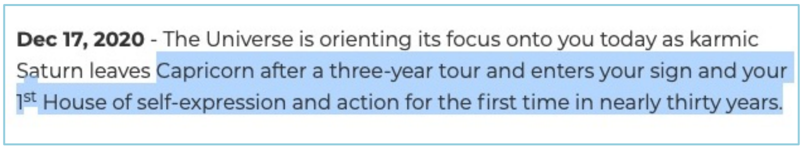
I really need to move away from here.

Why can't my father be normal so that I could live with him, in the house where I grew up? I kind of feel entitled to it. I think Edith would want me to. But I can't "make" my father do anything.

Today is a very fucked up day. Yet, I must be so thankful that nothing grave happened to my mother. But I was entirely right to worry, and that worries me, too.

So strange … today when I walked along the river **Drau** again, I felt "set back in time", it was the "Sigi"-time, and I was the "me" from that time … there may have been some smell or something … it was so strange to flash back like that. I saw the **bridge** again … and beautiful **"as above so below" scenario**.

Now the horoscope from yesterday talking about "self-expression for the first time after 30 years" … hahaha, seems to grin right into my fucking face.



Dec 17, 2020 - The Universe is orienting its focus onto you today as karmic Saturn leaves Capricorn after a three-year tour and enters your sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action for the first time in nearly thirty years.

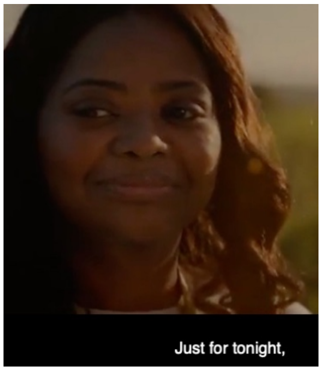
Right … "not travel the road alone" … sure looks like it (sarcasm off). I did meet a nice looking **man** today, at the treehouse field, where J and I took a short stop before driving to Velden. Jacqui and the man hit it off right away. The man was wearing a **bright yellow and back jacket**, very unusual. He looked handsome and kind and nice. I caught myself thinking that if he was single, widower or whatever, I'd want to maybe get to know him. But of course it was only an encounter on a field.

December 20, 2020 **– The Shack & If the Shoe Fits & SEEING DEAD PEOPLE!**

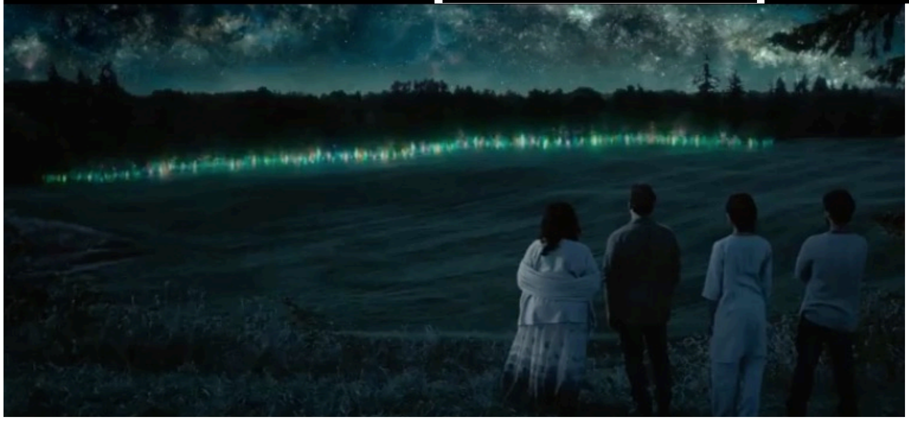
Oh wow.

I found a **movie** – and I couldn't possibly tell by it's title what it's about – ***where a grieving man has a near-death-experience*** (yup, seriously, after I watched nd-videos last night and readings by Suzanne Giesemann!), meets "god" and gets to see ***how the discarnates see the mortals***, in **"The Shack"** … just like described by Betty and Stewart!

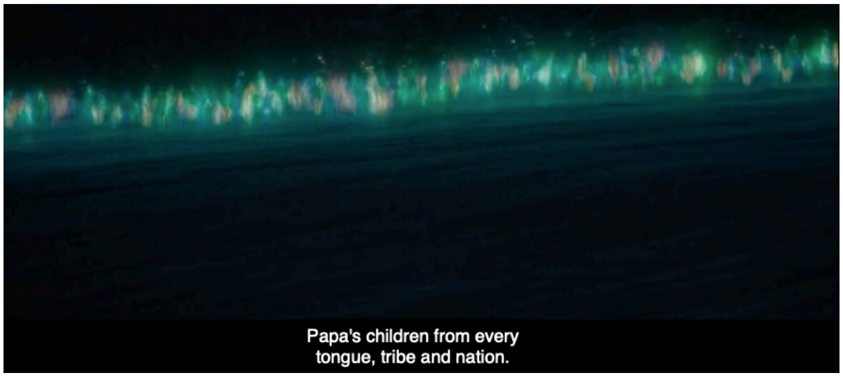
Look around, MacKenzie.

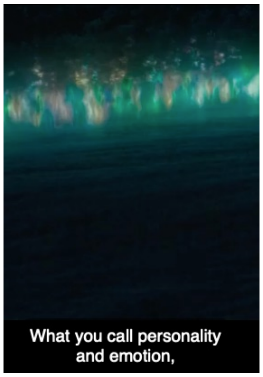

Just for tonight,

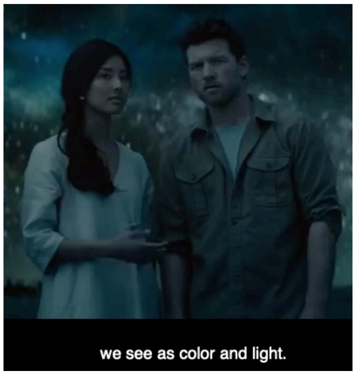
we'd love for you to get
a glimpse of what we see.

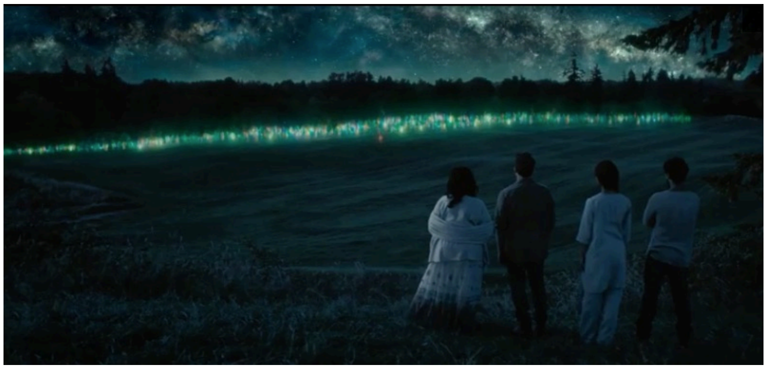


Betty had described that from the "beyond" ***people are seen in terms of their emotional and energetic identity***! That was shown in the film!

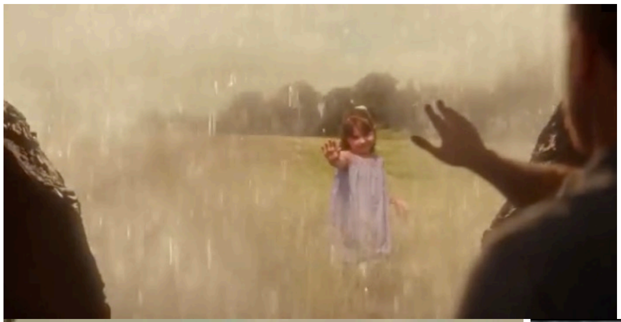

Papa's children from every
tongue, tribe and nation.

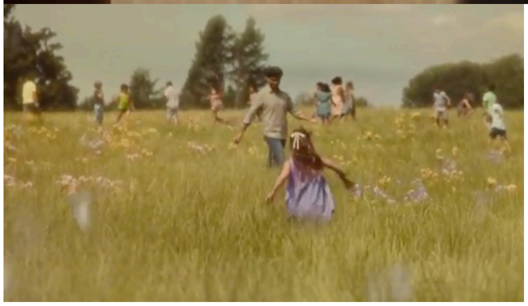

What you call personality
and emotion,


we see as color and light.

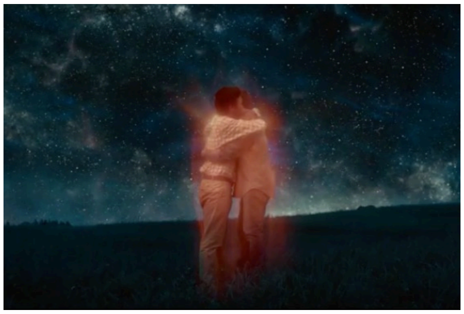


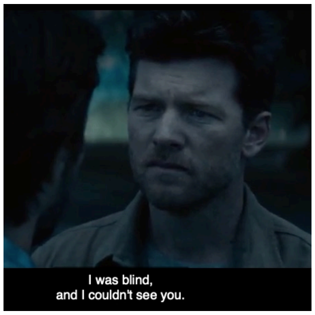
I even saw a scenario in the movie that I saw when my spontaneous “reading” for Sandra happened, during the mediality workshop a few weeks ago! ***“Children running across a meadow in a breeze”!*** Wow! Actually the scene was about a man having the opportunity to see his dead little daughter in the “beyond”.





And there was the **encounter** between the dead father and the mortal son … oh, it spoke to me.



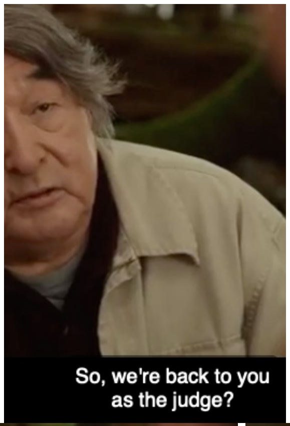

I was blind,
and I couldn't see you.

I couldn't see anyone.

Can you ever forgive me?

There was a nice **swirl**, too … It was about a young girl being abducted and murdered … and it has a lot to do with ***letting g***o of not only grief but about hateful lust for revenge … and that's what I've been feeling for the neighbors who have been neglecting and mistreating a little animal that is so dear to my heart. The film has to say a lot about forgiveness … and I guess I had to be "told" directly. It speaks about what has been consuming me for months now … and with my situation with my mother, things get worse. I feel so alone and lost all the time, helpless and **full of anger** … and that's what the movie is about, too.

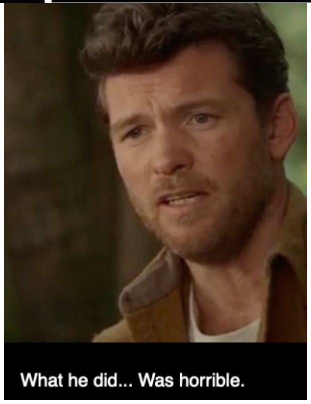
He should burn in hell.

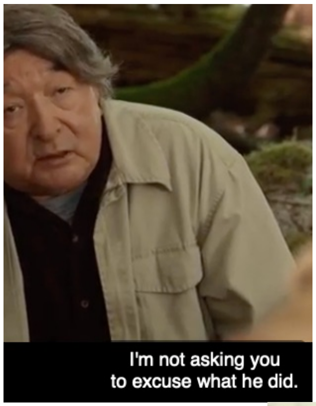

So, we're back to you as the judge?

So, you just let him get away with it?

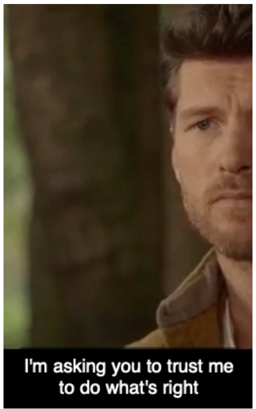
Nobody gets away with anything.

Everything bears consequences.

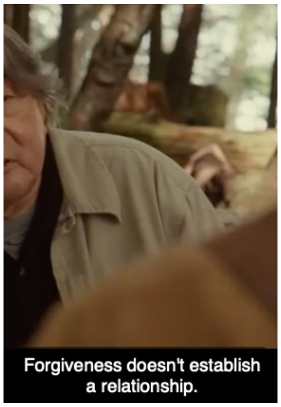

What he did... Was horrible.



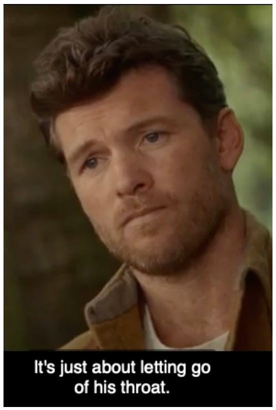
I'm not asking you
to excuse what he did.



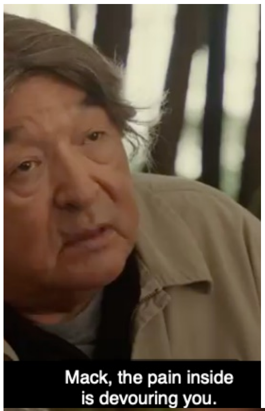
I'm asking you to trust me
to do what's right



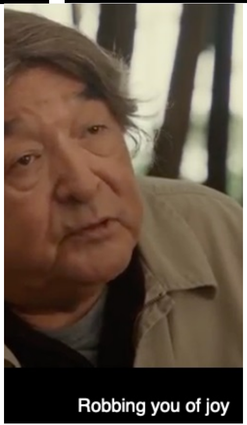
Forgiveness doesn't establish
a relationship.



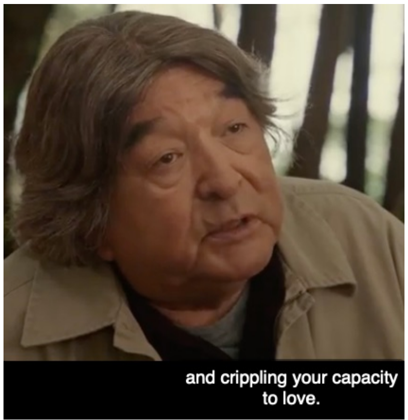
It's just about letting go
of his throat.



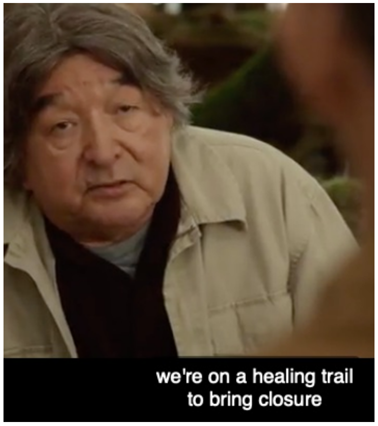
Mack, the pain inside
is devouring you.



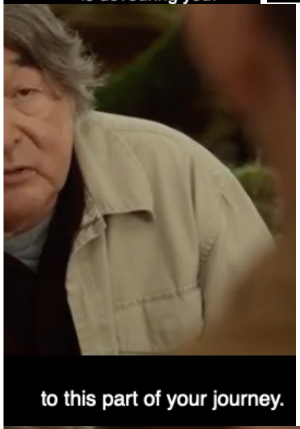
Robbing you of joy



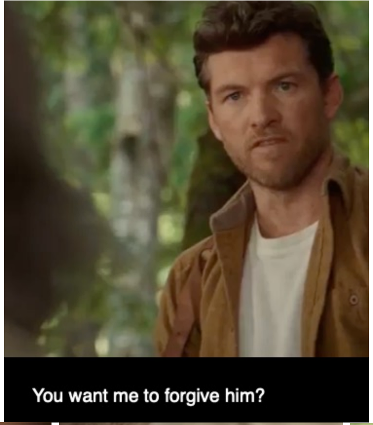
and crippling your capacity
to love.



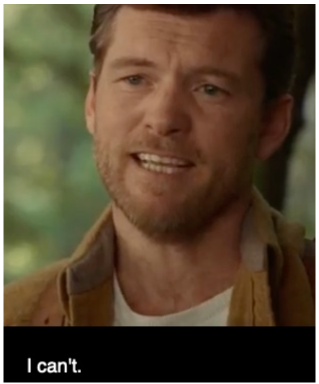
we're on a healing trail
to bring closure



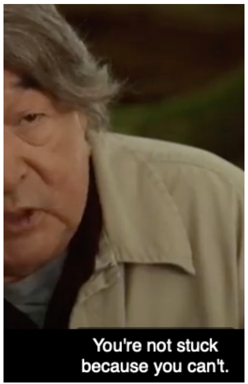
to this part of your journey.



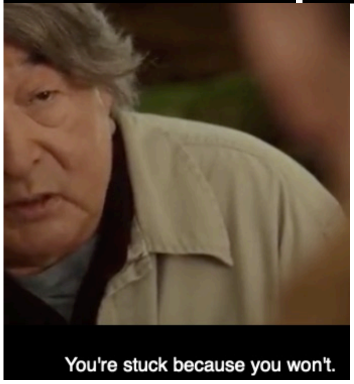
You want me to forgive him?



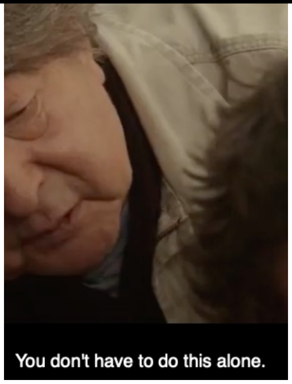
I can't.



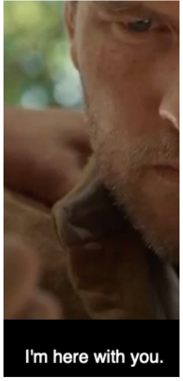
You're not stuck
because you can't.



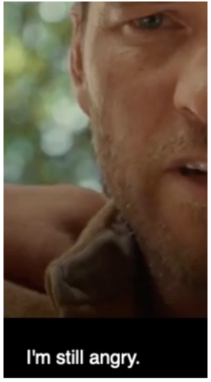
You're stuck because you won't.



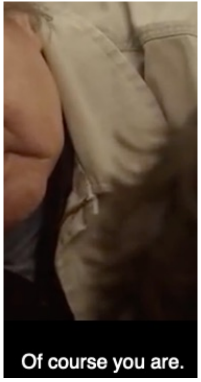
You don't have to do this alone.



I'm here with you.

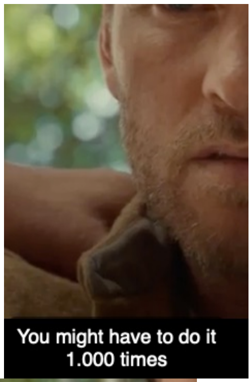


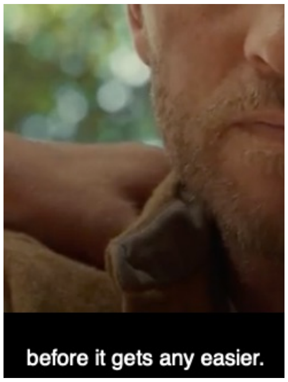
I'm still angry.



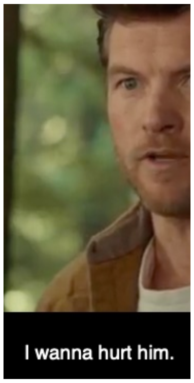
Of course you are.

No one lets go all at once.

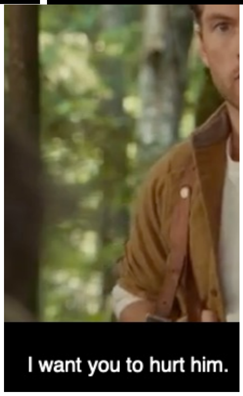

You might have to do it 1.000 times


before it gets any easier.

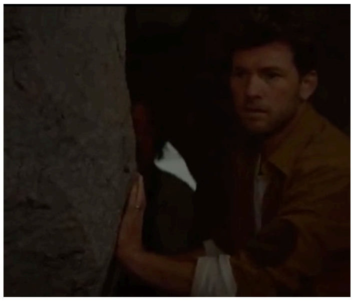
But it will.


I wanna hurt him.

I know you do.


I want you to hurt him.

Plus, there are a lot of very big stones …



I'm so worried about my mother, and I simply don't know what's the right thing to do … I saw her hurt yesterday, after she confessed that she had fallen, and it kills me to see her alone with her pain and everything … but maybe she isn't aware? That makes it better and worse at the same time, because if her dementia increases, she won't be able to do her daily routines anymore …

Life seemed so horrible … but now I saw this movie, and I realize that this is a human mortal condition. What I saw last night, watching Sabine Mehne talking about her near-death-experience, was reflected in the movie, too: that everything that happens is part of a big network of events, and the worst, most horrible event can be the starting point of something wonderful for someone else. Our bodies are just that … our bodys, tools and shells that we use. The discarnates are being show in the movie … wow … **uniting for a moment between disca and inca** … what a wonderful manifestation of something I had been imagining! I had no idea that a film like that exists!

Not that the movie was especially wise altogether … it's horribly cheesy in the way it depicts "god" … but it's ***the messages in it, that I was "made" to see.*** I wouldn't watch a movie first thing Sunday morning. But I did. And it spoke to me entirely.

Something like this doesn't happen "by chance".

Something Sabine Mehne said in her interview stuck with me … asked if everything is predestined in human life, including our time of death, she said she thinks that we all have ***“exit points”***, one after the other, and if we don’t take them, because of free will, the last one will be it. Makes a lot of sense.

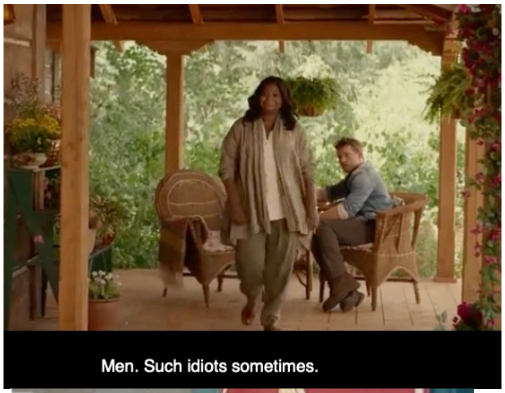
Suzanne Giesemann said in a video yesterday that ***we must talk to the discarnates*** *to keep up our relationship*. I guess I’ve neglected them a bit, so that they gave me the inspiration to look for a movie and pick “The Shack”.

Now just this morning, taking a way too late walk with Jacqui, I had to think so intensely, while walking (before I watched that movie), about the many ***shoes I kept finding on Maui,*** along the roads, and also about the ***many many dolls I found*** … and I thought about my ***brother Peter*** and how I hadn’t even considered seeing him als “alive in the beyond” after his death in 1993, but he was the one who was the closest to my favorite childhood game … *where I kept beating and tossing my dolls all over the place to only rescue them later* … due to my own mistreatment by my parents and to the horrible circumstances of my childhood growing up, with my parents fighting all the time violently … So maybe all the doll finds were signs from my brother?

Then I watched “The Shack” … and everything fell into place.

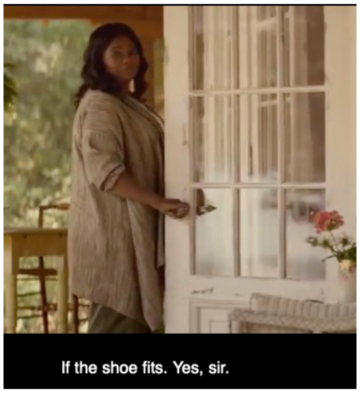
There is one ***evidential*** in “**The Shack**” that actually made me smile. Only Bob can know about this. There is an English saying **“If The Shoe Fits”** … and it comes up in the movie, too! “God” says it! Now: In my first year on Maui, the year *when I met Bob*, *I worked at a shoe store in Wailuku*, I had gotten that “secret” inofficial job through a friend, Yolanda (who later introduced me to Bob), because her friend, the owner of the store, Terry, had nobody to replace her and to leave her store with while she had to go to a shoe fair in Las Vegas. And **that shoe store’s name was “If The Shoe Fits”** (… buy it in every color). Oh wow. That was an intense greeting.

It’s pretty miraculous.



Men. Such idiots sometimes.

Did I hear god
just call me an idiot?



If the shoe fits. Yes, sir.

If the Shoe Fits

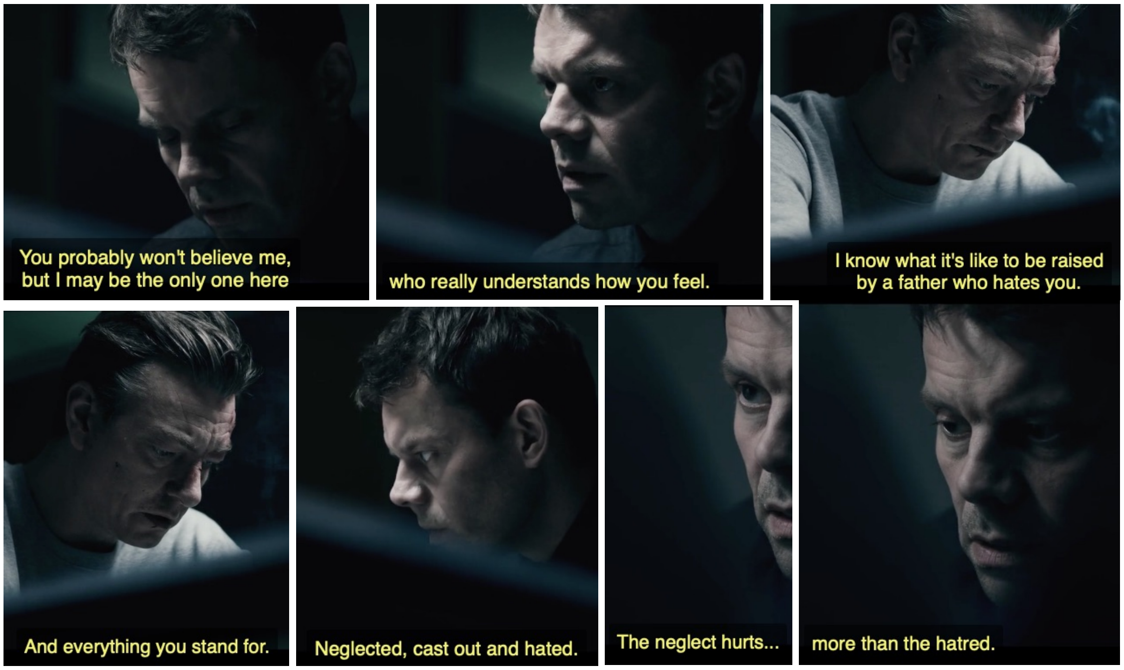
Something else happened during my walk: I reached to my back to scratch, upset because it was nearly impossible to reach my itch in the thick winter outfit … and suddenly something seemed to pop, and there was such a *sharp pain in my upper chest in the back,* that I could barely walk further or breathe. I then learned that when I bent down forward and inhaled deeply expanding my chest, and then stood up, gradually the pain subsided, but I had a hard time making it home first. Wow, that was a scare. The sudden shortness of breath let me think of all kinds of stuff … It's all fine now, but it was so strange that because of a small movement such a big effect could result. All I could think about was that nothing can happen to me because … what would become of my dog and my mother …

Well.

Then I sat and watched the movie … and now my chest is fine.

December 21, 2020 **– Movie Character On the Nose**

Yesterday I watched a bit of TV-crime series on my laptop (yes, I'm back to enjoying murder), it was "**The Valhalla Murders**", and Icelandic series, and a **character** – one of the investigators – talks about … wait for it! **"Being hated by his father!"** Oh wow, just when I'm dealing with that exact same subject!



You probably won't believe me,
but I may be the only one here
who really understands how you feel.
I know what it's like to be raised
by a father who hates you.
And everything you stand for.
Neglected, cast out and hated.
The neglect hurts...
more than the hatred.

I also watched a little bit of "Absentia", and there was **a criminal** *who was later killed* that ***looked just like John W.*** I was stunned how similar that type of man was. And when I saw him floating in a pool, dead … geez, sorry, but it felt good.

I flashed back, too, to telling Bob that I thought that John would die in a drowning … "soon", I thought back then, but that was many years ago. And John is still working on "Taylor Camp", in a way, at least screening it and sending out newsletters about wanting to sell his photographs and the film that cost Bob's life. It gave me a deep sting seeing the new name of the company dealing with Bob's work, "Passion Films". I'm evil, I guess.

Today on the treehouse field I had a ***very intense chat with Bob***, and he felt so close … also during breakfast and later during dinner … that I really had the impression I could "see" him.

When "something" touched by pinkie – it was just tingling – I thought maybe … Today it was about how I do have the best connection with Bob, even though I'd like to communicate with other people like my brother, my grandparents, Fe and Nadia … but it's Bob with who I have the energetic connection. I did tell him that I had had the feeling the last weeks that he had withdrawn and that he was back for the first time today, fully …

I asked for *something to be put in my hand,* and it was a small house. That's strange.

This morning I found that my phone was not charging and losing its charge very fast … and I drove to Völkermarkt to Robert Z., where I had bought it. He said it may be the cable, so I got a new one.

I did not call my mother today (but had a vivid and nice chat yesterday), even though it's hard for me … but I want to give her some space and work on my trusting capacity.

I miss Bob so much.

Last week I called Maui, the Kihei office of the Central Pacific Bank, and it was so strange to dial the Hawaii number, as I must close my bank account. I could keep it, but …

And today, just earlier, I called too, but again, only the voicemail of the lady, and I talked to her and in the end I said "**Aloha!**", as if it was the most natural thing … it felt like I was still there. I would jump into a plane and fly right over to be with Bob.

(Later)

Called Hawaii again. Spoke with "Nicole" … oh how I miss speaking English. May account will be closed. She asked for my secret word, and I spontaneously said "Aloha". Turned out it was right.

Then … my horoscope:

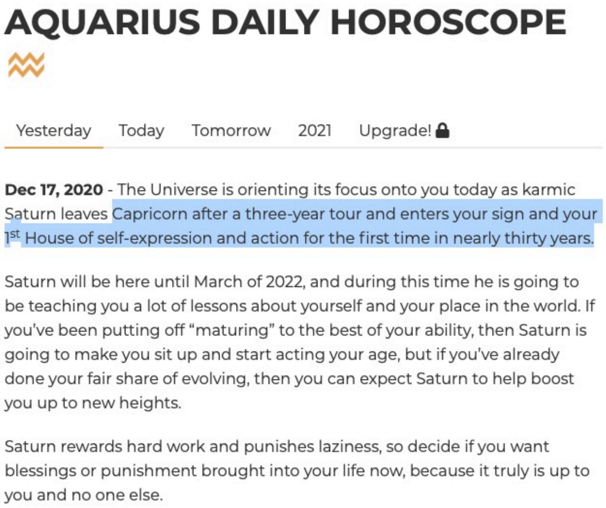
Dec 21, 2020 *- It's time to take your foot off the gas and just coast for a while, Aquarius. Today the primal Sun slips out of Sagittarius and your outgoing 11th House of social groups and global communications and dives into intense Capricorn and your sleepy 12th House of the subconscious.*

For the next four weeks the universe wants you to focus on weeding out any unnecessary aspects of your life, be they toxic people, negative habits, or anything else that might be holding you back. You need to get rid of these things so that when the Sun blasts into your sign next month you'll be ready with open arms to receive all the incredible bounty life is planning to bring your way.

For now, however, remember that less is more and instead of trying to start new projects, focus on bringing them to completion instead. That's where your satisfaction will lie for now, Aquarius.

Ok, „Universe". Weed out I will. For …?

Here is a horoscope retrospect of the past days … very strange how fitting …

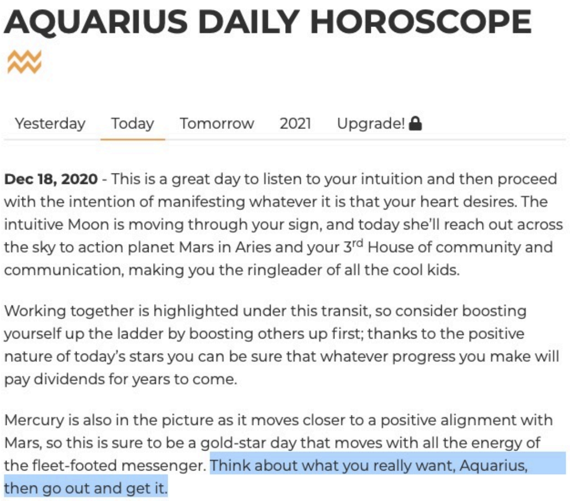


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Dec 17, 2020 - The Universe is orienting its focus onto you today as karmic Saturn leaves Capricorn after a three-year tour and enters your sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action for the first time in nearly thirty years.

Saturn will be here until March of 2022, and during this time he is going to be teaching you a lot of lessons about yourself and your place in the world. If you've been putting off "maturing" to the best of your ability, then Saturn is going to make you sit up and start acting your age, but if you've already done your fair share of evolving, then you can expect Saturn to help boost you up to new heights.

Saturn rewards hard work and punishes laziness, so decide if you want blessings or punishment brought into your life now, because it truly is up to you and no one else.

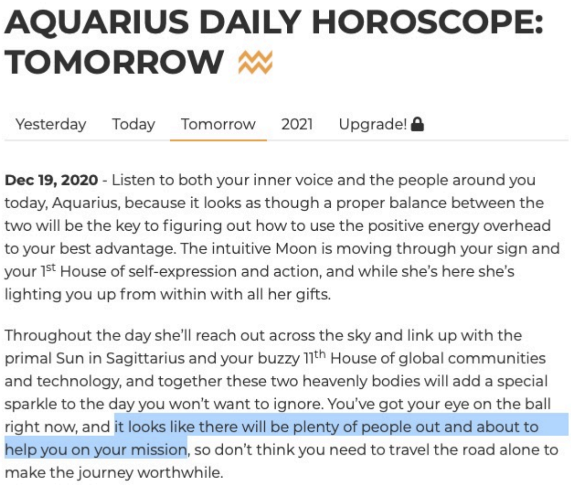


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Dec 18, 2020 - This is a great day to listen to your intuition and then proceed with the intention of manifesting whatever it is that your heart desires. The intuitive Moon is moving through your sign, and today she'll reach out across the sky to action planet Mars in Aries and your 3rd House of community and communication, making you the ringleader of all the cool kids.

Working together is highlighted under this transit, so consider boosting yourself up the ladder by boosting others up first; thanks to the positive nature of today's stars you can be sure that whatever progress you make will pay dividends for years to come.

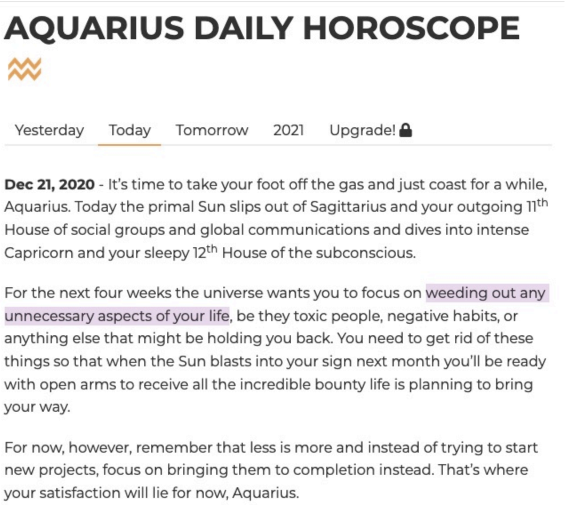
Mercury is also in the picture as it moves closer to a positive alignment with Mars, so this is sure to be a gold-star day that moves with all the energy of the fleet-footed messenger. Think about what you really want, Aquarius, then go out and get it.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE: TOMORROW

Dec 19, 2020 - Listen to both your inner voice and the people around you today, Aquarius, because it looks as though a proper balance between the two will be the key to figuring out how to use the positive energy overhead to your best advantage. The intuitive Moon is moving through your sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action, and while she's here she's lighting you up from within with all her gifts.

Throughout the day she'll reach out across the sky and link up with the primal Sun in Sagittarius and your buzzy 11th House of global communities and technology, and together these two heavenly bodies will add a special sparkle to the day you won't want to ignore. You've got your eye on the ball right now, and it looks like there will be plenty of people out and about to help you on your mission, so don't think you need to travel the road alone to make the journey worthwhile.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Dec 21, 2020 - It's time to take your foot off the gas and just coast for a while, Aquarius. Today the primal Sun slips out of Sagittarius and your outgoing 11th House of social groups and global communications and dives into intense Capricorn and your sleepy 12th House of the subconscious.

For the next four weeks the universe wants you to focus on weeding out any unnecessary aspects of your life, be they toxic people, negative habits, or anything else that might be holding you back. You need to get rid of these things so that when the Sun blasts into your sign next month you'll be ready with open arms to receive all the incredible bounty life is planning to bring your way.

For now, however, remember that less is more and instead of trying to start new projects, focus on bringing them to completion instead. That's where your satisfaction will lie for now, Aquarius.

December 22, 2020 – **Maui Housie, “It will always be there.” & the Green Flash**

This evening I had to lie down, I was so exhausted … there were a lot of editing jobs from the agency today, and I couldn’t reach my mother, but then she called back and sounded strange again.

I understand I have to make peace with the situation, I’m in the middle of the game that’s each of my parent’s life, too. Wrote another letter to my father, telling him about seeing Bob last …

And when I lied down, I slept leaden, so heavily, I woke up hours later, at about 11 p.m. And then … instead of really getting awake, I got drowsy again … and I found myself lying on my beloved fouton on Maui. Without even wanting it, I began a stroll through the house, and I saw and touched many of the things I knew so well … and in that half sleep I said to myself, wow, it’s so close, as if it was real, every detail … I walked through the kitchen into the hallway and toward Bob’s editing room, and there he was … **Bob was there, and I was there, and it felt so real** … I opened my eyes several times thinking that I’d now be fully awake, but I dove right back into “being on Maui” as if it was a parallel world. I started to talk to Bob in my mind … of course realizing that Bob’s image was changing … but I wasn’t consciously doing it … I also walked around him, even smelled his hair … and I said to Bob ***“Are you seeing this too, are you there too?”***

At some point, an image of a **man with short hair, all wet with a kind of desperate face**, as if he was cowering in a bathtub in some yellow-golden-brown light, moved by itself over my Maui-scenario … and I thought how strange, he looked like an actor I had just seen in a series I had started to watch, Thomas Jane, in "The Expanse" … and suddenly I had the impression that ***Bob "told me" that way that he was sad.***

I stayed with Bob in the edit room for a little longer, and I "consciously" looked around in the room in that state, realizing how well I know everything … and I asked Bob again *"I got to know, are you there with me? Do you see that all too?"* And I told him, kind of my sharing my emotions, how sad I was … and how I missed it all, and I asked him *"Do you miss it too? Do you miss us too?"*At the same time I thought that I didn't want to make up an answer in my mind, and in order for a "message" to come one had to be entirely in the "present" … but my present was half my real-life bed in Griffen and half my spirit's visit on Maui …

And suddenly, the soft voice of a woman that I've heard often said one sentence, and I saw the woman as a faint image, kind of overlapped by the image of another woman: And it was one of the women Bob had interviewed for the "Taylor Camp" project and who is one of the speakers in the film, and she said something that always touched me so much when (in the very beginning) working on the film and later watching it … as she says, with a tearful voice: **"It will always be there."**

And she means the camp, that she misses so much. And when I heard that, I knew that it was Bob answering me. The one sentence was the only way he could give me an **evidential** so clear and so suiting … and the film had not been on my mind at all … so yes, Bob, I kind of understand, I think … just by this experience of visiting "housie" and you, that in my mind and in our minds and in our memories and thus in our energetic existence, *Maui housie and "us" … it will always be there.* And we can visit anytime. Right?

Just now I realize that I had **"received in my palm – a house"** yesterday! Could this be this intense visit to our Maui housie, that was predicted by that? It didn't look like the Maui house, the one in my hand, but still! I think this is actually what it was!

Something else:
Watching S**uzanne Giesemann** yesterday, I saw a reading she gave to a woman, and of all things it was a **c*offee mug*** that served as amazing evidential (a widow had found a **coffee mug** with congratulations to her 80th birthday from her husbad after his death, and whilst she had believe he, demented, had forgotten about her birthday; but going through his things after his death, she found that wonderful gift, and the dead husband had given that image to Suzanne) …

PPY 80TH
RTHDAY
Lois Anne

How Those Who Die Give Us a Glimpse of the Afterlife

And: A **green flash** came up as a subject! That used to be something Bob and I were often talking about, as from our lanai we had direct view of two ocean skylines. And I think I only saw a green flash once in my life clearly … it's a certain energetic impression just when the sun had disappeared in the ocean … and in that reading that discarnate told her that in order to communicate or "appear" to an incarnate, some discarnates wait just for the moment between the conscious wake state and the unconscious state of sleep, a kind of "green flash" in the human existence … and that's when we supposedly can "visit".

I think I was in a whole long extended green flash today. This doesn't mean that Bob acknowledge – as the image he was – that he was there and "playing his role". No … those were my images of Bob, made from my memories, that seems clear, but the one who used them to "be there" with me, was Bob himself.

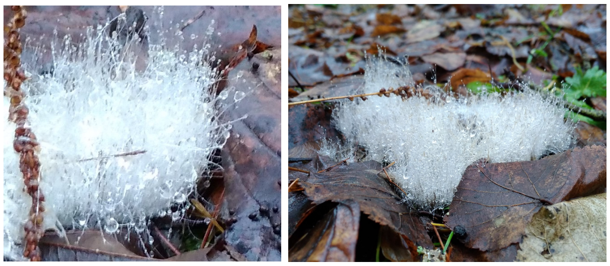
And in the end he gave me such a beautiful conclusion. He knows I know that line so well and that it touched me so much. And him, too, I know it now. It's part of our "language" now.

And yes … **the "house" in my palm – that was this visit.** So far there was always a reason when I suddenly fell so dead tired that I can't help but lie down. Then I always had some kind of special internal experience … and it was like this today, too.

(Shopping in Wolfsberg) I found a **candy wrapping with hearts** and words on the ground, on the path next to the river … I hope it's a greeting.

LOVE HEARTS
LOVE HEARTS

I also saw an amazing spot of "**mold**" out in nature, a **fungus** rather … like a miraculous creation …



December 23, 2020

The lit stone … nearly every day I've been seeing the big stone since I've been living here … and it's winter again.

December 24, 2020 – The Window & the Knocking & the Bright Thing

Last night, I lay awake right after goig to bed, and there was a very strong sense but also wish to connect with the invisibles present or at least to know that someone was there, with me. And as I was getting drowsy, with the light on and my eyes open, suddenly I saw a face from a profile pop up in front of my inner eye (can be that I had my eyes closed for a few moments), but I didn't recognize the person. But the way this image showed up, actually formed itself from the chin up, was unusual, with its brown and read background and light outlines … it was actually an outline of a face. And I was alert.

I kept up my state of being awake but kind of heavy and drifting, eyes open, and at times I had the urge to look around in the room … and then it happened: Something bright, like a piece of white cloth appeared right in front of me at the opposite wall, and of course, I looked at it directly, baffled, and it disappeared. Now, the thing is that I never see any lights or flashes or something, and that thing was as if it just showed up, like a glitch in a film. It was there … and just when I was thinking to myself "Wow, you guys are really here" and "What must I do to get a clearer connection?" there was a loud knocking sound on the same window where the one loud knocking sound had happened in the hours of Edith's death – and it was the same knocking sound! Mind you – there is never a knocking sound, the windows don't crackle, and it didn't come from outside where it was entirely quiet. That was a the same knocking sound on the same window like the one I've heard when Edith died.

And it felt "different" than any other "normal" or "usual" noise. It was a "made" noise, nothing that comes from a window on its own!

My feeling of not being alone increased … and suddenly (I was lying on my back), there was a very faint knocking sound in the wall right behind my head to my left side! Okay, I held my breath. I admit, I was a bit sppoked, because that atmosphere of not being along and of being kind of aligned or connected, was so strong. I switched the light on in the hallway and left the door to my bedroom ajar, so that there was light in my room. I didn't dare to sleep in the dark. This has to do with my childhood fear of sleeping in the dark … last night, it seemed a good idea to not risk getting sppoked again.

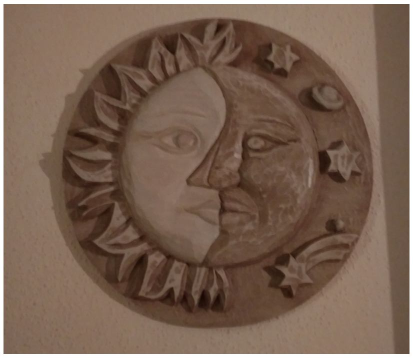
But the event, the knocking, the sound in the wall and the white thing, they were real.

Today, my uncle Hansi called and chatted me up … and I was friendly and nice, but geez, those people never cared about me. Me aunt Heidi said actually that she was sorry that there hadn't been a connection between us. Well … duh. So I said, yes, okay, maybe from now on … but then she immediately started talking about how dangerous Corona is and how great the vaccination … and I knew that the contact she imagined may be different than I imagine it. Still, it was nice to talk those minutes. They had no idea about the condition about my mother, but it did piss me off that my uncle said that he had noticed for a while that it was only possible to talk five sentences with my mother … well, and that didn't worry him, like fucking ever? Geez, people really make it so easy for themselves.

Today I drove to my mother … and I first took Jacqui on a hike around the **Forestlake**, it was dirty and wet and snowy, but the walk was good. At some point, when I stopped to listen into the silence, suddenly there was a lound "knocking" sound, and I immediately thought of the sound of last night … it was uncanny. No other sounds in that forest, either. Also we came by "**the big stone**" again … snow covered … and the plants of my childhood, "**Clubmoss**", stuck their fruits out from the snow.

Then … at my mother's … I was very worried when she didn't respond to my ringing the doorbell. I was already worried when I saw that her windows were dark. She then showed up in her short night-gown (!) entirely sleepy, totally surprised that I was there … but she was entirely sober. She said that she had thought of just taking a nap and then getting up later and watching TV … it was kind of heartbreaking, because I saw in her another dementia spell, the way she talked … and compared to my uncle (her brother) and my aunt, it was ever worse to bear to see her so downtrodden mentally. She was in a good mood, though. And I brought her the Christmas biscuits I had received from my landlady as a gift. Homemade, smelling deliciously. And my mother really was happy to receive them. I also brought her chocolate with marcipan that she likes and a book with questions from a TV-game show that she likes.

I photographed the **carving** she made many years ago when she was in rehab … **the sun and the moon together.**



It was hard to leave her, but she said she was really fine and wanted to be alone and would go to bed soon.

I took a look into her bedroom, and I saw that the mold stains are visible again. I hope those are just colorings … but it's horrible to think that she sleeps in there with mold stains on the walls right next to her. But she just wouldn't have it that someone come fix it … and frankly, how should that go? What would they do if mold shows up? She can't just move out? I'm dreading this situation now … but it will come up soon. I can't let her live in the mold. Oh geez, I have to tell her to not just come out of her apartment when she is in her underwear! It was so heartbreaking … Driving home, I felt desolate and very lost. Along with her … but then, she doesn't really know that she is in bad shape, in a way. She thinks she is in good shape, but today, talking with my aunt and my uncle, showed me, by comparison, how demented my mother really is already. That's something very hard to bear. Maybe that's why these conversations even came up … so that I would talk with elderly people who are normal? My mother's dementia is no "age-related forgetfulness". My mother is only 76 years old …

There is no way to even explain to my uncle and aunt what I've been going through in the last years. I won't even try.

When I left her, I saw the new priest of the village hold a **Christmas service in the garage of his priest's home** … next to the church! It was so touching. And the people were standing on the street and on the pavement in the rain … really nice to see that people can come together for a spiritual celebration, even if it's "just" a Catholic mass. But then … praying the **"Lord's Prayer"** I did "hear" it for the first time. And from all I know so far … those words, taken in the right way, tell the absolute truth!

(Later)

I found a peculiar **green stone** today … somewhere on Jacqui's and my usual path.

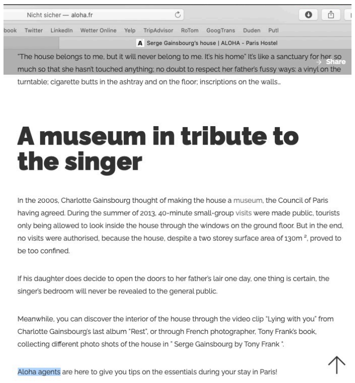
The House & Aloha!

Wow, something amazing just happened! Not being able to watch movies, I started to real movie reviews, and somehow I came across the actor **Yvan Attal**, then to his partner **Charlotte Gainsbourg**, and then to her father, **Serge Gainsbourg** … and in an article I read that after his death in 1991, Charlotte had closed up the house, and one can now take virtual tours through it!

Serge Gainsbourg's house | ALOHA ...
aloha.fr

LOVE ME SERGE

And as I googled “Gainsbourg house” I came across – “**aloha**”!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Serge Gainsbourg's house | ALOHA - Paris Hostel

“The house belongs to me, but it will never belong to me. It's his home” It's like a sanctuary for her, so much so that she hasn't touched anything; no doubt to respect her father's fussy ways: a vinyl on the turntable; cigarette butts in the ashtray and on the floor; inscriptions on the walls…

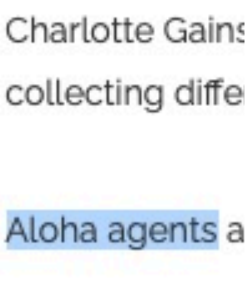
A museum in tribute to the singer

In the 2000s, Charlotte Gainsbourg thought of making the house a museum, the Council of Paris having agreed. During the summer of 2013, 40-minute small-group visits were made public, tourists only being allowed to look inside the house through the windows on the ground floor. But in the end, no visits were authorised, because the house, despite a two storey surface area of 130m ², proved to be too confined.

If his daughter does decide to open the doors to her father's lair one day, one thing is certain, the singer's bedroom will never be revealed to the general public.

Meanwhile, you can discover the interior of the house through the video clip “Lying with you” from Charlotte Gainsbourg's last album “Rest”, or through French photographer, Tony Frank's book, collecting different photo shots of the house in “ Serge Gainsbourg by Tony Frank ”.

Aloha agents are here to give you tips on the essentials during your stay in Paris!


Charlotte Gains
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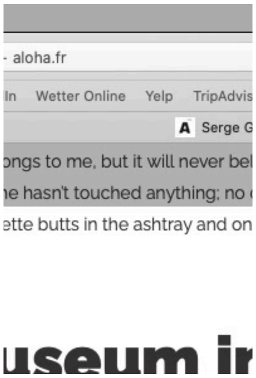

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See for yourself! Does this have to do, also, with the ***house*** that was ***“given into my palm”*** two days ago? What are the odds of “**Aloha**” showing up in connection with Gainsbourg and a house!?! When I had just such a vivid “virtual tour” through housie in Maui, too?! Also seeing all those pictures of the ***“aloha”-house of Gainsbourg inside*** … really seemed to speak to me … as just recently I “walked through” our Maui house, while wide awake, not in a dream … and it felt like I was really there.

This is an evidential … that Bob is right here with me. And with my consciousness, wherever it goes, away from this mortal ralm!

Wow! I really let myself drift through the websites, aimlessly … only to end up with **a house that you can't enter physically but only virtually along with the word "aloha".**

Any doubts? Just the idea to close up a house and leave it unchanged after the death of its owner … wow, that's my story with Bob and housie. I never saw it emptied and without Bob and me. As the sentence appeared, yesterday: "**It will always be there!"** And hey! That's exactly what Charlotte Gainsbourg did with the house of her father's: She closed it to never be changed so that it will "always be there".

Wow! This is getting so … cool. Looking at the images of that house … I really see Bob and myself in housie.

Today … actually, I had the strong feeling that I got to do a certain job. And that job is … to **extract the essence from my contact diary** and publish it as a contracted and thus short readable version. Hahahahahaha! Fucking nightmare of a job!

December 25, 2020 – **Those Dreams …**

What an adventurous night. Those **dreams** … three of them!

Meeting Bob and having a discussion … There was **Bob**. And he and I discussed something. I still see him sitting to the left side of me, looking at me, but his body turned away from me, straight ahead from his view, as he as busy doing something or discussing something. It feels like he was sitting at a table, facing someone. The way he addressed me was some kind of "**contradictive**", even kind of "upset" expression of something that was not the way I thought it was, and it started with **"But it …"** ***Expressing that he "didn't think things were the way I had claimed they were.*** Maybe it was even in German? I remember that the dream was so clear and rich, and the special part of it was Bob's physicality, als if he was still the big strong mortal man he used to be.

Then the dream switched … I think I woke up in between dreams …

Danger of drowning under a jetty … **Next I found myself swimming in the ocean with two other women.** The water was crystal clear and kind of turquoise and not cold. I saw the things from my point of view, I didn't see myself. I also only vaguely noticed the women next to me or rather behind me to my left. We were close to the shore, but between us and the land was a long wooden "Steg", a pathway like a pier, a jetty made of wooden planks. That pathway extended parallel to the shore, but it also included a pathway straight towards the shore. We had to get onto that jetty, but we could get onto it from out of the water, there were no stairs. I said to the others (maybe there were more than two): “Wir können einfach unten durchschwimmen!” (We could simply swim through underneath …) And without waiting for a response of the others, I simply swam under the pier between the wooden poles that reached down to the bottom. There was just enough space between the planks and the water so that we didn’t have to dive. The water was clear so that we could see that there was no big fish swimming and nothing under water. This is very similar to a childhood memory of me where I always was tempted to swim under that kind of small “pier” at the favorite Woerthersee lake swimming area, but I barely dared to … only at certain times of the day I would venture out inside, when the water was lit by the sun, and it was clear and translucent.

In my dream, I swam under the pier … and suddenly the water rose, and I was under water. But I kept swimming and swimming … and while swimming and holding my breath I thought, wow, there is no way to come up again in time before I run out of air, because I looked up and there was the wood of the pier above me, everywhere. So in my dream I thought “Wow, I will drown … but then, maybe I’m swimming under the vertical pier, along with the pier, so of course I can’t get up, and if I keep swimming that direction, I will die. I only have to take a turn left!” And I did take a turn left, under water, hoping to get out from under the pier …

*(**Note**: This dream will reappear in real life in just a few days!)*

And then I found myself awake.

I dreamed on, after falling asleep again right away …

Trying to fly to Chicago … And this time I was in a large building, like at an airport … and I really needed a ticket, but it seemed impossible to find a counter. There was another woman with me, a blond tall one with a pony tail. The ticket windows in that building looked like the windows to prison cells …
I knew I had to fly to Chicago, but the first counter (along a long corridor towards the West), I think it was number 3, there was an Asian woman, and she simply wouldn’t even try to understand what I wanted. I had paperwork that I showed her and I tried to explain, that I only needed to fly to Chicago, only a short flight. I was in the USA, that was clear to me, and the flight would only take an hour or two … that Asian woman smiled and warded me off, and the tall blonde staggered along with me and gave me a hard time. I was so upset at her, that at some point, I think, I turned around and slapped her face. I think after that I was alone.

I ran along the corridor again, and this time I reached the counter number 4. There was a middle aged man in there, somehow a Steve mcQueen type, and he immediately gave me the ticket, and the plane was going to take off at 14 h or 15 h, meaning 2 or 3 p.m. I received the ticket and hurried away, to get to the plane …

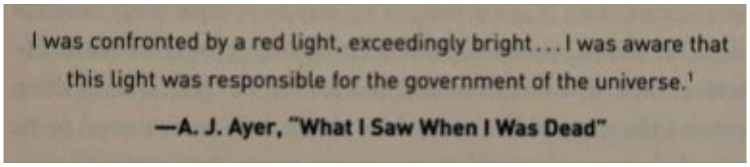
I don’t know what happened, but I ended up without that ticket again, and again I was at the counter number 3 at the Asian woman! She said I had to go to number 4 – but number 4 was closed now, on a break! I was so desperate and disheartened, and then I woke up.

Geez.

(Later)
I tried to call my mother, didn’t reach her, got all worried, but just when I had packed up to drive to Velden, she called me – in an entire good mood, busy washing clothes … I was so so so relieved. So I only

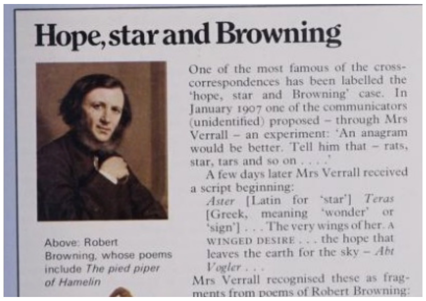
took Jacqui for a walk around the *treehouse field*. Gives me some comfort to walk there … seeing the treehouse too.

(Later)
Not being able to watch movies, I read stuff online, about Near death experiences, a book called "**Life after Death: the Evidence"** *(by Dinesh D'Souza)* at the archive.org. I just felt like doing it. What struck me was that I encountered a poet that has to do with my younger years, Robert Browning. I studied Anglistcs and Romanistics in Graz, and I was very good at English poetry, and the poem we were dealing with was "***Meeting at Midnight"*** by **Robert Browning**. It was "Onomatopoesie", a kind of poetry where the sounds of the words used represent or reflect the word's meaning … in in the poem there was the line *"the quick sharp scratch of a lighted match".* (I keep thinking of the follow up poem called "*Parting at Morning*", but I never read that one. I had to give up studying soon after, for family reasons …) And it stuck in my head for many years. To this day, actually. And today I saw a picture of Robert Browning, and somehow it catapulted me back into my old past … where there was no Sigi and no Bob. There was tragedy and trauma already … but I was so young.



I was confronted by a red light, exceedingly bright . . . I was aware that this light was responsible for the government of the universe.[1]

—A. J. Ayer, "What I Saw When I Was Dead"



Hope, star and Browning

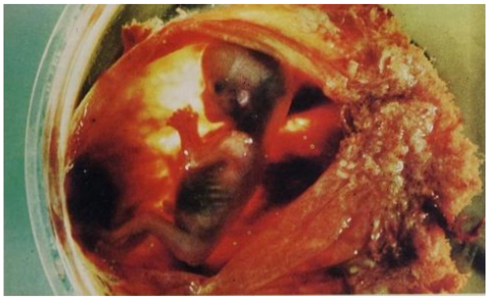
One of the most famous of the cross-correspondences has been labelled the 'hope, star and Browning' case. In January 1907 one of the communicators (unidentified) proposed – through Mrs Verrall – an experiment: 'An anagram would be better. Tell him that – rats, star, tars and so on . . . .'

A few days later Mrs Verrall received a script beginning:

Aster [Latin for 'star'] *Teras* [Greek, meaning 'wonder' or 'sign'] . . . The very wings of her. A WINGED DESIRE . . . the hope that leaves the earth for the sky – *Abt Vogler* . . .

Mrs Verrall recognised these as fragments from poems of Robert Browning:

Above: Robert Browning, whose poems include *The pied piper of Hamelin*



And I also saw a picture of a **fetus** in a woman's belly. I never saw it from that perspective. It was … really reminding me that our bodies are in the service of our souls. They are.

December 26, 2020

During a walk with Jacqui today … along the **"big stone field"** …and there was an amazing **cloud formation**, like two big clouds "protecting" a thin one, or "flanking" it … or forming some kind of "whole" …

… I asked for something to be *put into my hand again* … and it was a **chicken**. A chicken in my hand. (Note: Actually, I put this fact in after it got relevance … just because I'm so stupid that I still don't necessarily trust what I'm receiving … but the chicken will have relevance soon. Big time.)

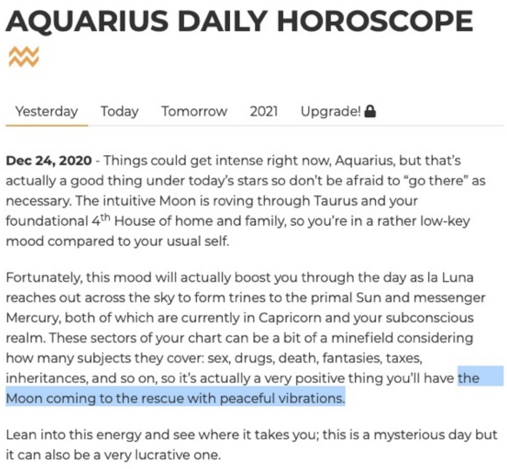
I went to bed late … and my neighbor came home about 2 a.m. and talked out loud on the phone, giggling and shouting, drunk, obviously, for hours … I could only find sleep in the morning. Got up at past 10, took Jacqui for a walk … it's bright and sunny today, the fog of the last weeks is gone.

My mother called me … and we chatted entirely normally and in a good mood for half an hour on the phone! So I won't drive to her, she said I shouldn't, she is fine, and she sounded entirely fine. I'm just so sad for my father. But well ..

I had a strange **dream**, tonight: ***"Levitation!"*** I don't remember exactly how it came, but first I was in a house and I was in the middle of doing the **directing** at a theater play, maybe it was a set, thought, and it just wouldn't work out the way I needed it to. But I can't remember what it was and why, only remember another woman who didn't get it what I wanted …

Then, suddenly there was an old woman, and it was the one my mother and I had talked about several times in the last days, because she had died recently, that old woman. She had been the sister-in-law of my maternal grandmother Maria. She had lived on the farm that I knew from my childhood all by herself for many years, and I had thought about visiting her many times. No it's too late. But that woman, "**Urschi**" (Reischl), "Ursula", was there in my dream … and she had something to do with the other part of the dream, the set or stage and the project that didn't work. And Urschi suddenly said she needed to show me something: And as I looked on in awe, she sat down, her legs folded (she was dressed in a blue and gray farmer's wife's outfit, and she was kind of heavy, and her sand colored hair tied to a bun), and she began to levitate! She rose from the floor, and I could see that she had black tights on, and in the middle of her body was some kind of indent, where her private parts were. So she floated all over the place in that room, getting as high as about a meter 20, and she was surprised herself. She said that she didn't know how it happened that she suddenly can do that! So I asked her if I could film it, and I tried to do it with my cell phone, but just then it didn't work! I pressed the wrong buttons all the time, and I got so frustrated, as some kind of Mickey Mouse symbol kept showing up, and I couldn't get the cell phone into the filming mode. I was so worried that Urschi would change her mind and not let me film her or stop levitating, and the I grabbed my photo-camera instead, that was in the same spot where it always is, in real life, here in the kitchen … and I switched it on, and it would work, but then …

… the scenario suddenly changed back to trying to direct the play or movie … and Urschi was gone. And I woke up.

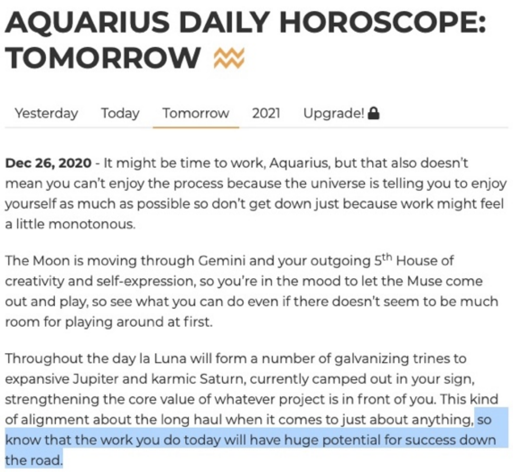


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE ♒

Dec 24, 2020 - Things could get intense right now, Aquarius, but that's actually a good thing under today's stars so don't be afraid to "go there" as necessary. The intuitive Moon is roving through Taurus and your foundational 4th House of home and family, so you're in a rather low-key mood compared to your usual self.

Fortunately, this mood will actually boost you through the day as la Luna reaches out across the sky to form trines to the primal Sun and messenger Mercury, both of which are currently in Capricorn and your subconscious realm. These sectors of your chart can be a bit of a minefield considering how many subjects they cover: sex, drugs, death, fantasies, taxes, inheritances, and so on, so it's actually a very positive thing you'll have the Moon coming to the rescue with peaceful vibrations.

Lean into this energy and see where it takes you; this is a mysterious day but it can also be a very lucrative one.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE: TOMORROW ♒

Dec 26, 2020 - It might be time to work, Aquarius, but that also doesn't mean you can't enjoy the process because the universe is telling you to enjoy yourself as much as possible so don't get down just because work might feel a little monotonous.

The Moon is moving through Gemini and your outgoing 5th House of creativity and self-expression, so you're in the mood to let the Muse come out and play, so see what you can do even if there doesn't seem to be much room for playing around at first.

Throughout the day la Luna will form a number of galvanizing trines to expansive Jupiter and karmic Saturn, currently camped out in your sign, strengthening the core value of whatever project is in front of you. This kind of alignment about the long haul when it comes to just about anything, so know that the work you do today will have huge potential for success down the road.

So fitting again, those horoscopes …

December 27, 2020 – **The Moon, the Chicken & the Rabbits**

Gotten back to watching movies, since my landlady is back, and there is free internet again … looked into **"The Midnight Sky"** … and George Clooney does the perfect **"Bob home alone for a long time"** …

Oh, wow, and I already thought that Bob's and my communication was supposed to stop so that I'll be forced to do some "mortal stuff" … as I feel so urged, on one hand, closely thinking of Barbara Thiering and sometimes of re-starting my project about her work and then feeling totally empty and entirely unable to take any effort in terms of filmmaking …

And those *dreams*! Tonight, too, wow, so vivid, such adventures … but I can't recall any of it.

I drove to visit my mother, took Jacqui for a short walk at lake Saissersee, but it was just icy and slippery everywhere in the forest … and my mother was fine. She sounded and looked pretty normal, … just amazing. We already had a great phone conversation yesterday … and today she was very sweet and seemed fine. I'm grateful. Driving … I felt so fascinated by **the tunnel experiences** … quite a few tunnels on the way … I can't help but wondering if it's like this, when one dies and ends up in that famous "tunnel".

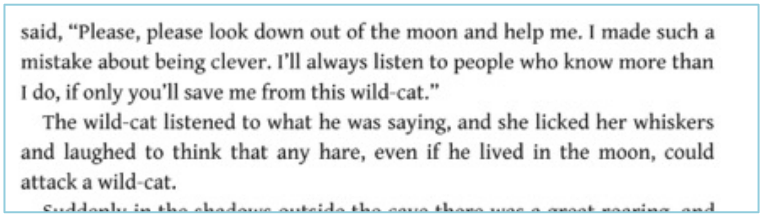
At my previous visit I photographed again the wood carving *my mother had made many years ago,* when she was on rehab, for her broken leg, it shows **the sun and the moon together, like kissing …** I wish so much for my mother that she'll find more joy again, oh I don't know what to think, at all. I wish for her to have a partner, but how can I? For that she must recover entirely. And I want her to. I imbue her with as much healing energy as I can. From my heart. And my father, too … but then I look at the world, wow, it's scary. I'm just glad that my mother isn't worried or scared, at least she doesn't tell. I really want to live closer to her.

I'm heartbroken for Marshall, still and again … all *alone*, every day, all day, nobody walks him, nobody does anything with him, I could cry … It's cold, and he is by himself, nobody to talk to him, cuddle with him, be with him in the warm home. He must withdraw alone into his dog hut or whereever the hell he has to go now to sleep, I think it's some opening into the basement. Unbelieveable.

Then, I knew I was supposed to work on this contact diary, maybe even beginning to edit a short version with the essence of it all … but I just couldn't get myself to do it. I **read** all kinds of stuff online, about the Covid-19 vaccination (a mRNA vaccination, BNT 162 b2, just baffling that this is even possible, that this kind of thing is imposed upon people … I can't even begin about it …)

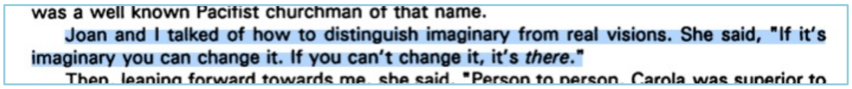
Then I started to read ***movie reviews*** … and slowly, I saw hints. **Various very interesting things …** for example, I stumbled over **the work of Joan Grant,** who wrote **"Winged Pharao",** which deals, like her other books with her past lives! I was stunned manifold, when I read up on that … first the combination of "Joan" and "Grant". Joan being the collaborator of Betty White and Stewart White, as a medium … and Grant being Betty's maiden name … and there is a woman by the name of Joan Grant. What she wrote about b**eing a priestess in ancient egypt** and the way she felt and everything (I did not read her books though, only read about them, and it didn't feel entirely genuine) really very very much reminds me of my own experiences in that regard … It was like zumbuddy wanted to remind me of who I actually was and .. am?

JOAN GRANT
WINGED
PHARAOH
"Stands in a class apart.... glowing"
THE TIMES
The strange histories of Joan Grant



said, "Please, please look down out of the moon and help me. I made such a mistake about being clever. I'll always listen to people who know more than I do, if only you'll save me from this wild-cat."

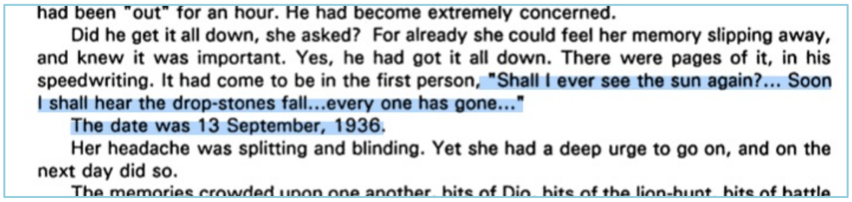
The wild-cat listened to what he was saying, and she licked her whiskers and laughed to think that any hare, even if he lived in the moon, could attack a wild-cat.



was a well known Pacifist churchman of that name.

Joan and I talked of how to distinguish imaginary from real visions. She said, "If it's imaginary you can change it. If you can't change it, it's *there*."

Then, leaning forward towards me, she said, "Person to person, Carola was superior to



had been "out" for an hour. He had become extremely concerned.

Did he get it all down, she asked? For already she could feel her memory slipping away, and knew it was important. Yes, he had got it all down. There were pages of it, in his speedwriting. It had come to be in the first person, "Shall I ever see the sun again?... Soon I shall hear the drop-stones fall...every one has gone..."

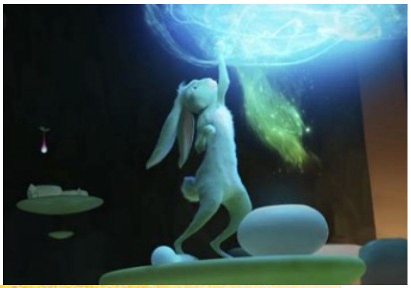
The date was 13 September, 1936.

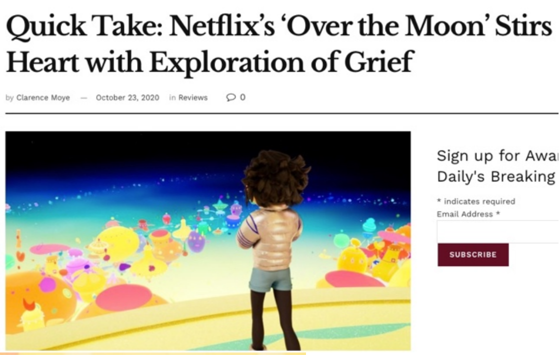
Her headache was splitting and blinding. Yet she had a deep urge to go on, and on the next day did so.

The memories crowded upon one another, bits of Dio, bits of the lion-hunt, bits of battle

Until I discovered the animated movie "**Over The Moon**" (but I only read about it, didn't watch it.) And now … there I was entirely struck how this story relates to Bob and me. On the moon lives a woman who is waiting to reunite with her love, and her only companion is – a **rabbit**!

THE NOVELIZATION
OVER THE MOON
NETFLIX
FEATURING A Foreword by GLEN KEANE





Quick Take: Netflix's 'Over the Moon' Stirs Heart with Exploration of Grief

by Clarence Moye — October 23, 2020 in Reviews 0

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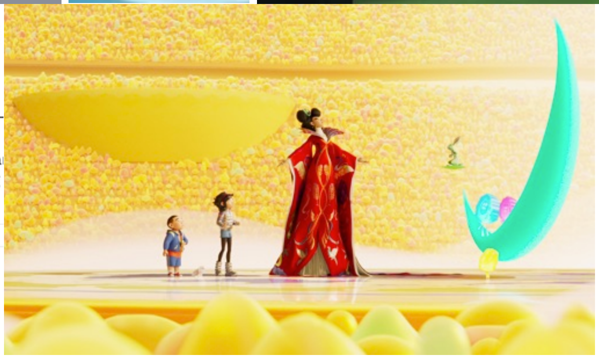
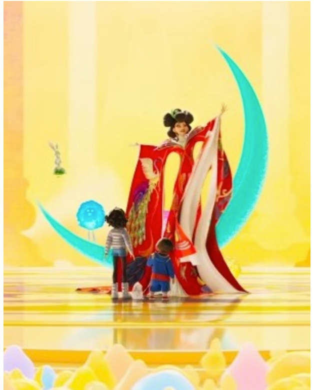
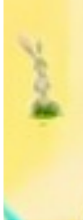
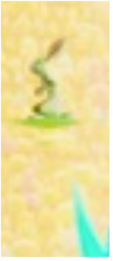
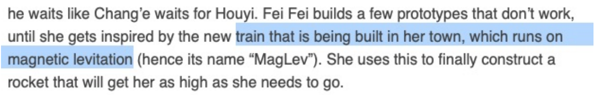


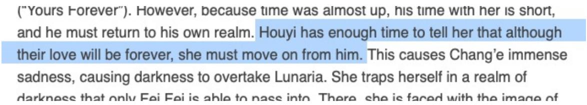






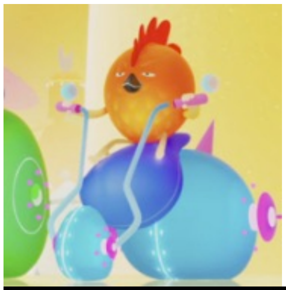


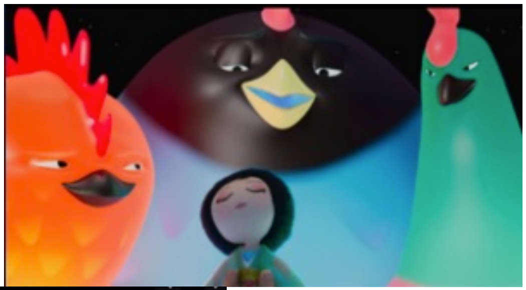
he waits like Chang'e waits for Houyi. Fei Fei builds a few prototypes that don't work, until she gets inspired by the new train that is being built in her town, which runs on magnetic levitation (hence its name "MagLev"). She uses this to finally construct a rocket that will get her as high as she needs to go.

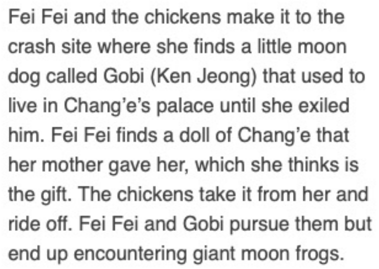


("Yours Forever"). However, because time was almost up, his time with her is short, and he must return to his own realm. Houyi has enough time to tell her that although their love will be forever, she must move on from him. This causes Chang'e immense sadness, causing darkness to overtake Lunaria. She traps herself in a realm of darkness that only Fei Fei is able to pass into. There, she is faced with the image of

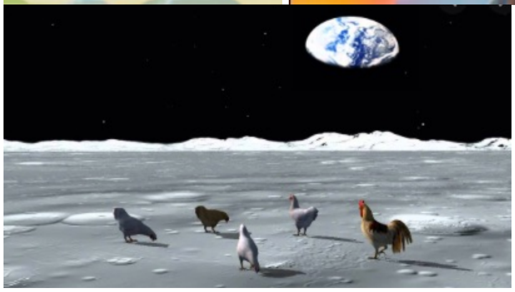
A young girl, also with a rabbit companion, travels to the moon to prove that the woman who lives there, exists … and in that moon-lady's services are – **chickens**! Wow! And I had received a "**chicken**" ***in my hand*** yesterday! Of all things! In a story about the moon and longing for one's lost love! Rabbits! And a chicken! (I found a cool “***chicken on the moon*** picture” – free use - too when I was googling the chickens for the movie!)

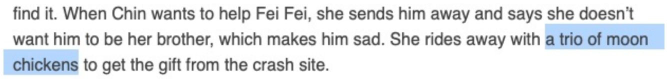






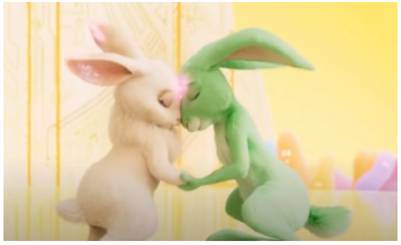
Fei Fei and the chickens make it to the crash site where she finds a little moon dog called Gobi (Ken Jeong) that used to live in Chang’e’s palace until she exiled him. Fei Fei finds a doll of Chang’e that her mother gave her, which she thinks is the gift. The chickens take it from her and ride off. Fei Fei and Gobi pursue them but end up encountering giant moon frogs.



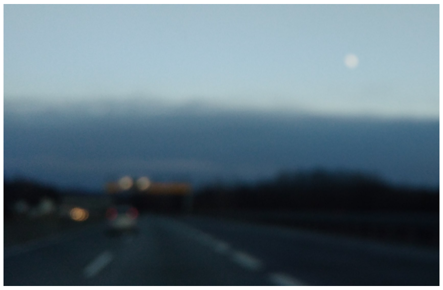


find it. When Chin wants to help Fei Fei, she sends him away and says she doesn’t want him to be her brother, which makes him sad. She rides away with a trio of moon chickens to get the gift from the crash site.

In the end … the **two rabbits stayed together. On the moon.** Remember the “***rabbit-challenge***” Bob and I used to have? Is that a culmination or what?



Also, I must admit that I’ve become lazy about writing down the wondrous car license plate numbers that I’ve been encountering. I do feel spoken to a lot. Also the view today … a “**cloud tidal wave**” and the moon …



And then this story … it’s magical. Still don’t know where to turn, what to do, also about my father, I don’t know how he is, and I don’t dare to contact him directly … And the situation with the little Marshall and the world … I wish I had superpowers. So much.

December 28, 2020

Dream of my father tonight. I snuck onto his property (the place where I actually grew up), and to my surprise I realized that he was living in the bungalow, the small house where I had seen Edith for the last time, a little less than a year ago. As I was hiding behind trees and shrubs, I saw several women come out of the house, and I knew that those were my father's friends and neigbors and that they had visited him and were helping him. And sure enough, my father came out of the house, too, flanked by his helpers, and his dog, Sandy … so I thought "alright, he is well cared for, I need not show myself". And I didn't. I waited for them to leave and also took off.

In my dream, I thought to myself, though, that in other dreams, when I had visited Edith and my father, which I had dreamed many times, and always it was the same location, a luxury tropical plantation type of huge house with a big garden and many pathways, all in some kind of brown-red-golden light … and at times, in some dreams, I had been there secretly, and in other creams I was discovered by Edith or my father, and in yet other dreams I was officially there. Always my father was in a lot of stress, and I knew that their relationship was very broken and difficult. The toiling of my father really touched me … and I just now remember that before going to sleep I've thought about how my father had always been frantically cleaning the entire big house where they lived in real life. My paternal grandparents' house, which they made into some kind of perfect museum … the dogs (first Gipsy, now Sandy) were only allowed in the kitchen.

I can't imagine for my father being alone there now, knowing that Edith will never return. Alone with the dog … I'm feeling so very sorry for him. That said … all my offers for help … he has hated me for such a long time, why should he now change?

I will write one more letter to him … and I will copy his caretaker … offering my help.

December 29, 2020

Watched **"Wander Darkly"** about the *meeting of a living and a dead person* after an accient, and how they go through their memories and clarify things, before one passes on and the other lives on in the mortal realm and scatters the other one's ashes in the ocean. Very close to undoing me, this movie. I have those episodes again, where I can't believe Bob is gone and all my life with him …

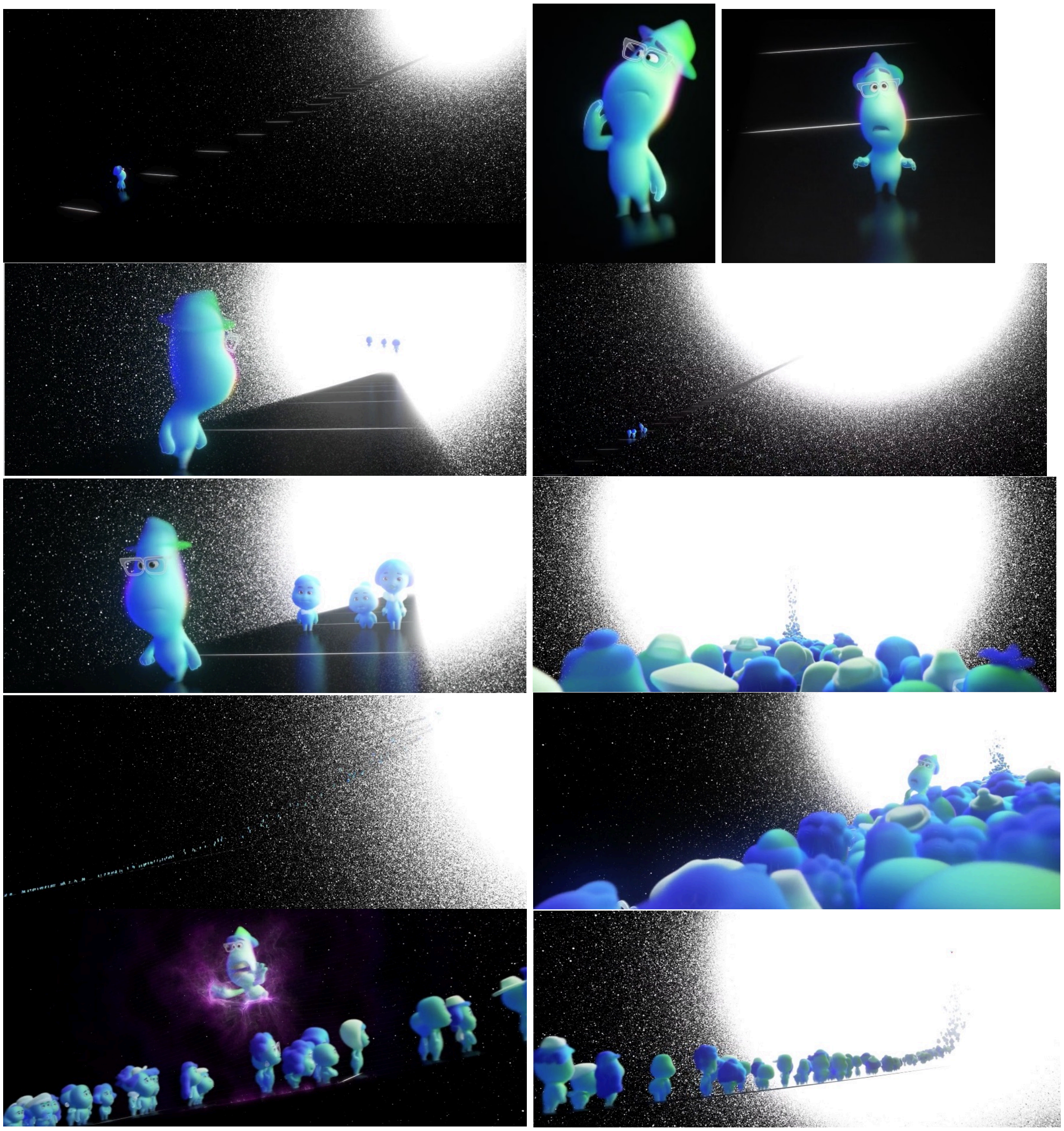
I've noticed that I seem to have balance problems at times, very light ones. I just find myself almost tipping over then, but catch myself. But it mostly happens when I do something like putting on shoes. Also the very loud sudden tone in my ear, left or right, happens at times. Doesn't last long, maybe ten seconds, then subsides.

December 30, 2020 – **The Soul Movie With the Shoes & Pecan Pie**

Yesterday, my mother sounded drunk again and couldn't remember what she had just said and kept repeating herself. Very horrible. So it's intermittent, her dementia. I honestly don't know what to do.

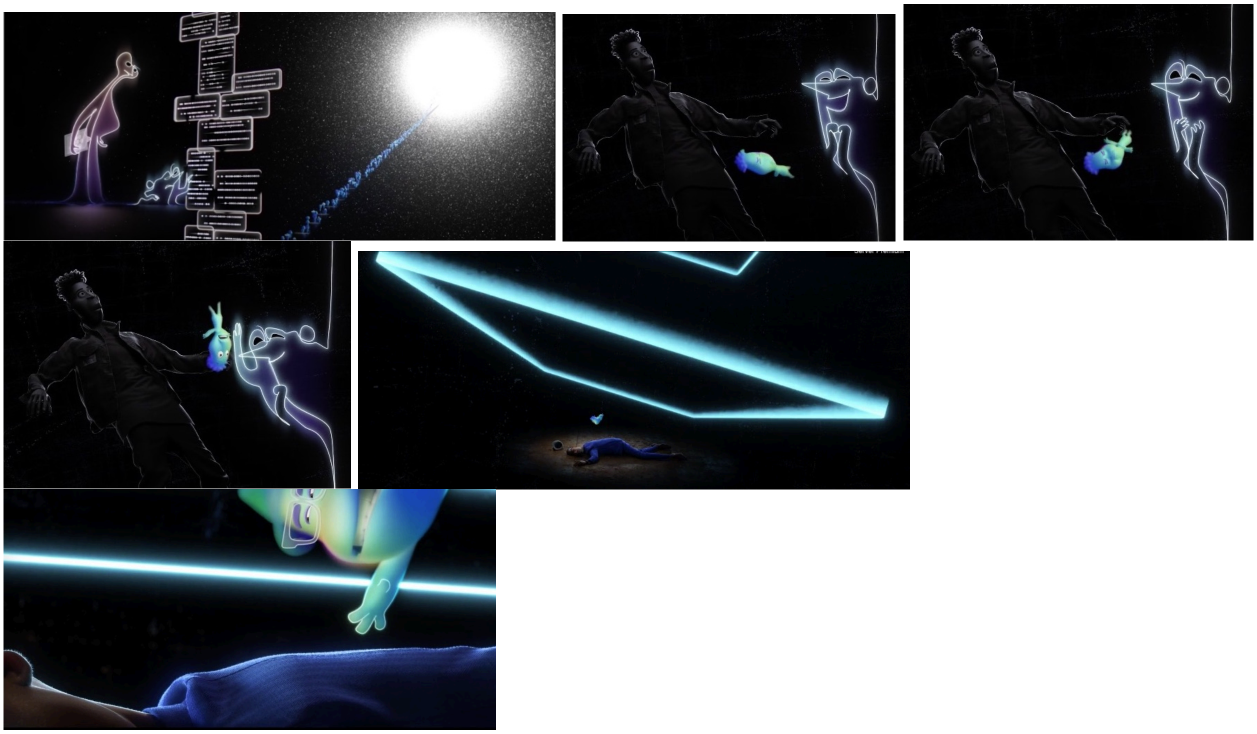
Watched the movie "**Soul**" and a comedy … I just need that.

"Soul" is quite amazing, actually … with its depictions of how souls **"go into the light"**, The Great Beyond, after the mortals' death.



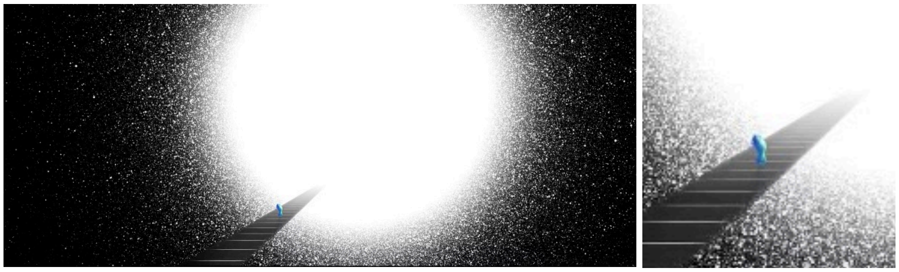
The **hero**, “Joe”, refuses to go to the “**Great Beyond**” though …

And there is a lovey scene ***where his soul is trying to hang on to his body …***



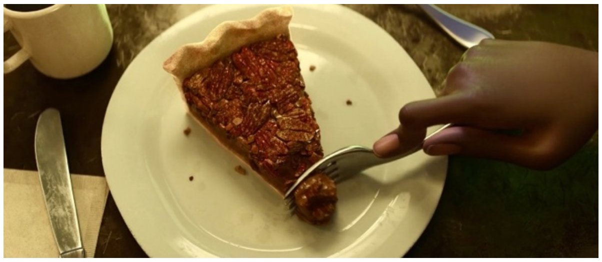
The place **“The Great Before”** is the spot where the souls get prepared to go down to Earth and inhabit a body … and they, yey! They take off, fly down and get to _ live! In the movie it’s all about “**the spark**”, and it’s mistaken for “purpose in life”. But really, in the end, it turns out that “zest of life no matter what life is” is meant.

And in the end … yey again! Off to the “Great Beyond”. The movie doesn’t say anything about what’s like there, “in the light”.

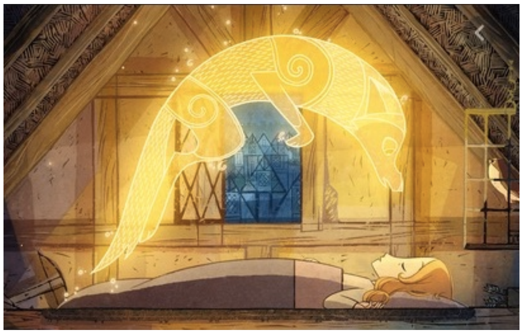
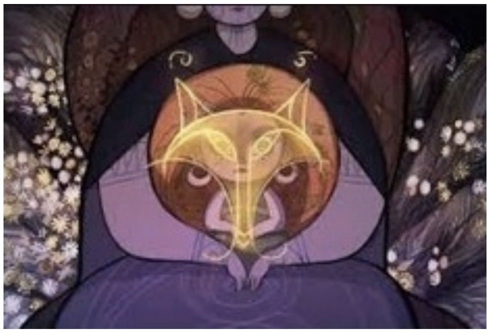


And another scene with “**shoes at the ocean shore**” … oh, that’s so much Bob and me. Reminds me also ***how often I have found shoes on Maui*** … actually, now that I think about it, I did find ***single shoes*** in the last weeks here in Griffen, too!

And: “**Pecan pie”**! Bob’s favorite pie of them all …



So the movies of the last days were really for me.
I also watched “**Wolfwalkers**” about Irish folks who turn into wolves while they are asleep … what bothered me, though, is that they could, as wolves, be just as material as their own sleeping human bodies.

And the switching back and forth between wolf and human doesn’t make sense much … but it was kind of cute … with the spirit drawings all over the place … Had something comforting. Great drawing, too.

Another year gone without Bob. I do not feel good right now, inside, my spirit. I’m worried all the time what will become of my mother. I asked her yesterday to not drink, and she said she never does, hasn’t in ages, and that I’m trying to make her believe that. I’ll have to secretly record my visits with her now.
I’ll drive to visit her today.

My **dream** tonight was amazing: I actually woke up from it in the morning, but I really wanted to dream on, but Jacqui needed to get out.
I lived on some kind of **island**, in a region behind a huge dune, and I was with Jacqui. There was a small community, like a shore village, and there was a big **house** or some complex of buildings with apartments. And in one of them, Jacqui and I lived. The place was more like some run down ruin of a hotel that had been made into single apartments … and mine was strangely rough, like a garage or a crafts room, with **white walls**, but roughly painted, and it seemed to be sous-terrain. On the other hand it was Jacqui’s and my refuge. There was some kind of competition in that village, like a race, a running race, and I was supposed to take part.
Now I just realized that the dream has a second plot that had to do with being outside of that village and somehow being with other people … but this is very unclear … I had to travel with them, somewhere, and it was an entirely different mood … like an **adventure**, I had to find something to go somewhere to get something. There was something about large dry trees, maybe … Feels like the kind of adventure that you look forward to with great energetic emotional expectation. Like when I was about to travel to Maui to be with Bob … everytime there was this strong heart-energetic looking-forward to it … I do have this

feeling at times, like I can't wait to travel … like my mind plays pranks on me, because right afterwards I realize that it's never gonna happen again.

The **race** in my **dream** was supposed to take place on a hill on that **dune** outside of that settlement, and I got prepared. I knew that behind that dune was the ocean, but I never saw it. I was there, and I realized the weather was getting rough … and I was thinking to leave Jacqui in the apartment while I was out there. I was calling someone, but suddenly, on my phone there was a catastrophe or desaster warning, and it said that we had to get the details at a website, with a hyphenated name, like "xxxxx-at-corso" something like that. I was rushing back to the building where I lived, Jacqui was with me, and I thought, "No, I must keep him with me, when I do the race, he must be in the car closeby." And the people of that settlement were rushing inside that building and all over the place, and all had received that desaster warning. Somehow, the other part of the dream mingled with this one, because that adventure or excursion group was there, too, but they all went by my apartment deeper into that building. I was thinking that a huge **tidal wave** or some **storm** was coming … and I said that to Jacqui, I repeated, "a storm, a storm" … and just as I was going to close the door to my apartment, with people rushing by through a corridor and along that corridor into the dark, a **tall young man** showed up in that corridor, and he seemed at the same time lost and confused and also strangely dangerous. He was talking as if he wasn't normal, and there was something about his hands where one looked like a claw, and I saw just one long finger with a long nail … I was afraid of that young man. I think he was dressed in a long white shirt over his trousers, and he had an assymetric hairstyle and big wild eyes. For some reason I asked him into my apartment, telling him that I wanted to help him. He said his name, but I wasn't listening. The entire time I knew that he was dangerous and that I had to get him out, but also that I wasn't supposed to upset him, just because he was dangerous. I don't know what we talked about, it was about the oncoming storm and the race, and he held something in his hand … I started to mention that I needed to get ready for the race, implying that he needed to get out. He seemed to understand but hesitated and gazed right into my eyes from close. I asked his name, and he got upset, because he had introduced himself. I apologized for having forgotten his name, I knew it was a longer name, with a kind of old-fashioned first name and some two-syllables last name, like "Langford", but it was "lighter", maybe with "e" in them. I was afraid he'd get violent, but then he only said his name was "Richard" (the German pronuniation) … and I managed to get him to get out of the apartment.

At the same time I flashed over to the other part of the dream, where I was actually outside somewhere, in the company of those people, where I felt that I actually belonged.

Then there was more commotion because of the oncoming weather treat … and I was in that strangely white painted old room again … somehow reminds me a bit of an actual place where I once lived, in Graz, a sous-terrain garconniere, more just one cold room, and there was Rudi, too, my first boyfriend (traiter, asshole then), and we had to share the bathroom and the kitchen with other people … and there was actually that kind of gloomy dreary run-down atmosphere and style in that hose … Now I remember, that the owner's (an elderly female doctor) dogs, among them a Great Dane and a Wiener (Dogge and Dackel) used to simply run through our apartment when the door was open … oh, that's really long ago. I was in my very early twenties then.

Geez … what a dream … it all feels so real and clear … other than other dreams that I can't remember at all, from the last nights …

When I look into the mirror these days, I look so much older than I feel.

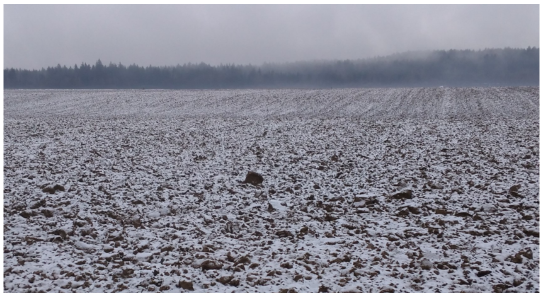
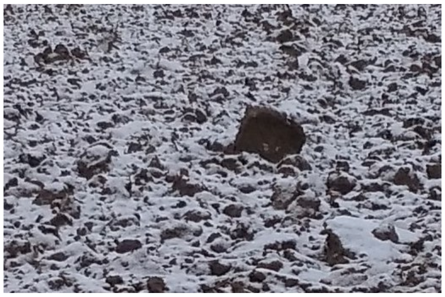
December 30, 2020 – The Brownie, the Worm & The Woman with the Sausage Snack

(Same day as above)

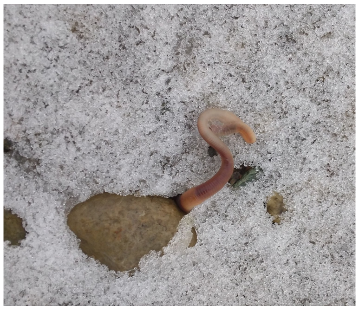
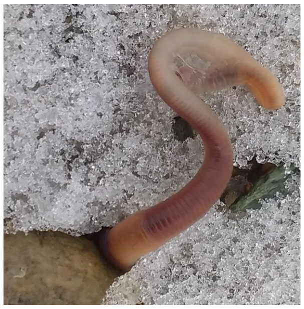
Drove to Velden to visit my mother …

On the way, I asked “whoever is here” to let me know. First, I took a walk around **treehouse-field** with Jacqui … and felt very desolate.

I asked Bob if he was doing the fields with me, and ***I put out my hand for him*** *“to put something into it”.* I got a “**brownie**”. Yeah, right, I thought, I’m walking between brown earth fields. A little later I got “a frog”, but then it turned into **something squirmy amphiby-y or even fishy”.** I thought “yeah right, I walking along a creek”. But – wow! Suddenly I looked over the field, and there was **one single block of earth** that looked entirely like – a **brownie**!

I was very impressed. So I said to Bob “Wow, you really are here!?” Just a few minutes later, I saw **an earth worm**! On the icy path! A worm!

I was thinking that just the other day I rescued several worms from the ice on the asphalt in the area where I live. I can’t imagine for the life of me how they got out there and why. Something so fragile like a naked worm … in the ice and snow. Also a snail. One single snail. In the dark … I saw it slide over the ice, and I was so touched. Of course I also picked it up and put it into the grass on the earth. So **today** … the **earthworm** had ***it’s “head” under a stone!*** I thought it was dead. I gently touched it with a soft piece of grass, and it squirmed! Wow! That was the **squirmy thing** I had just “received” on the palm of my hand! Of course I rescued the exhausted animal and put it under the grass on the bare soil.

So Bob was with me …

On the highway, as I was thinking of him intensely, a car with the license plate number "SIII" drove by that read like "**SM**". Later, I saw "**MR AO 210**" that seemed significant. (And I remembered that yesterday I saw "222 DR", our house number and "Daniela and Robert" …) And very shortly afterwards, a car passed by me with the sticker "**Steiner**", just that, no logo, no web address, just the name "Steiner" black on white, and it means "**Stoner**". It's a very common name in German, like "Stone" in English, meaning something similar.

Right when I got onto the highway in Griffen, a **truck** drove by me, with **a big face** of a **woman eating a sausage** sandwich and the logo "TANN" for a meat factory close to where my mother lives. I was staring at that face for 60 kilometers then the truck overtook the truck in front of it, and I had to drive off the highway.

Just when I arrived at my mother's, I found her dressed to leave with her purse at her car! I was so baffled! I was scared shitless before she said a word, that she'd be drunk. But she wasn't. She swore she didn't intend to drive anywhere, she only wanted to see if her car was in a good position with all the snow.

I was very confused. She went back into the apartment with me, and all I could think about was that she'll probably drive off anyway when I'm gone, so I better not stay too long. I involved her in a long conversation, about always the same things like the snow, the neighbors, the quiet and how she likes being alone, and she was lucid and not drunk at all. She didn't repeat herself much … but something was off, still. I felt icecold inside, and also very worried to the point of numbness, even though I played "in a good mood". I saw that there was some food in a paper bag on the counter … but I didn't dare to look for bottles.

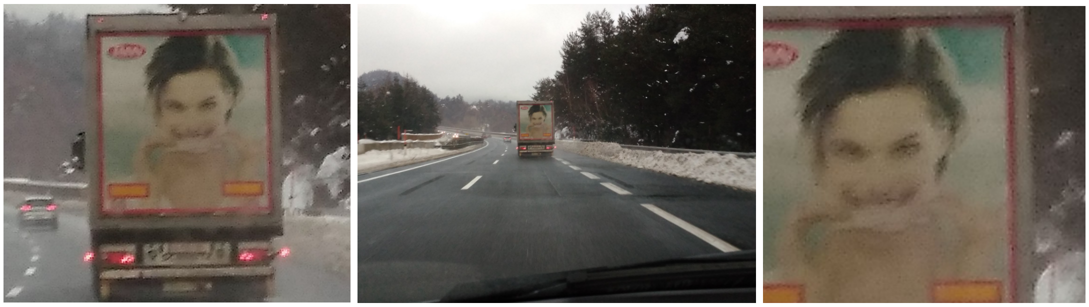
I asked her to please not drive in the afternoon, and she said she swears she never does. I didn't contradict, even though I've seen her do otherwise. It was very strange, I felt like I was in some kind of mist, realizing that my mother was lying, but maybe not on purpose … oh geez, I don't know what to do.

I took Jacqui for a walk in the **high snow** in the forest … and it was nice, and also heartbreaking because I knew my mother by herself so closeby, but I had asked her, and no, she didn't want to walk. The snow … it was nice, and yet, it was a fake idylle.

My mother looked so old and fragile today … out there, with her huge coat and her little pink cap and her very old purse … She has very old boots, and she told me that she had just thrown away her other, even older pairs …

I felt so sad and down … and on the highway I talked to **Edith**, actually, and asked her to let me know if she's with me … and I kept thinking about my father, a lot, also during the ride down there … and I was wondering if I did the right thing about my ***father***. I got inspirational thoughts about "***learning***", and how I was doing what I couldn't help doing, I'm only writing to my father and can't just go visit him or call him after he pushed me away so violently … in spite of his pain … realizing that I know nothing about where his pain goes, and maybe he hates me even more and blames me … and I asked Edith to let me know if it's okay what I think that maybe this is his chance to learn something before he dies … and I'm a part of it, and I must be true to myself …

So I was pondering … and suddenly I realized, driving on the highway, that I was staring into the same **big face of the woman who was eating those sausage slices** on a roll again! It was the same truck! *I was driving behind the exact same "TANN" truck again!*



And the I realized it: **I was looking at Edith!** The whole time "*something*" had "wanted" to come to my awareness … it was a story about Edith that I used to hear from my friend Sylvia who heard it from other people: *Edith used to go to a grocery store close to her house and* ***buy thinly sliced ham or sausage****, and she would eat it right there in the store, in an alley, secretly*, and everyone knew she did it because my father wouldn't have it seeing her eat it or eat at all, because she had gained a lot of weight, and my father gave her a very hard time about it.

So now I saw that happy face of a cold cuts eating woman looking straight at me … this is E***dith, telling me about her freedom and happiness, and it's also Edith answering my question,*** yes, I must do what I feel is right regarding my father.

This is a very special experience.

(Later)

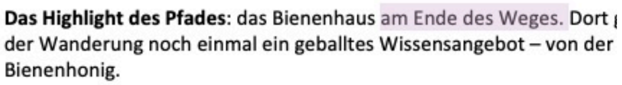
Back home in Griffen I tried to call my mother, but she doesn't answer her phone.

I don't think I can stand that kind of worry any longer. I got to do something. This morning I woke up with some kinds of black shadows under my right eye, like someone had punched me. I've never had that before.

December 31, 2020 **– Remaining Pics of 2020 & The Message in the Song**

So it's the last day of this year. The year Edith died. The year my mother … recovered a bit but changed a lot. The year I met Marshall and started suffering with him. The fucking second year without Bob.

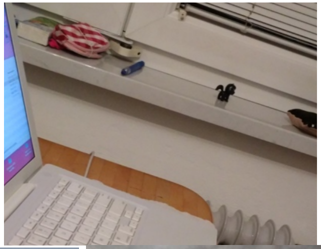
Well … I've got ***leftover pictures*** for this contact diary for the previous months … and I'm just going to stick'em in here … I don't want to find the proper place anymore.

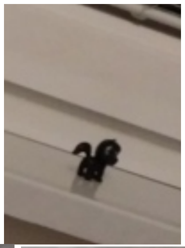


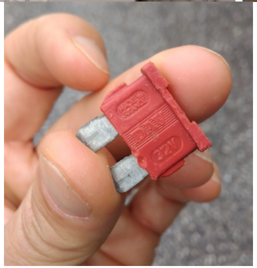
Das Highlight des Pfades: das Bienenhaus am Ende des Weges. Dort
der Wanderung noch einmal ein geballtes Wissensangebot – von der
Bienenhonig.

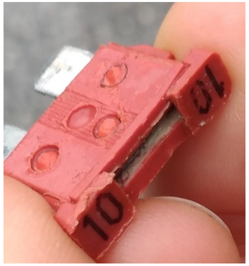
(… the bee house at the end of the road)

Away | Official Trailer | Netflix









ONLY
ESSENTIALS
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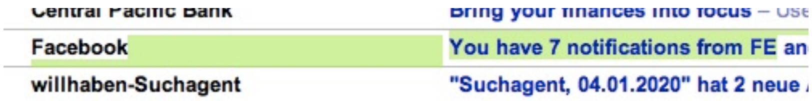

Central Pacific Bank	Bring your finances into focus – Use
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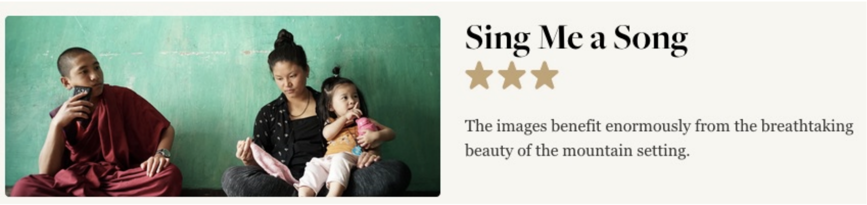
„… from Fe!“

Also … I'm watching stupid movies like "**The Stand In**", and it's weirdly comforting. Seeing someone with their face in the shit … But most importantly, a **song** that goes like this:

"I'm living in two worlds – where do I belong?
I'm living in two worlds, dividing my time.
I'm happy in your world
And lonesome in mine."

This is Bob talking to me. It is. Could be him saying this or me. *What a miracle that I even found the movie with those words in it?!*
(***Note***: Months later, Dr. Alice would tell me that Bob is in a place in the beyond where we can reach each other, deliberately.)

Note*: I put this part about the song in only three days later,* and just when I had done it and opened the website "rogerebert.com" to find a good movie to watch, the first thing that came up was: "Sing Me a Song".



Sing Me a Song

★★★

The images benefit enormously from the breathtaking beauty of the mountain setting.

This is threefold important:
First, I had just realized that the song in "Stand In" probably was the reason why I picked the movie. Secondly, the theme song from the TV-series "Outlander" was a song that I sang with Bob in my many times, just recently again: *"Sing me a song of a lass that is gone* … say could this lass be I? Merry of soul she sailed on a day … over the sea to Skye …" The original song is about a "lad", not a "lass".)
And here it is … "Sing me a Song" right when I'm dealing with a song …
And thirdly: The movie "**Sing me a Song"** is a about a young monk from **Bhutan**, and Bob make a film about Bhutan, "Take the middle Path to Happiness." Also, what I'm seeing is "***Me a***" which is also "mea" in Hawaiian, the license plate letters on Bob's beloved Honda Accord, complete "***Mea 910***". And "mea" can mean "thing", "matter" or "important case", and "9/10", the tenth of September 2018 is the last day I spent with Bob, the mortal. That date has always been in my life ever since I saw Bob's car for the first time. "***Mea 910***" – "the case 910", "the thing about 910" fascinated me from the first instant. Now I know why. Uncanny, isn't it?

Full circle, again.

And a "**Dragonball**" showed up … yes, I'm aware of the films, and maybe there's a video game? I guess I'll have to check this out … I mean … "Dragon" and "ball" … again *just like the one I found?!* Like the "apple of Eden" recently …

CANDY'S
PAYDAY
HISTORIC $20 MILLION
PEACH PIT

Dragonball Evolution Pitch Meeting

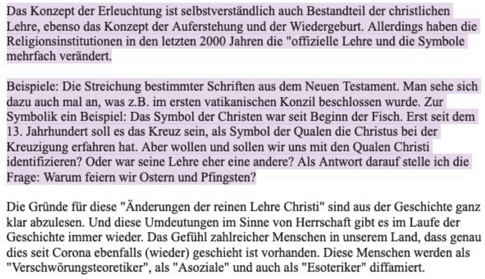
January 1, 2021 *(night, about 1 a.m.)* – **The Project**

Wow, I think I just got an answer to the question that I asked the Invisibles just before the turn of the year: "What project am I really supposed to work on?" Of course, for days I've been thinking of Dr. Barbara Thiering and her great work and that I should do the film I always intended to, since 2013 …

So after the big fireworks all over Griffen (even though they are forbidden) I intended to go to bed. Before I had used my email to "download" the pictures from my phone … so my old e-mail-account was still open. I saw a message from my Vienna friend the very angry Hungarian Zoly … and then I saw that there is a new newsletter by Dr. Renee Gräber, who I admire and from whose website I got a lot of the information back in 2018 how to help Bob …

And in his newletter he writes … and I just read it … about how people have the wrong idea about who Jesus Christus was, and many think he never even lived. Wow. Talk about an answer. That's **Dr. Thiering's work … "Jesus The Man". About the true life and work of Jesus.**

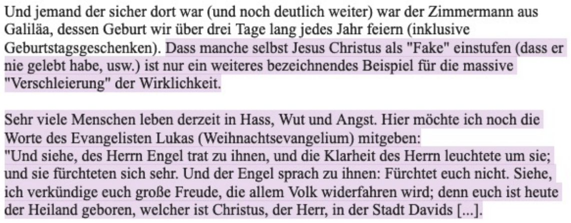
Answer received. Thank you all very much. I'm on it, Dr. Thiering.



Das Konzept der Erleuchtung ist selbstverständlich auch Bestandteil der christlichen Lehre, ebenso das Konzept der Auferstehung und der Wiedergeburt. Allerdings haben die Religionsinstitutionen in den letzten 2000 Jahren die "offizielle Lehre und die Symbole mehrfach verändert.

Beispiele: Die Streichung bestimmter Schriften aus dem Neuen Testament. Man sehe sich dazu auch mal an, was z.B. im ersten vatikanischen Konzil beschlossen wurde. Zur Symbolik ein Beispiel: Das Symbol der Christen war seit Beginn der Fisch. Erst seit dem 13. Jahrhundert soll es das Kreuz sein, als Symbol der Qualen die Christus bei der Kreuzigung erfahren hat. Aber wollen und sollen wir uns mit den Qualen Christi identifizieren? Oder war seine Lehre eher eine andere? Als Antwort darauf stelle ich die Frage: Warum feiern wir Ostern und Pfingsten?

Die Gründe für diese "Änderungen der reinen Lehre Christi" sind aus der Geschichte ganz klar abzulesen. Und diese Umdeutungen im Sinne von Herrschaft gibt es im Laufe der Geschichte immer wieder. Das Gefühl zahlreicher Menschen in unserem Land, dass genau dies seit Corona ebenfalls (wieder) geschieht ist vorhanden. Diese Menschen werden als "Verschwörungsteoretiker", als "Asoziale" und auch als "Esoteriker" diffamiert.



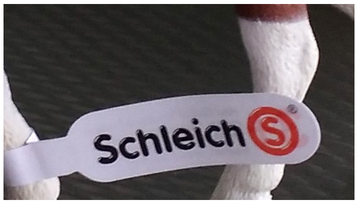
Und jemand der sicher dort war (und noch deutlich weiter) war der Zimmermann aus Galiläa, dessen Geburt wir über drei Tage lang jedes Jahr feiern (inklusive Geburtstagsgeschenken). Dass manche selbst Jesus Christus als "Fake" einstufen (dass er nie gelebt habe, usw.) ist nur ein weiteres bezeichnendes Beispiel für die massive "Verschleierung" der Wirklichkeit.

Sehr viele Menschen leben derzeit in Hass, Wut und Angst. Hier möchte ich noch die Worte des Evangelisten Lukas (Weihnachtsevangelium) mitgeben:
"Und siehe, des Herrn Engel trat zu ihnen, und die Klarheit des Herrn leuchtete um sie; und sie fürchteten sich sehr. Und der Engel sprach zu ihnen: Fürchtet euch nicht. Siehe, ich verkündige euch große Freude, die allem Volk widerfahren wird; denn euch ist heute der Heiland geboren, welcher ist Christus, der Herr, in der Stadt Davids [...].

January 1, 2021 *(day)* – **A Horse, Letters & a Skyshark**

First day of the year, first messages.

Drove to get gas on the way to visiting my mother. A small **plastic horse** greeted me. Remember – Bob was a "horsie" in the Chinese astrology? I thought, "oh well".



(__Note__: Only when I put these pictures in, I realized the tag on the horse, reading "__Schleich__". And now, that's strange. Because I've been thinking about a man who I used to work with many years ago. He popped into my memory at times in the past weeks, and I thought that he likely be dead for a while, was a drug

addict and a friend of Sigi's, and he came out as being gay during the time we worked together … and his name was Manfred Schleich. And "Schleich" is the name on the horse!)
*(**Note 2:** On May 18, this entry would become another meaning! Just wait for it.)*

Took Jacqui for a walk in the snowy forest before going to see my mother, and there was the most amazing **cloud formation,** something like a "whale" or a "sword" … strangely out of place in that sky.

Strange also that my phone simply wouldn't work at first when I tried to photograph that cloud. Just a black screen. I actually gave it up, but on the way back tried again. Now I saw a tiny bit of outlines on the phone display, and the camera was actually on. So I pushed what I thought was the "take picture" button, and slowly the display appeared again! So strange.

My mother was entirely sober and nice, but she refused to take the plant I had brought her or the vitamines or the ointment, and of course she had nothing for me. It wouldn't ever occur to her to give anything to me, not even a glass of water. Let alone some gift. Well.

On the way back, on the highway, I was very deep in thoughts. The feeling of "physical Bob" creeped up on me, and I felt such a longing and such grief again. I thought that ***driving along that highway felt like driving on Maui, with Bob*** … and then *I imagined being there* … and no Bob on the island. I couldn't possibly bear being ever back on Maui without Bob, knowing that he doesn't exist anymore … it made me feel sick right there.

Just then … one of the few cars overtook me, and the license plate number read **"DL SMO 1"**. Wow, I thought, sounds like "Dany Loves Stone Man" … and the "O" and the number "1"? Like "our number 1"? Or the other way around? It felt entirely important and suddenly – there it was! Something I had never seen before, ever, driving there: **A plane, an actual plane drove towards me just above the highway!** As if it was about to land right behind me on the highway! It was quite close … and I've seen that many many many times driving on Maui! And I had just thought about driving on the Maui highway down from Pukalani! Typically we'd then see the planes coming to or from Kahului airport … and further down in the valley, there were spots on the road where the planes would just fly right over us … just like that plane did today! In Carinthia! Just when I was driving along that highway! I'll have to read up, maybe it was an emergency landing, because I've never ever seen it before! The odd part is actually that just moments before I had thought that I should have my phone within reach in case something amazing would happen … but I left it in my purse! Shit! So I was just sitting there, driving, baffled out of my mind, but I did have the conscious awareness to say out loud "**Skyshark**!"

It was a very surreal situation. It was a message. There is no way something like that is a coincidence … it's like my thoughts were immediately reflected in the outward experiences … with the "SMO 1" and the skyshark …

I couldn't help but reaching over to the empty passenger seat to hold hands with Bob, and it was so strange how naturally my hand hovered in the air over there, as if someone was actually holding it. And then it turned, as if someone was kissing it, and there was some s*harp pain in my middle finger, several* *times, briefly, and some pulsing in the finger tips.* I thought, well … could be just because of the motion. But also can be that "***zumbuddy***" was actually ***holding my hand in the "beyond"***, and I felt the energetic impact.

I thought a lot, actually driving to Velden, how out bodies really are containers and made to get us experiences in this mortal realms. And that our "parents" have actually nothing to do with who we are as souls, they really are only there to make our bodies … so naturally, they are just "other bodies" inhabited by souls. It doesn't mean that we are even close in the beyond, as energetic beings. My parents, for example, have such a different "quality of consciousness" than I do. So we are not "related" that way. We may have met before, in other lives, even lived together before. But nothing says we are "related".

So I thought that of course I'll do my best that they don't have to suffer until their soul gets rid of their bodies … but I also felt very intensely isolated … but in a good way. I kind of "got" it more than ever before. That I'm only … and I said it out loud, I think … "an observer of other bodies' life-cycles" and that "I must take care of my body first and foremost, because the way I am supposed to advance as a soul is not the same way anyone else must".

Also I totally realized that beginning to be demented or loosing one's memory or mind, helps the "physical person" to live through the painful phase of the end of the body's life. Some people must live through hell before dying. Others are given to develop dementia and don't know consciously of their decline. And what's that meant to be for us, the still clearly conscious caretakers? Well, we get to see what awaits ourselves, and we get to make decisions about our old age and how we want to be dealt with.

I do not wish to live when I'd not be consciously responsible for my own life anymore. Then … in case I can't take steps myself anymore, I want to be given the opportunity to end my physical life by deliberate fasting, which means, stopping to eat and drink altogether. That's what I want for me.

I thought that I'll have to talk with my mother about this one day and record it and find out what she wants. She did say in previous conversations that she would not want life-extending procedures at hospitals in case she'd be in a terminal illness. Same is true for me. I don't know about my father. But I did know that this was also Edith's wish. She told me as must, in January 2020.

Very sad, that Edith is gone … but then, good for her.

We, the mortals must learn from dealing with demented and with dead people … in the sense of enhancing the quantity of our quality of spirit that way … approaching our own return to the "motherland", the "Great Beyond". It's all about learning. **We are always each other's teachers.** But my mother was right, many years ago, when she actually hurt me very much saying that "mothers often don't like their daughters, and that's a natural fact, too". And it was true for her. She didn't want me close.

Well.

Today I gave her a kiss and I briefly rubbed her arm wishing her a good 2021, but she wouldn't have even thought of kissing me back or even touching me. And in case her dementia didn't start already 15 years ago … it has been like that for a long time.

But that said … I keep flashing back to the times where she was her younger self. And yes, she was nice and warm to me and funny and enthusiastic and full of hopes for a good life.

Oh, mortality.

It's a very fucking hard game that "God" made up for us.

If we "are" "God", then "he" must be a masochist and sadist at the same time.

Also … I found myself saying words instead of Bob, like he was answering me … and at times his words made me smile, as I didn't feel them coming or think about them, they just appeared in my mind just before I said them out loud. And then his image "smiling" appeared in my mind …

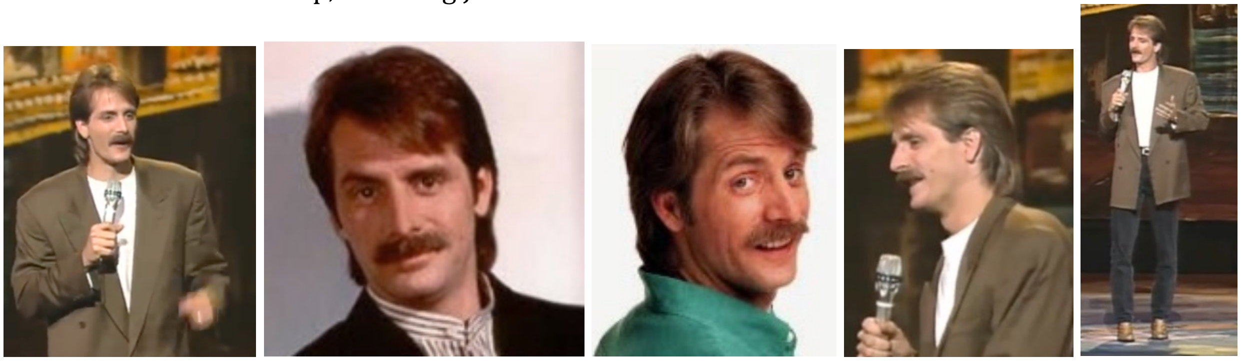
I thought, with quite some bitter sarcasm, that I was given that brief time of bliss, experiencing the perfect love, the perfect home and the perfect work in the perfect environment, on an island, with ocean and beauty of nature everywhere … so that I got to experience it once.

Today I was thinking about how my parents wouldn't care if I was dead. They would never ask how I was or wish me a happy new year or a happy birthday from their part. And yet … I'm still mortal, it hurts. I see my mother and am glad that she is well. But I wonder what she sees me as, she always seems to just barely accepts my brief visits … as if she did me a favor to allow me to come.

January 2, 2021 – Bob Lookalike

Okay … I got to see Bob today.

Feeling really down and emotionally exhausted, I looked for Standup Comedy with breakfast, and a video caught my eye with a guy looking just like Bob! *Jeff Foxworthy*. And being a "redneck" he talks the whole time ***just like Bob talked when he was being goofy***. Plus: He really **looks like Bob too**, in his younger years. Bob did wear a moustache at times … I guess I'll have to find a picture … not sure if I can handle. It did cheer me up, watching Jeff F.



So Jaqui and I will go with Anna and her dog Oscar for a walk today. She texted me, and at least she was honest and said she was bored out of her mind … okay. Not going with me because I'm so nice, but because she is bored. Alright then. Maybe it's good for me. She has been persistent.

Listening to the absolut political incorrectness by Jeff Foxworthy … wow, it really made me laugh.

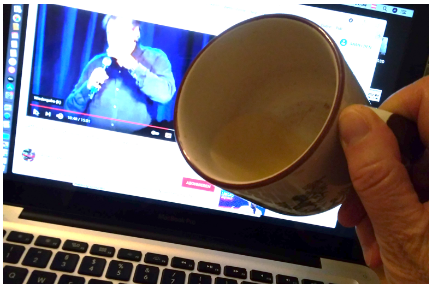
I'm having crazy dreams … can't recall them, though. Which is strange.

January 2, 2021 – The Pee

Elisabeth called, and we talked on the phone for more than two hours. I got to talk a lot about the contact diary and the amazing synchronicities … while walking through my apartment and thinking that Bob and Edith and Elisabeth's father were probably around.

Then, after the chat, I sat down to some tea and wanted to watch a movie, but I went back to watching *Jeff Foxworthy*. I picked up my ***tea*** – and was repelled, because ***it smelled so bad like pee***. I really thought that if I didn't know for sure that I had just made that tea, I'd think it was piss. And it also looked like it. I must say that before that, just as I had sat down at the table on my usual chair, I noticed a very *strange smell, something motor-y, like when you sit in a bus and there is stale cigarette smell too.* I really sniffed several times … anyway, I thought it was strange, but I couldn't figure out where it could possibly come from. The closest would be my *Ouija board* … and actually I took an intense look at it while talking with Elisabeth about how the Discarnates communicate. (Wow.)

So then I watched ***Jeff Foxworthy*** … and soon I sat baffled (and stopped watching to write this down): He told a *story* where he slept at a hotelroom and woke up because he needed to pee urgently, but instead of into the bathroom he went out into the hallway of the hotel and locked himself out. And then he found two empty beer cans in a stairway and peed in them, then **he sniffed at the pee** and thought that people would certainly mistake it for some Milwaukee kind of beer.



The smell of pee! *And I had smelled pee just before that!* **And the comedian told a story about the smell of his pee!**
Hello!

January 3, 2020 – The Beads & Pearls Deco, Message From Bob In Words …

Broke out in tears, missing Bob.

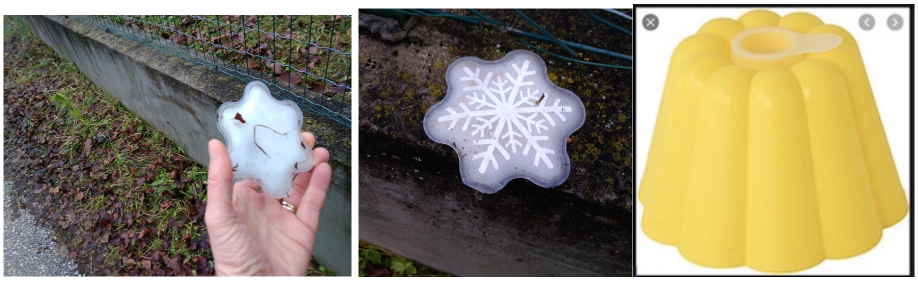
Suddenly I realized that I just can't and won't function without him being with me in this world … it's a fact that "we", the "team" of "the bridge" and myself in the beyond and Bob in the beyond and all the others must have considered from experiences in former lifetimes. Stewart functioned for a certain time after he lost Betty, and it must have been clear for a while that in a situation like mine with a relationship like the one with Bob and the longing and the pain, it can't be expected from a mere mortal to rise above the mortal longing for the partner who died and become some kind of savior of mankind. So this time around, there must be a plan in place, where my breakdown today and my realization that something got to be in store this time so that I'd be with Bob again while I'm a mortal … otherwise my story will end. And I knew that upon planning this lifetime, this go-around. And even my realization today must be part of the plan.

I walked in the dark with Jacqui, and Bob was so close and his presence so clear … but it also was clear that this isn't enough for the mortal "me". And it was also clear that this would become clear eventually.

I need Bob with me.

I always did. I can't and won't function without being with him … in this mortal lifetime. So he is probably working on a kind of energetic method or way to "come back". I only must be open for hints how that's going to happen and what I must do for that.

Took a walk with Jacqui, in the foggy rainy dark weather, barely anyone out there … and I found this very strange "**snowflake**" … it's some plastic filled with stuff that was frozen … it reminded me of the traditional **"pudding form**" that I had "received in my hand" a few days ago … even though it seems to have nothing in common, the pudding form was the first thing I thought about when I saw this strange snowflake form …

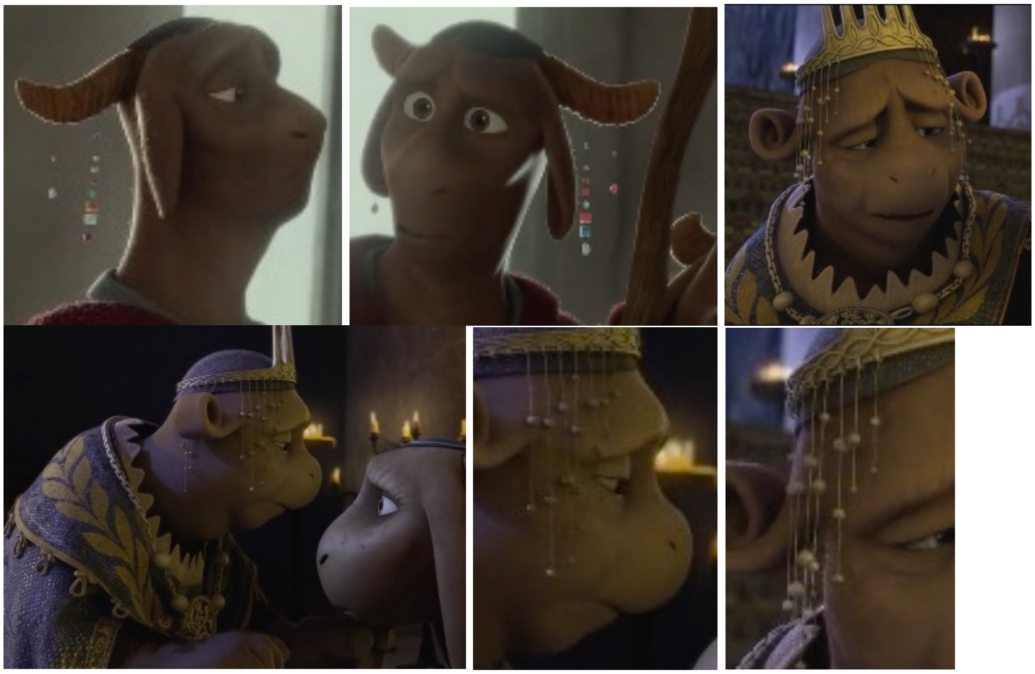


Zoly sent me an email asking how Bob and I met … and I described it and looked at pictures of Bob and me. That's when my break-down began.

“C” sent me a summary of events and adventures and thoughts again today … can’t wait to read them.

(Later)
I just felt like watching movies tonight … only googled a few things … then I ended up watching “Baby Driver”, which was actually not a bad action movie, and then “**Mosley**”, a very strange animated feature … And watching it, I suddenly realized something: Yesterday, taking a walk with Anna and her dog Oskar, I found a strange decorative peace on the side of the road, and I picked it up. It was ***a bunch of beads and pearls on very thin wire or string***, some kind of ornamental adornment for … something. I photographed it, because it felt relevant. (I’ll have to go back there and photograph it again, because I only did it quickly and put it on a tree for that …)

Watching “**Mosley**” – I was stunned to see that again! **Beads and pearls on very thin strings!** There are no odds. This is a message. “Zumbuddy” is telling me that “he” knows what my mortal life is like …!

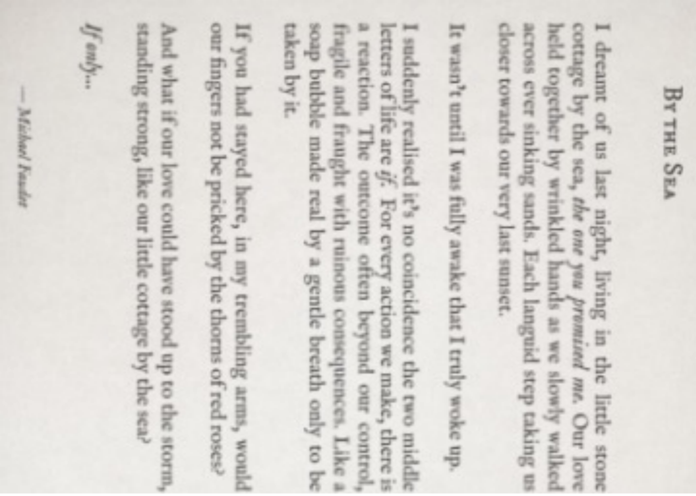


(***Note***:) *Only the next day I realized something … the little “Thoriphant” “Rue” kept saying to his dad, “Mosley”, while they still were “beasts of burden”, walking on all fours (but the story is all about them* *becoming "Uprights", actually walking on two legs) … "**Guess what I'd do if I had hands**" … Well, I'd **ask Bob to put something into my hand** so that we can communicate that way!*

Also, seeing the little "Rue" reminded me so much of little dog "Marshall" … and it brought tears to my eyes.

I felt inspired to try and pitch "Woodle", my best-prize-winning animation feature to the studio in New Zealand that made "Mosley" … Bob loved Woodle. He did a pitching workshop with it in Kihei in 2017. I was so impressed …

(Later) **Message From Bob In Words …**
Among other wonderful highly interestly stories and pictures, "C" sent me this text … that seems to be virtually spoken by Bob:



BY THE SEA

I dreamt of us last night, living in the little stone cottage by the sea, *the one you promised me*. Our love held together by wrinkled hands as we slowly walked across ever sinking sands. Each languid step taking us closer towards our very last sunset.

It wasn't until I was fully awake that I truly woke up.

I suddenly realised it's no coincidence the two middle letters of life are *if*. For every action we make, there is a reaction. The outcome often beyond our control, fragile and fraught with ruinous consequences. Like a soap bubble made real by a gentle breath only to be taken by it.

If you had stayed here, in my trembling arms, would our fingers not be pricked by the thorns of red roses?

And what if our love could have stood up to the storm, standing strong, like our little cottage by the sea?

If only…

— *Michael Faudet*

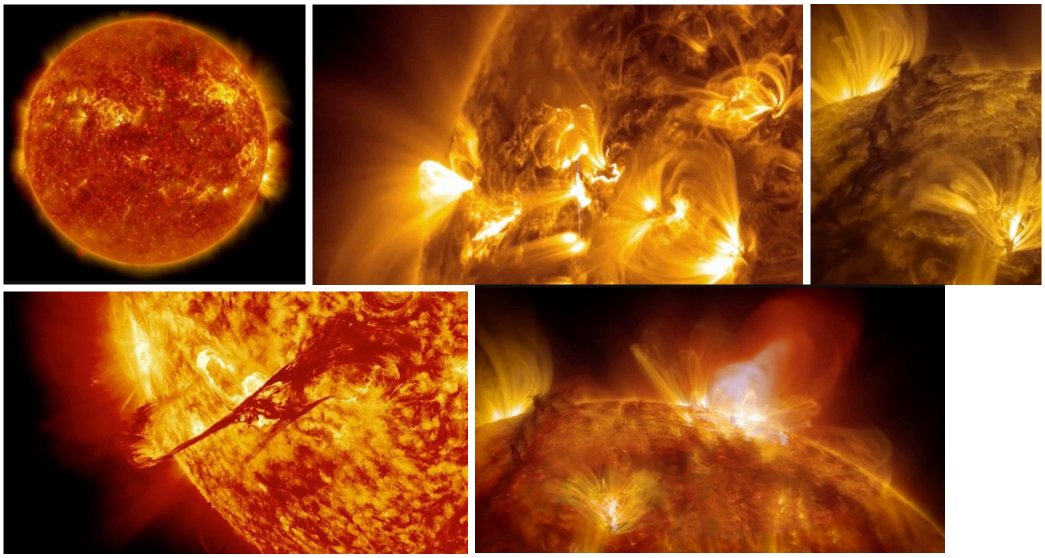
Really … ***that's sick Bob and me*** the question of what would have been if … written out …. I had just talked about this yesterday with Elisabeth … that's what has been haunting me. Is it haunting him too? And it came from "C" … who has a whole big connectedness with the "unobstructed universe" of her own …

(Later) **The Hearing Aid & the Shaka**

I did manage to at least open "Indiegogo", a crowd funding platform, one that Bob also used for projects … just so that I'd at least take a look … and the first two things that showed up in some kind of "examples slide show", was a **hearing aid** and a **"shaka" gesture** done by a woman. The last project I did with Bob, an actual commercial shooting and editing job, just a few days before I left Maui, was for hearing aids, “Love to Hear Again” … and the shaka, of course, is the Hawaiian local greeting … Wow. And that on “Indiegogo”? What are the odds?

Also … in a movie I saw a view of a **curb** and a person stepping into a car (and views like this aren’t very common or seen at all in movies!) … and that’s interesting because ***I’ve been discussing that same curb situation with my mother***, as she is forced to park her car at the apartment complex where she lives so close to a curb, and a few weeks ago she fell over it and hurt her foot and thigh …

I saw amazing images of the sun in some movie … wow*, our material shell is truly an energetic masterpiece, help alive by this celestial glow …*



January 4, 2020 – **The Swimming under the Jetty & the Dead in the Ocean**
Oh wow. What a lesson.

First … I took a long walk with Jacqui to get better photographs of the ***bead-thingie*** I had found the day before yesterday and that appeared in the movie "Mosley" last night. I was so intensely in thoughts and talking with Bob, about my hatred for Marshall's owner and my frustrations … that I suddenly realized, that I had walked way *beyond the spot where the thingie* was and that I had forgotten all about it.

Couldn't go back, because it's a work day, and it was muddy and fucking far.

I did realize right away that this was a big lesson … meaning that if I focus on the wrong stuff, I'll not get to do what my job or intention is … I must not occupy my mind with the wrong things, or I'll miss the important stuff and actually – my true intentions.

Also, I asked for something ***"to be put into my hand",*** and I "saw" immediately something like a ***crumpled up paper,*** something you'd throw away, and ***some sparkly stuff spilling out of it,*** *like yellow crumbs or sand or something like this.* That was kind of … so strange, that like many times before, I kind of am tempted to dismiss it.

Okay, got it. Will go back one more time to take those pictures.

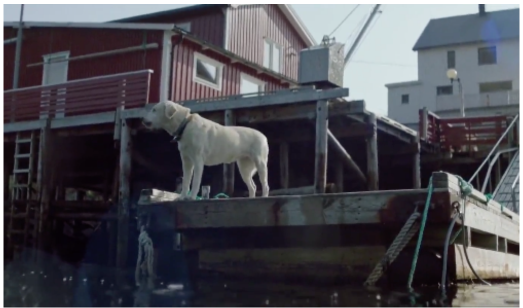
Back home, I got an agency job that was quite challenging … and I felt like watching a movie while eating dinner (peas, carrots and potatoes with lettuce).

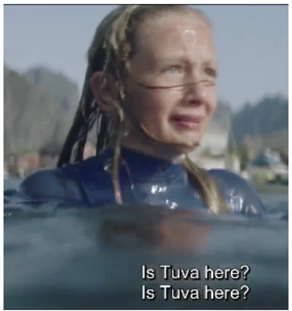
So I looked for "action movies", which I totally didn't even know I'd do, and I found "**Breaking Surface**", about winter swimmers in *Norway*. Wow, I saw that Norwegian landscape … and it all came back to me, being up there in summer 2020, my dog Kimba being killed by a car in front of my eyes at a fjord road … and that was the reason why I ended up on Maui with Hadassah and then met Bob …

I'd been thinking of what it would be like to swim in a lake in winter many times, have even read an article online recently, where guys swim in winter in the New Danube in Vienna where I loved to swim so much … And I had **dreamed**, just a day or two ago, that *I had swum under a jetty* (but in summer) towards the shore, another woman behind me, and I thought I'd drown because I just couldn't get out from under there … but only after a while I realized that I simply needed to take a turn left to get out from under the jetty … what a weird dream, I had thought. Reminded me of my childhood, too, where I had been fascinated by the luminescent turquoise water under the wooden jettys in the public swimming area at the lake …

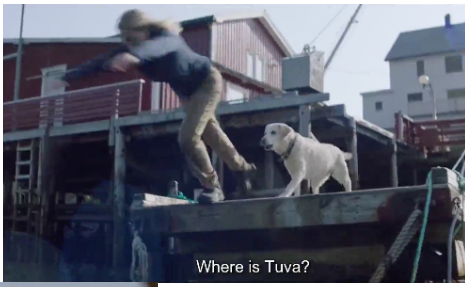
So I start the movie … of course, there is a fjord and a dog barking … and I gut catapulted back to my beloved Kimba dying in Norway on a fjord road. Just yesterday I had written about it, when I shared the story of how I had met Bob with Zoly, my hungarian wild friend.

So the next thing blew my mind: In the movie a young girl comes up in the water, calling out for help, and it turns out that her sister had **swum under the jetty!** *Under the jetty!* I had told "C" yesterday, after reading a dream description she had shared with me, ***about my dream that I had swum under that jetty and hadn't found my way out!***

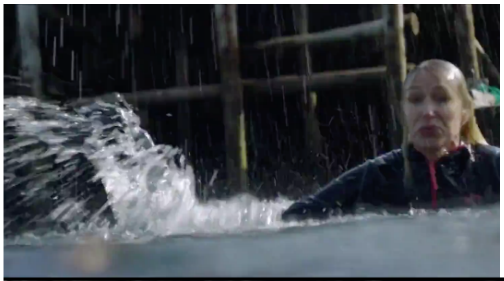


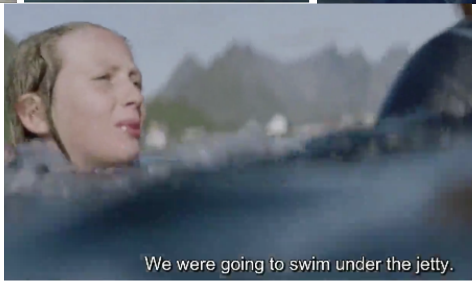


Is Tuva here?
Is Tuva here?

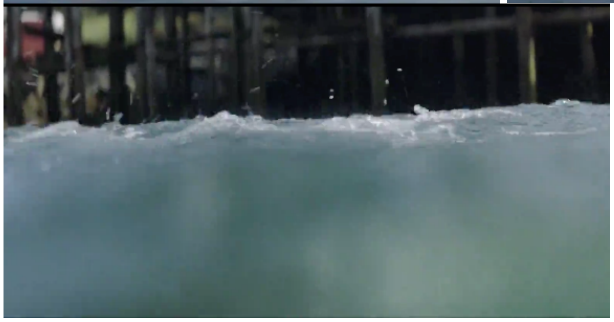


Where is Tuva?





We were going to swim under the jetty.



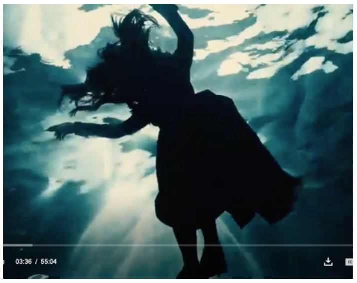
(This view, like in my dream …)

And here is a movie, with ***someone swimming under a jetty and nearly drowning!***
Wow!
WOW!

(Later) **The Dead in the Ocean & the Whippet**

So I watched, in part, the movie “Breaking Surface”, kind of silly because all the survival action resulted from a woman not taking the time to figure out how the trunk of her sister’s car opens, basically … so so so dumb, all the time of trying to figure out other ways than using the jack that’s in the trunk to lift a rock, instead of taking that time to look inside the care for the mark “trunk” … geez.

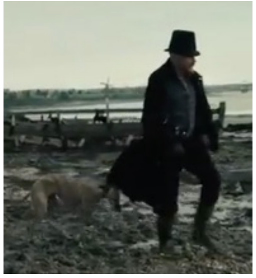
Then I saw a video about watchworthy TV-series, and one is called “**Taboo**” … so I started the first episode, and sure enough: ***people float dead in the ocean,*** seen from below.



And that's one of the subject of my communication with "C", I had just written to her yesterday *that I think my death will occur in the ocean* … and that I'm fascinated by the story she once sent me a sample off where the heroine walks out into the ocean to never return … and that was "C's" dream that she described to me, many ***people walking into the ocean to never return*** … and here I have the imagery. No way I could have know that this is the intro of "Taboo".

Very interesting, too: Just before watching this movie, I thought intensely of my old friend Inge, who is half Norwegian and her **Whippet dog** "Slughi", once Jacqui's best friend. And sure enough, in "***Taboo***", right at the beginning, a Whippet dog befriends the main protagonist, James.

(I came across a picture of a dog that is a Marshall-lookalike, and it seems to let me know that I'm really supposed to do something for the dog.)



January 5, 2021 – **The Red "Box", the Spilling & the Hands!**
Wow … what a dream!

I was in some kind of **village** near the **ocean**, **with Jacqui,** living or staying in a **house** next to a road, and I was involved in some kind of **video production project.** But there was a guy with who I was supposed to work and who had the camera, and it was "**Bernie**", an actual former real life friend of mine, I had just recently googled him. Intermingled with this plot was that my cat "Iwan" who was at the same time my dogs "Kimba" and "Jacqui" had run away, and I was so desperate and sad and tried to find it and call it. I never found it in that dream …

And I would go onto the streets, and there was some other guy, a younger one, who kind of observed me, but who didn't help me with the cat. And ever again Jacqui would show up, and I said to him "**dicke Nase,** dicke Nase", as I sometimes in real life say that to him, tenderly, it means "thick snout" … but in my dream I knew that it was about the cat, **a tabby striped cat,** and for some reason she had run away. It was horrible. (In real life my ***cat Iwan,*** who had exactly looked like that dream cat had actually run away, but I believe in order to look for me. I had left her with my mother when I had moved to Vienna, and I'll never forgive myself for leaving Iwan behind. I haven't thought of her for a long time, though. But I have been visiting a website with cats for adoption very often in the last weeks, but still have never thought of Iwan.)

I also had to do that video production, and it was about filming some kind of interesting scenes at that ocean or huge lake at that village. Somehow I ended up on a boat with other people, and it drove under a bridge, and Bernie was kind of hovering above the water, and he had barely filmed what I needed him to film, but I don't remember what that was, maybe people, something about a wedding, maybe … and there was suddenly a guy who was wearing a greenish ballet-style wedding or ball gown or just skirt, and he was holding on to a long stick or pole, that was talled than himself, and he was flying over the water! And Bernie didn't find that interesting enough to film! I yelled at him, to film that guy that was flying all over that place clinging to that stick, upright, and Bernie reluctantly did. (Later today I recalled how reluctant Bob had been so often about doing stuff that I tried to inspire him to do, be it work during productions, like choosing a certain shot, or private stuff like taking a break and going for a swim …) It can be that I tore the camera out of his hand, and somehow I was also able to hover above the water, and I did film or photograph that guy with the ballet gown on the stick!

The plot changed to the weirdest part, as suddenly there was Christian Kaminski, a very horrible real life acquaintance of mine who had once visited Edith and my father and had told them stuff about me that wasn't in any way true, and that way he had ruined my father's and my relationship for good, because that's exactly the problem right now that my father doesn't believe me or doesn't want to hear it what I have to say about all that … Anyway. In my dream, there was C. K. and I was totally infatuated with him. I pursued him in that village to have sex with him, but I thought to myself, "Wow, I'm actually really in love with him."

Nothing came out of it, but we were very close, looking each other, touching each other. And C. K. was wearing a very fancy suit, gray, I think, with a light blue shirt, and very expensive shoes, just like in real life, but this outfit was entirely out of place. Somehow he also had to do with the cat and with that filming situation … but he would evade my attempts to get him to do something that makes sense. (Right now I'm recalling another dream about C. K. from years ago, where he had a horse stable, but I was the one taking care of the horses, in Velden, close to where the Schloss is …) He kept going or driving away … and altogether it was a deeping frustrating situation for me, the entire dream … Jacqui's face would show up all the time, instead of the cat … and I looked in gardens and on streets and around houses, didn't find my cat.

(Later) **The bead-thingies & the red "box"**

I took the walk with Jacqui again, but the reverse direction, to take better pictures of the ***bead-thingie*** that I had found the other day when walking with Anna and that had manifested in the movie "Mosley".

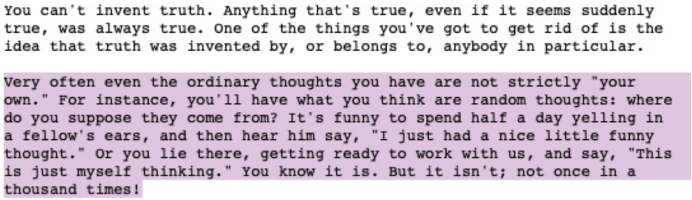
I was going to put it back on the tree, but then I decided ***to stuff it in a doggy bag*** and took it with me. And already then, I realized that this was going to be the manifestation of that strange image that I had received "in my hand" yesterday: It wasn't *"crumpled up paper with shiny crumbs spilling out*", it's the **crumpled up doggy bag and the bead-thingies spilling out** … as I had decided to take it home!

Wow! This realization felt so clear, that it was breathtaking.

Of course I directed my thoughts to Bob … and I even ***goofed*** around a bit with him, when Jacqui and I walked by "the big stone" on that pathway … and I stood there and "*watched Bob climbing on that rock, doing poses on it and even diving head-first from it only to make swirls up in the air and land on his feet and give me ten*", just like spirits can do it. I found myself utterly silly, all of a sudden, but ***I opened my hand for Bob to "put something in it"***, and in the back of my head I had the idea that I'd like to know that Bob really did that posing and the backflip … and without missing a beat, a "***red box***" appeared in my mind "in my hand", but it wasn't an actual cube, and it wasn't metal, I pretty much just saw one edge of that bright red box with sharp edges and nothing on it, no print, but maybe velvet or fabric or plastic …

Since I'd seen a red velvet box a few days ago in a movie, of course I "doubted" the "message". But I acknowledged it, like always, saying out loud what I was seeing.

At the same time another thought entered my mind, namely that I had read last night in "*Across the Unknown*" that the "Disca" do "give" us a lot of thoughts that we think are our own …



You can't invent truth. Anything that's true, even if it seems suddenly true, was always true. One of the things you've got to get rid of is the idea that truth was invented by, or belongs to, anybody in particular.

Very often even the ordinary thoughts you have are not strictly "your own." For instance, you'll have what you think are random thoughts: where do you suppose they come from? It's funny to spend half a day yelling in a fellow's ears, and then hear him say, "I just had a nice little funny thought." Or you lie there, getting ready to work with us, and say, "This is just myself thinking." You know it is. But it isn't; not once in a thousand times!

… and I've been doubting things that I had said "instead of Bob" a lot in the last weeks … It was kind of interesting, too, that of all things I ended up at the spot reading exactly about that last night, I hadn't looked for that section in the book, it just jad showed up.

Last night I also thought very intensely about **Inge**, the owner of the Whippet dog "Slughi" I'd mentioned, and I was wondering if she's still alive. I even took out my old Norwegian language materials and read some of it, reminding myself that I actually was quite a good Norwegian speaker once …

So I pondered .. walking along the path back to my car.

And then I stood baffled:

A **red truck** drove by, with sharp yellowish edges, exactly that kind of "**side of a box" I had seen** just minutes earlier! It had instantly manifested! I had seen that kind of **red "box"-like thing from just one side,** because that's all I could see of that "box" that was the back of that red truck! It was Bob telling me that he is in fact here!

(There is no image that would show a red truck from the back left upper corner, from where I "saw" it in my hand …)

I stood watching the huge truck drive by, it's a spot there where I can see down on the highway, and it felt like everything turned very quiet for a few moments … I said to Bob *"Wow, you really are here, and you know what I'll see in a minute and tell me about it …"*

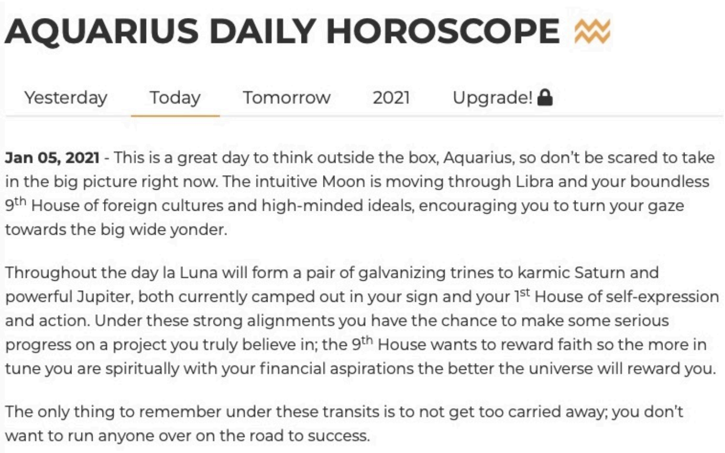
Because that's what happened.

Before that I had emphasized my willingness to work on "Regents of Clouds" an everything, but I need a major success and incentive now … to be able to see sense in efforts.

I know that they are listening.

The "red box" … wow, what an emotional flash.

My horoscope is interesting, too … and I'm trying to take some, any steps towards some … project. I've been thinking that it's only about communicating and making the right connections … not yet about really going out there and producing something … but then I just really don't know who to contact. I did contact Ute Emmerich, at least, I wrote to her and sent her my Hawaii-docu DVD … my expectations are very low, truly. I just wish I had a lot of money and be independent that way … oh wow, could I work then.
(Shit hit me, I was thinking about John W. right now … yuck.)



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE ♒

Jan 05, 2021 - This is a great day to think outside the box, Aquarius, so don't be scared to take in the big picture right now. The intuitive Moon is moving through Libra and your boundless 9th House of foreign cultures and high-minded ideals, encouraging you to turn your gaze towards the big wide yonder.

Throughout the day la Luna will form a pair of galvanizing trines to karmic Saturn and powerful Jupiter, both currently camped out in your sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action. Under these strong alignments you have the chance to make some serious progress on a project you truly believe in; the 9th House wants to reward faith so the more in tune you are spiritually with your financial aspirations the better the universe will reward you.

The only thing to remember under these transits is to not get too carried away; you don't want to run anyone over on the road to success.

January 5, 2021 **– The Egyptian**

What a **dream** …

My mother and were in some kind of dreary city setting, but not really in a buidling, more in some kind of court yard … and she was crying and was wearing a coat, and she was running away from me. I knew she wanted to flee to Thailand. She was so desperate, and I knew she was not well, and I was so worried about her. And I needed help to find her and get her back. And there was H.-P., an old friend of mine who kind of turned foe because I'd not reciprocate his romantic inclinations toward me back the day … and he always was a weirdo. And in my dream I asked him to go look out for my mother and tell me where she went, but he kept hesitating and asking stupid question and not doing anything. I was so upset … and suddenly to my left, a huge darkly clad man showed up, with shoulder-length black hair and dark eyes and big perfect teeth, and he wore some kind of weaponry, I think .. and I knew in the dream that he was "der Ägypter", "the **Egyptian**", which I found odd in my dream. He kind of offered to help me with my mother and asked that I come with him or trust him … but I looked at him and thought that this man was not the kind of man that would ever turn to me, and I had no idea how to deal with this kind of man … so I turned away from him.

I also had to urgently pee, in the dream and I did find a toilet, while that man still was somewhere nearby, and there were wet stains in front of the toilet, but I managed to stay out of them, even though it was kind of distressing. The toilet was also in an open space, with tiles, somehow light turquois and blue and white … and then I woke up.

(Later)

Walking the treehouse field before driving to Velden, I pondered upon the **dream**. And I did – out loud – what I had learned from Paul Waters, Huna-expert back then, on Hanalei Ridge on the island of Kauai, long before I even met Bob, how you must ask every part of you dream directly what it stands for … because if it's an actual dream and not an encounter in the beyond, it's your subconscious that gives you messages. About your present day life, but also about those encounters in the beyond.

So long story short … the dream was about me shying away from important things, running off in my despair and sadness, thinking that I'm lost, when I should either turn to someone strong and powerful, even if the person is scary, and maybe it's not a person, or turn to that strong and powerful part of me, even if it's scary and alien to myself. And I must not ever again trust in people like H-P of who I know that they are useless to me and my "kuleana". It seemed to mean that I'm in the right place, but I must now be careful to not give in to … well, to actual despair about … just everything, my life. I try to be in good spirits when I'm with my mother, and I work and take care of my dog … but my loneliness and my doubts are very deep and strong.

The Egyptian may not be a real person I'm supposed to me, it's more an idea of something or someone loud and self-confident … that should be in my life. Or is. I only must turn towards that person, he or she is offering me their power to use.

Okay. And now what?

(Later) Visited my mother, which was nice … and I told her about my dream, and she was so excited because she thinks of being in Thailand a lot, all the time. And she'd like to be there again. Wow. That would be something. Traveling to Thailand with my mother. I'd like that. She was there with the love of her life, who died not long after that, in the late 1980s. From where she lives now she can see, far away, on the top of a hill called "Sternberg", "star mountain", the site of Sebastian's grave. She talked a bit about the two friends of Sebastian who were in Thailand with her and him back then, and that both are already .. "no longer in this world", she said. She did not say "dead". I emphasized that in fact they don't have their mortal bodies anymore, but they do have bodies, just the energetic ones that we develop while living in the material realm. She listens to that patiently and with some interest. Which makes me happy.

I wish I could help my father … if he needs help. Will send him another short letter.

January 7, 2021– **On the Playground & Killing**

Walking with Jacqui along the creek, I broke out crying over the suffering and loneliness of my brother Peter and also of Edith … I realized how cold, aloof and outright gruesome humans are in terms of dealing with their suffering fellow mortals … but not necessarily on purpose. I always thought I was a good person, but I was fucked up because of the horrible situation in my family during my upbringing, so much hatred, despair, frustration and fights … even though I don't remember, I must have been dead-scared for my life most of the time.

For the first time, I think since the death of my brother Peter in 1993, I kind of "felt it". My throated clogged up, and I thought if I don't hold back, I'll cry so hard that I'll die of it. I "felt" his loss, his suffering, and I "saw" and "knew" how much I had abandoned him, not been there for him and with him … I had pretty much ignored, in a way, his deadly disease, I hadn't taken seriously that he'd actually die. And when he did, some door inside of me shut, and only today it opened a tiny little bit.

I ended up realizing that I did try to help my brother, traveled to Switzerland, bought a then famous anti-cancer remedy and tried to get my mother to put it into my brother's food. He refused to take what I've brought. He wanted to trust in school medicine and became their guinnea pig, suffering horribly … I didn't allow myself to realize how much he suffered, that's what I realized today.

So I walked and thought that Bob was "raised fucked up" just like I was, and I asked him to answer me the question why he never touched me in years. Of course, this may not concern him anymore, as all mortal matters are beyond any interest for him … unless he really keep sticking around and realizing what matters to me, the mortal. I talked to him about how it is supposed to make sense that I put all my life force into manifesting "Regents of Clouds", which is my "kuleana", it felt entirely clear today, when Bob, my only connection to that kind of film production and all the means related to him are gone?

Along came this thought with another interesting one: If all this stuff about people living on after physical death, isn't true … then we all are kind of living for nothing. So it got to be true, because otherwise – why live at all?

So I looked around in the forest, stood on the **little bridge at the creek-junction** again …

.. and like several times before, but never so clearly like today, I saw that I was standing in some kind of "**playground**" especially made for me, the mortal thing … with all the plants being there to give me means to breathe and to nourrish my body, and there is the sun upon who everything depends … and the snowflakes are made in a way that I can grasp their function and existence in certain ways … and I found myself saying out loud: "What if there is some kind of creator that made us like puppet, and we're put on this playground, and he is really watching …" So is mankind some kind of cosmic entertainment for some higher being? Is there really a higher being that created us, in principle, and now watches up develop – and with "us" I mean our mortal and our energetic version both, in both realms, the obstructed and the unobstructed one?

Wow …

I kind of felt so aware of being a "shell" that has developed in certain ways into an ever-evolved version of the original "shell" which is the physical, the material human creature … my body, how it's changing … what I see and smell and taste and ***think***! I'm part of that big game. I'm a "player" in the sense of a pin on a board, or am I a player in the sense of the one who moves pins? Maybe both?

Again, I had an intense dream … where I couldn't accomplish something, but I was very close … can't recall the story right now.

Yesterday I discovered *the Australian TV-series "**Doctor, Doctor**"* … and there are very interesting people, so I binged 8 episode to over 40 minutes each … seeing the setting in Australia with the ocean and the palm trees and the big root trees, the flowers … oh, I remember saying to Bob, often, looking out over Maui: *"Wow, this is a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific."* Bob would say "It is." And it was my home.

I aske him to really really communicate with me.

Last nicht I also thought about **Edith** so intensely, I wanted to send her love to let her know that I always loved her and to support her. And just then, **the spot at the one certain window** crackled loudly, just once, and not before and not after, where that knocking sound had sounded on the day that Edith died. Kind of odd that she also died in November, like Bob.

And the other thought was:

Our human capacity to kill, our constant dealing with killing – on TV and in theaters there are countless films about killing other humans, and many video games have the same subject – may not indicate that we are afraid of it, but that it's in us for a purpose. And the purpose of our capacity to kill is: Souls need to get rid of their bodies. And mortals who kill other mortals may be ***in the service of their "victims'" soul.***

Such meaning also has our capacity of suicide … But I do believe that those two functions were once meant to be used with ***meaningful purpose*** and not in a kind of morbid dumb rage kind of spirit.

This thought just popped up when I walked off that bridge … it felt entirely clear and real.

(Later)

On "**Doctor Doctor**", the Australian TV series, a ***man has terminal cancer*** and is in very bad shape … and a doctor and his friend helps him to die before he ends up a wrack of a body … I really had to cry.

The guy being on ***his favorite spot, on a hill,*** reminded me so much of Bob, being on his favorite spot on the hill, his home, our "housie" … I wonder how it was when he looked outside for the last time … or when he got up from his editing chair for the last time to never return … Recently, it has been haunting me that I wasn't there when Bob died …. *It's like this TV series is reflective of so many things that relate to me directly.*

Then it dawned on me … that maybe I feel so attracted to the Australian landscape, because **Dr. Thiering** is with me … and I asked her to make herself known?! That would be too cool. Wrote to my old US-friend Rebecca, seeing if she is still alive.

Also, my beloved **Myna birds** were mentioned! The character "Charlie" tells the story about how "*a Myna bird was trapped in a house which is a sign of death" …*

January 7, 2021 – Norwegian! The Potatoe & Dr. B. Thiering

Wow!

Today, taking a walk with Jacqui, ***I broke out speaking Norwegian***. Seriously … I've never done that, not for many years. But I've been drawn to thoughts about Norway and about Inge, my former friend, who was half Norwegian. And I did look into my Norsk language materials a few days ago. So today … just walking, I talked to … pretty much nobody … in Norwegian.

Then I got home and kept watching the Australian ***"Doctor Doctor" TV-series***, and there is a storyline where ***the assistant "Betty" speaks Norwegian with a Danish patient!*** Now! I just last night received an email from *Gertie*, an old acquaintance of mine and Sigi's lover many years ago, who now has a ***Danish*** (!) surname, as she married a Dane!

How's that for synchronicity! And it had been on my to-do-list for this evening to write back to Gertie! Wow!

Also … ***my father called***, just a few hours ago. If I had thought that he'd tell me he'll accept my help, I was very wrong! He took the events around Edith's death and him calling me and turned and twisted them and outrightly invented his own version of it! He is seriously mentally ill. When I said that phone records prove that what he says is simply not true, he started yelling at me like a crazy person how I always had been mean to them … me?! To them? When they abused me and my attempts for contact for decades, and tons of communication can prove that?! My father's behavior today showed to me that all is lost with him. There is no reasoning with a person who is not in his right mind and would never admit it. I screamed back at him, and I hung up the phone. Then I wrote a super angry direct last letter. I called my mother, and she sounded slightly drunk. I did my best to ignore it and just chat with her. Then I went to post the letter. Then I took Jacqui for a walk to the "oasis of quiet".

I met a **lovely elderly woman** and chatted a bit with her … turns out she is walking by herself for several kilometers every day … and she was of entirely clear mind. It was an interesting contrast to speak with that lovely old woman in a gentle and normal way, it was a real exchange, compared to my parents, who aren't my parents but only difficult old people who'll need care soon.

I just don't know how to handle all this shit.

The Potaoes: Something else … a few days ago I asked for ***"something to be put in my hand",*** I do that at times, on a whim, but then I forget about it … so I did and a "**potato**" appeared in my hand. I walked about the same route like I did today, and as I came across *a meadow with big horse apples on it,* I right away thought about the "potato" that I had received just briefly earlier! In Austrian German, "*potato*" is called an ***"earth apple".*** *And those horse shit apples were lying on the earth, like potatoes, ready to be picked up …*

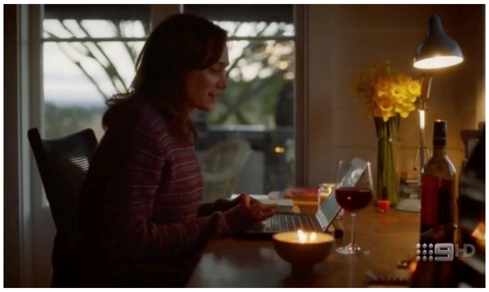
And today when I walked by there again and saw the horse apples, I knew that the "**potato**" in my hand was actually really a **horse apple** … and that it had been yet another prove that Bob is with me a lot.

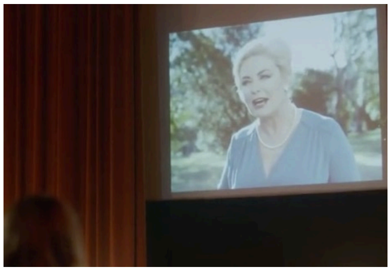
(Later)

Dr. Thiering Again & My True Home

Watched some more of "***Doctor Doctor***" to distract myself from the shock of my father's behavior. I couldn't possibly do anything for him when he is in a mental state that me makes things up only to have a reason to verbally abuse and reject me.

And there was a scene of the character "*Charlie*" **sitting at her desk at her laptop**, *with the small view of the tropical settings behind the window* – and it's exactly ***like my place in "housie" on Maui***. Breaks my heart. I could cry and vomit at the same time … I can't do shit without Bob. I don't have any support here in this world. How could I possibly …?

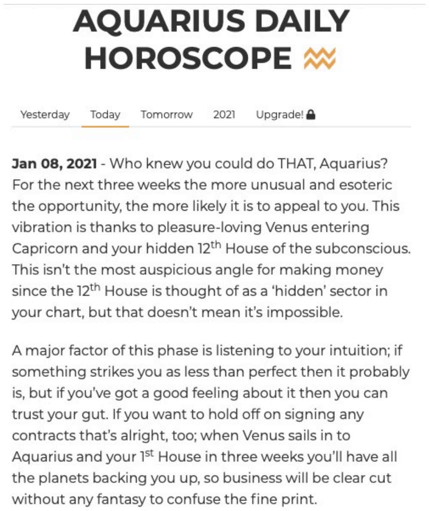




Also … there is a scene where a ***tribute*** is paid to a woman of the fictional town of "Whyhope", and as *she speaks about how she wants to make a difference for the young women of the area*, I totally "saw" Dr. **Barbara Thiering** … who was an **amazing advocate of female rights and advancement** – in Australia! And that's where the story plays! So is this the answer I've been asking for?

Is Dr. Thiering telling me that she is listening and is with me? Am I supposed to make the documentary about her work? I've gathered so much information about her … reminds me that Bob gave me this laptop that I'm working on "to do some real editing", but now, with the updated system I can't use the Media 100 Suite program anymore, the one I learned editing at, from Bob …

I have the feeling that the messages aren't over yet.



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE ♒

Jan 08, 2021 - Who knew you could do THAT, Aquarius? For the next three weeks the more unusual and esoteric the opportunity, the more likely it is to appeal to you. This vibration is thanks to pleasure-loving Venus entering Capricorn and your hidden 12th House of the subconscious. This isn't the most auspicious angle for making money since the 12th House is thought of as a 'hidden' sector in your chart, but that doesn't mean it's impossible.

A major factor of this phase is listening to your intuition; if something strikes you as less than perfect then it probably is, but if you've got a good feeling about it then you can trust your gut. If you want to hold off on signing any contracts that's alright, too; when Venus sails in to Aquarius and your 1st House in three weeks you'll have all the planets backing you up, so business will be clear cut without any fantasy to confuse the fine print.

January 9, 2021 – The Burp, Connections, the Bell & Hui – and the Bell Again!

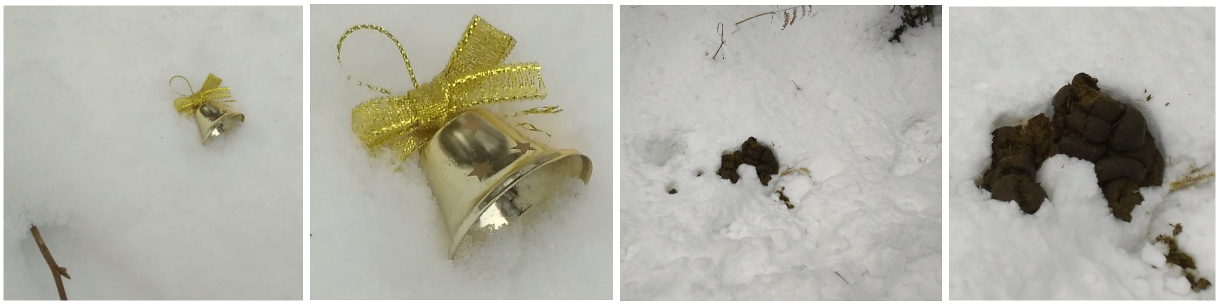
Oh wow. Drove to Velden to visit my mother. Amazing car license plates on the way there and back:

222 AO, 818 AO, 888 BD and**: HUI 1. "Hui"** was the title of the first screenplay I wrote in Hawaii, for Hawaii, and it means "meeting" or "gathering". Yesterday and today I thought intensely about the Hawaii-movies Bob and I planned, like "Kaweli" … he loved "Kaweli". A story about a dead woman who appears to her son who has questions for her … I wrote it in 2017.

Before visiting my mother I went to **Forestlake** … and it was a true winter wonderland.

So much snow. I forced myself to be just there and be me and enjoy the walk with my dog. Actually a few nice people came our way, giving way to us and greeting politely.

At some point we walked **inside the lake** again, and it was a big spooky, just white white white and so so so cold! I even saw fresh **horse apples** … reminded me of the "potato" in my hand again …



On the path down to the car – a **golden bell l**ay on the snow next to the path! Just there! ***A bell!*** How odd! I took it with me!

I also asked for "something to be put in my hand", and there was some kind of ***white napkin folded up, like it contained pastry or bread*** … very strange, could have been paper or fabrik, I don't know, it was unclear.

My mother was sort of fine … and I observed her closely, she sounded like she slurred her speech a bit, but her answers were spot on, no forgetfulness, no confusion, just her speech … it is a sign of dementia, though, I don't want to think about worse causes … I brought her a new version of the nutrition drinks she likes with is supposedly helpful in the beginning stages of Alzheimer's, as it contains an ingredient that supports the work of the synapses …
When I left, she leaned in for a kiss on the cheek! Which she has never done before! At the same time she lifted her arm a bit to hold me at a distance. I really really want to live closer to her! So urgently!

(Later) **The Burp!**
There is a scene in *"Doctor Doctor"* where the main character "Hugh" dreams, and the **woman he loves sits next to him in the car and burps loudly!** I was utterly baffled, because I have been burping loudly in the last days and always adressed Bob about it … because it was a running gag between us that one of us would **burp** and the other would call him or her out. And in the last days I'd always say "So what? I'm still fucking mortal!" And today – **in a TV series, a woman burps in a man's dream!** What are te odds!

"Hugh" also **talks to his dead father** … just like I talk with Bob.

(Later) **The Bell!**
Watching more of "Doctor Doctor". The show does a good job depicting the grief of one of the characters whose husband died next to her of a heart attack … I observed myself, I did not have to cry, but it was deeply touching. So I'm into season 3 already … and that character, "Meryl", still mourning the loss of her beloved "Jim", establishes a dating service to help others to find love! And her it is: It just happened while I wrote down the first part of this entry … She opens the grand opening of **"Country Connections"**

– and it just hits me that I've been talking to Bob intensely about needing the "right connections", and yes, I want to move to the country side, if possible, but into a house with much space and a garden …
And so Meryl holds a little speech, gets distracted by thoughts of her dead beloved, and the gets reminded that she must open the "Country Connections", and she does it by ***RINGING A SMALL GOLDEN BELL!*** And she says "**So, I will ring the bell!"**

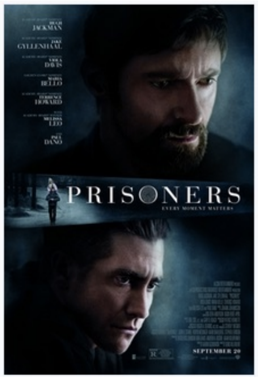
Country Connections
Country Connections
NOW

The BELL! I just **found such a golden bell** a few hours earlier! On the snow!

Oh wow … and I was actually thinking that the way that bell was lying there for me to find it, that it would come up again, somehow. Reversed this time … I find something first, and then find out what it meant!
It's miraculous! And the **bell** in connection with "**connections**"! That is very clear! I had just put my little golden bell close to me, before sitting down to write today's entry.

There are no odds … who finds a **golden bell** just before ***seeing a golden bell in a TV-series?*** There are no *golden bells being rung in a TV-series!? Evah!* Especially not at an event called "Country Connections" when all my thinking is about how in the fucking world I'm supposed to make the right connections if I'm supposed to move forward with projects! And I said it out loud, "connections – how the fuck shall I get them?" And there they are – *as a word, with a golden bell ringing … like I just found!*

January 10. 2021, Sunday, snowing
Something interesting just happened …
Yesterday I came across the prison TV-series "**Wentworth**", because I googled one of the cast members of "Doctor Doctor … and reading up on "Wentworth", the *TV-series "Prisoners"* was mentioned somewhere online … at least, I thought it was a TV-series. So I just now googled "**Prisoners**" … and I found the one film whose title I've been trying to recall for weeks, about the abduction of two children … and there it is! It's "**Prisoners**"! I found it! What a relief! That feels so strange that I "found out" what I was looking for and didn't know how to find it, because I didn't even recall the actors of that movie I tried to find, across several corners …



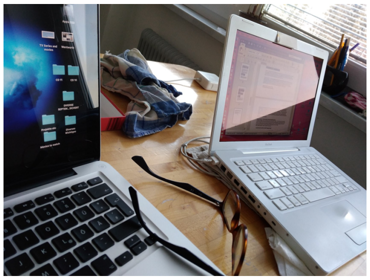
Now it feels like I was lead there.

January 11, 2021 – The Horsie Shit & the Self-Awakening Laptop

Last night I indulged. I went crazy binge-watching "Wentworth", season 1. I don't know why I got invested in those characters, but I did. So it was already about two in the morning, when I was about to start episode 9 from 10, willing to finish the first season, knowing that I'd have very hard time getting out of bed, and I had promised myself that I wouldn't let Jacqui wait long anymore in the morning.

Still, I started episode 9, which is called **"To the Moon."** So you must know that my movie watching setup is that I'm watching on the left laptop, the new one, whilst on the right laptop I usually work on my contact diary or on other stuff while watching. The left laptop had been asleep for hours, though, because I had spent some time watching on my bed, with the other laptop.

So I was pondering about the phrase ***"I love you to the moon and back",*** that the character Bea says to her daughter, Debbie, before the latter dies and afterwards, too, sitting quietly and watching … and that's when the other laptop woke up! Without me touching it or moving or anything! ***The laptop simply opened it's work screen on it's own, with its typical electronic noise.***



Wow.

I literally sat and stared at the orange screen. Was Bob there? And I had thought many times this evening that he and "some of them" were probably watching with me … including Sigi, because it was about heroin addiction and murder by overdose … and did he "tell me" ***"That's enough now, Dany."*** ? I think so.

Then I began to read the contents of episodes 9 and 10, and I did not watch the films themselves, but went to bed, after I had read up on the ending..

I then had the most amazing **dream** about me wanting to work on films … actually, I had kind of forgotten about it, but now it just jumped into my mind … it had to do with a road crossing in some kind of town where there was a big video production company, a studio, like Bob had owned. And the plot consisted of me trying to get to that company, but at the same time I was already there and talked with a woman and a man about how I should really make a small Hawaii film first to raise attention for the latter big documentary film project!

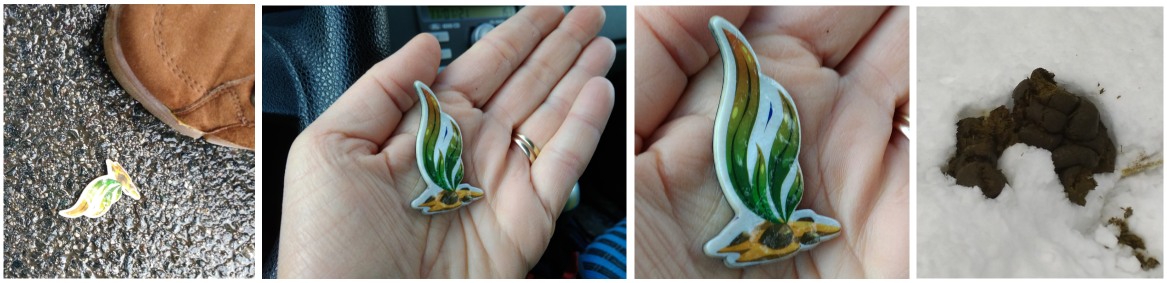
It felt so real … and in the dream I kind of thought, wow, that”s actually really what I should do … But for some reason, that roadway plot kept interrupting the talk with that production guy, who I can’t recall at all, and there was a woman like Inge, the half-Norwegian from Vienna, and I tried to make myself clear to them, but somehow they didn’t really pay attention to me, and I felt it was a lost case trying to make them understand. Something else happened, I don’t know what, like something that has to do with that crossing … or was that already in the studio? It’s garbled. I woke up curious about the ending of that dream but didn’t get back in

(Later)

I decided to go dog food shopping in **Wolfsberg** (wolf mountain) and drove there. Like usual, Jacqui and I went for a quick walk along the Lavant river, nice, with all the snow.

I had parked the car at the back of a big grocery chain store, Lidl, and after the walk I drove to the front to do the shopping. I chose a random parking spot, and went shopping. And then: I came back with my groceries … and approaching the car, I saw a **sticker** lie right next to my car’s right back tire: It’s exactly what I’ve been dealing with yesterday, in terms of “horse shit” or rather “horse apples” and the “potato” that I had “received in my hand”!

It was a **horse apple in a field sticker!** *And I had found horse apples the day before yesterday!*



Jesus Christ, who finds something like that right next to their car! ***I do!*** There is no way that this is a coincidence!

It's like with the bell, I found it first and then got confirmation and a reflection! And as I got **home** and looked at the **sticker** again, I suddenly saw something else! See for yourself! The sticker image looks just like **my plants in the pots, with the brown clumps of eart**h, too!

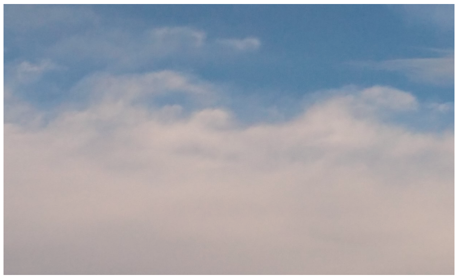
It was one of Bob's and my things that I'd always raise plants, some that I found broken off somewhere, mostly! Just like with these, and they are "Birds of Paradise" flowers in the making!
Oh wow! I feel so spoken to!

I also pondered about the "Country Connections" in "Doctor Doctor" … it's about me making the right connections, now. I know. I talked to Bob in the car about how I really would like to have a lot of money so that I could jolt ahead with everything. Why not give me that money? I may not be the mortal that would ever have the chance to come into money "naturally" in this life, but I sure need money to accomplish "Regents of Clouds" and animal care and so much more. So … please?

(Later)
Okay, I just watched the last episode of season 3 of "Doctor Doctor", and sure enough, the character "Penny" says to the doctor, as they talk about love and being together and just then the phone rings: **"Saved by the bell."**

The bell.
The bell. I've been saying and thinking ***„Saved by the bell"*** so many times in the past two days!

January 12, 2021
After a while without **clouds** (simply because there were none), I saw amazing formations and observed them change … trying to "see" what they meant. Not sure. Except that they traveled with me … like ***ocean waves.*** Except for one, when I turned around … it looked like **wings** next to a bright spot, but then it looked like an asshole too … Yes, Bob, you were an ass to me, like you said in August 2018, but maybe that's all part of the "plan"?



Also there were **traces in the snow** … that *united* and took a turn together … it was kind of sweet.

January 13, 2021 **– The Heart-Shaped Soft Spot, the Dream Stone & the Island Pubs**

Intense **dream** of a big stone.

Last night I binged season 4 of "*Doctor Doctor"* to get it over with. Only one episode left … but I rolled my eyes all the time by the dumb storyline.

I dreamed that I was in a very **dangerous** kind of **mountain area,** on a slope that lead to a **ridge**, maybe with snow, and I and a "**team**" of several people I can't remember had to *accomplish* something. In a **room**. That room was utterly mysterious and was somehow in the same area as that mountain ridge. There was some person we had to deal with or outsmart, can't recall, and on the top of that slope was something like a **large stone** or rock. I was able *to move it*, but it was in danger of falling off the steep back side of that hilltop, and I kept putting it back in place. Somehow I think this big stone was some kind of a secret, but I had discovered it, I was just unable to do something with it, because there were other people who were constantly bothering me, and I had to evade their attempt to keep me from reaching my goal. I don't know what that was, but it had to do with a very serious task, and somehow that room was involved the path I had to follow that lead over that hill or ridge.

There were other **rooms** where I was supposed to do something … but don't know what. That big stone was a goal to be reached by many people, and somehow there was a dangerous air around it, like the discovery of that stone itself was a big deal and I had to keep it a secret. It was a back and forth to that big rock and back down the hill and into the room and back up, but I knew I wouldn't be able to accomplish there what I was capable of accomplishing. There were people who weren't supposed to know what I was capable of, too. So I ended up touching that stone again, and it moved easily, so I pulled it back into place so that the other people wouldn't notice. And then I felt that I had to leave … and I think I said something along those terms … and I was kind of pulled out of that area. This is something I don't clearly recall, but I know that it had happened.

Just now I remember the strange thing that happened yesterday morning, January 12, when I woke up. I was just in that moment when I realized that I had in fact woken up, when a sentence sounded in my mind as if I was saying it myself: "**Sterbe ich heute?"** Clearly spoken in German: "**Will I die today?"**

That was very interesting.

I did have a very severe heart pain yesterday, then but obviously, I didn't die. Also in "Doctor Doctor" the "mother", "Meryl", had something that looked like a heart attack, but it wasn't. So maybe I was told that I wasn't having a heart attack either, but something like "Meryl".

This morning, actually, I thought about the ridiculous plot of "Doctor Doctor" and I realized that I must now identify with the "Meryl" character! Wow! I'm that old already! But I do not identify with her. I do identify with the 30-year olds. How strange is that? I'm no longer the "makua" generation, I'm "kupuna" now.

(Later)
Took Jacqui for a walk to the ***"oasis of quiet",*** … the **ice** on the water fascinated me …

And I as I looked at the Helldorf pond, I suddenly realized that I was kind of seeing a manifestation of something I had said out loud yesterday, walking with Jacqui the treehouse field: I had said to Bob that just because he is "pure energy" now it shouldn't be difficult for him to ***create a heart-shaped molten spot in the crisp cold white snow.***
So today … looking at the **creek** and ten **pond**, I though, okay, why did I have to go here today? I had headed for the beaver path, but had spontaneously taken a turn … so it was not a **"molten spot"** that Bob had created, but maybe he lead me there to tell me that he has been listening, still?

Also, something happened last night, *watching "Doctor Doctor".* I was totally up for ***watching the last episode, too, number 10,*** knowing that I really should go to sleep though. So I clicked on that episode … and ***the entire browser window stopped reacting.*** The episode I had just watched was but a ***white field***, too! It was like "zumbuddy" had switched off the laptop to cause me to go to be.

I sent Inge pictures of Bob, because she wanted to see them. Hurts like fucking hell.

(Later) **The heart shaped molten spot!**
Oh geez, the surprise!
I sat down to watch the final episode of "*Doctor Doctor*" season 4 and grabbed the container with some Christmas cookies that Inge had given me, and I started eating … and suddenly I stopped short: There it was! The "molten" heart shaped spot "in the snow"! Now, it's a **wet sticky heart shaped cutout on a cookie** with apricot jam in the middle … and it's not a *"heart shaped wet molten spot in the real snow"* like I had spontaneously imagined for Bob to create for me … But then: Why did this even come to my mind? Did "zumbuddy" know that I was going to find that cookie later?

(Later) **The Dream-Stone! Island Pubs! Beach Walks!**

Oh wow! Before going to bed I felt compelled to cheer myself up, and I saw that there are new *Pitch Meetings*, and they always make me laugh. So I switch on the first best, ***“Wonder Woman: 1984”***, and sure enough there it is: It's about a “**Dream Stone**”, and the pitch-guy says “I*t grants wishes but takes something in return”,* answers the producer: ***“Oh a very magical stone.”***

Wonder Woman 1984 Pitch Meeting

What are the odds – that I stumble across something like this!? No.

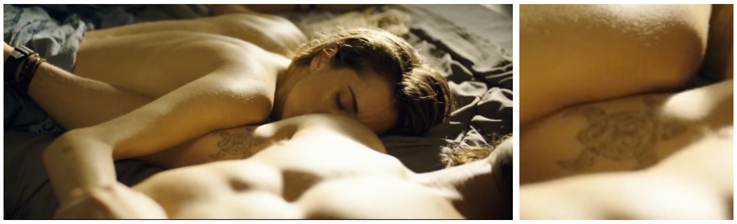
No shit, **dream Stone,** huh. Yes, I keep wanting to meet you in dreams and then know that we met when I'm awake.

Before that I skipped through a ridiculous movie called “***Horizon Line***” about a couple in a small plane after the pilot died … but what I got to see right away: A c**ouple walking along an ocean beach** – e*xactly like I've been imaging Bob and me walking in the last weeks!* Wow! What were the odds of that? Discovering this!

And the **cozy island pubs** …

… believe it or not, just ***yesterday and today*** I've been f*lashing back to the small island pubs on Maui that Bob* and I used to visit, just before watching the movie actually a very **small Pinata's,** where we used to eat tacos and echiladas! And sure enough, right after that – *an island pub on Mauritius!* Also … … oh I flashed back so hard and painfully.

Geez*!* Also! The ***man lies on the beach*** – and there is a small **turtle tattoo** on his arm. And the last time Bob and I were at our beloved Baby Beach, there was a big turtle right in front of Bob. That was because he couldn't walk further than tbe entrance of the beach … and there it was … oh wow. Flashing back.



Zumbuddy is telling me that "he is right here" and he knows what I'm thinking!

I've been asking very strongly that I NEED to know Bob is here.

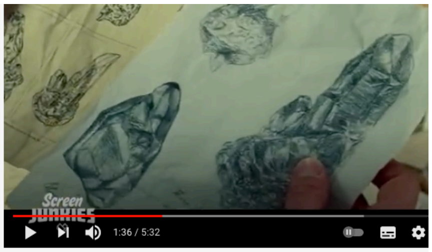
Well, today, out of the blue, I didn't se that coming … all those synchronicities.

I didn't even want to go back to watching anything today, but here I am with the "**magical stone**", the **"Dream Stone"!**

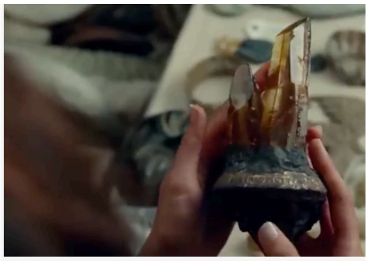
I clicked it back on … it's really funny **about someone's "consciousness getting into another person"**! **Someone "wanting to become the stone"** … oh may, does that sound like *"Play me"* or not?! Me "being" Bob to be able to connect with him and share food experiences with him, like today, Hering cream salad and cookies?!
Wow! Of course I'll probably have to watch that movie now! Seems to be full of messages for me!

(Later) **The Stone Dick!** Oh so funny! I just stumble across the "***Honest Trailer" for "Wonderwoman: 1984***", and the (very funny) narrator calls the "*Dream Stone*" a "***Wishing Dick"*** ("dick" peeped out), and the sketch really looks like one! How great – the reference to a "*penis*" when it's a "stone" we're dealing with! And when my Stone had a major problem with his dick?! And the word "wishing", too … oh my, I should be in bed, but instead I'm kind of being chatted up by Bob … and it's about a "wishing stone" or "dream stone" … a***nd I really really want to win in the lottery!***

Ha!



#HonestTrailers
Honest Trailers | Wonder Woman 1984

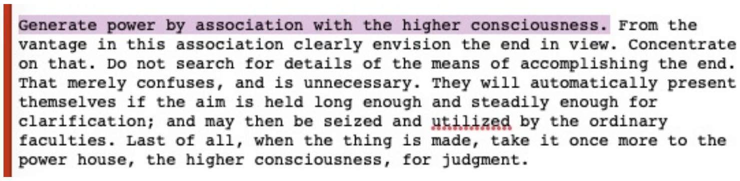


Wonder Woman 1984 Pitch Meeting

January 15, 2020 – **Bob and Paradise & so much more**

Amazing **cloud** formations today … all about borders and layers … I had the feeling that Bob wanted to chat with me … after last night's "wishing stone" surprise. I told him that I wished for a lot of money through a lottery win, just because in today's world it's money what it's all about … and it's the tool and means to accomplish stuff with. It was created for a purpose, and I want to use it, and I want millions of Euro do accomplish the goals I have in terms of "the bridge". So I said out loud that I think that the line "the dream stone grants wishes but it takes something in return" means that Bob wants me to do something for him … So I talked out loud about wanting to know what that is. Does he want me to let him go after helping me with the money? Or am I suppose to keep him even closer or to energize him better?

Last night, I picked up "**Across the Unknown"** before going to sleep … and there it was:



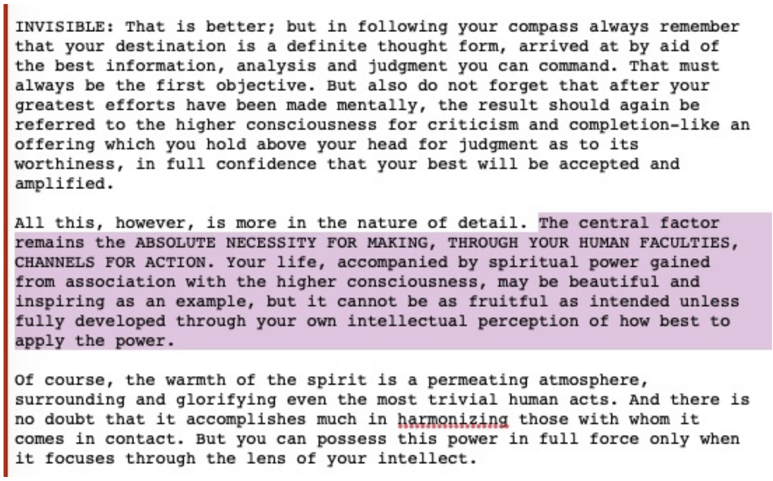
Generate power by association with the higher consciousness. From the vantage in this association clearly envision the end in view. Concentrate on that. Do not search for details of the means of accomplishing the end. That merely confuses, and is unnecessary. They will automatically present themselves if the aim is held long enough and steadily enough for clarification; and may then be seized and utilized by the ordinary faculties. Last of all, when the thing is made, take it once more to the power house, the higher consciousness, for judgment.

"The central factor remains the ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR MAKING, THROUGH YOUR HUMAN FACULTIES, CHANNELS FOR ACTION."

And I totally get it: We must use our mortal means to accomplish stuff in this realm, clearly.

So that's why I think I'm supposed to get a ton of money to be able to move forward.

So I'm waiting for a response of some kind …



INVISIBLE: That is better; but in following your compass always remember that your destination is a definite thought form, arrived at by aid of the best information, analysis and judgment you can command. That must always be the first objective. But also do not forget that after your greatest efforts have been made mentally, the result should again be referred to the higher consciousness for criticism and completion-like an offering which you hold above your head for judgment as to its worthiness, in full confidence that your best will be accepted and amplified.

All this, however, is more in the nature of detail. The central factor remains the ABSOLUTE NECESSITY FOR MAKING, THROUGH YOUR HUMAN FACULTIES, CHANNELS FOR ACTION. Your life, accompanied by spiritual power gained from association with the higher consciousness, may be beautiful and inspiring as an example, but it cannot be as fruitful as intended unless fully developed through your own intellectual perception of how best to apply the power.

Of course, the warmth of the spirit is a permeating atmosphere, surrounding and glorifying even the most trivial human acts. And there is no doubt that it accomplishes much in harmonizing those with whom it comes in contact. But you can possess this power in full force only when it focuses through the lens of your intellect.

"Your life, accompanied by spiritual power gained from association with the higher consciousness, may be beautiful and inspiring as an example, but it cannot be as fruitful as intended unless fully developed through your own intellectual perception of how best to apply the power."

Oh I know how to apply my power, once I have the means … and the monetary means I need. I must produce films, Bob. I need money for it. And I will give you what you need in return, to accomplish my "kuleana".

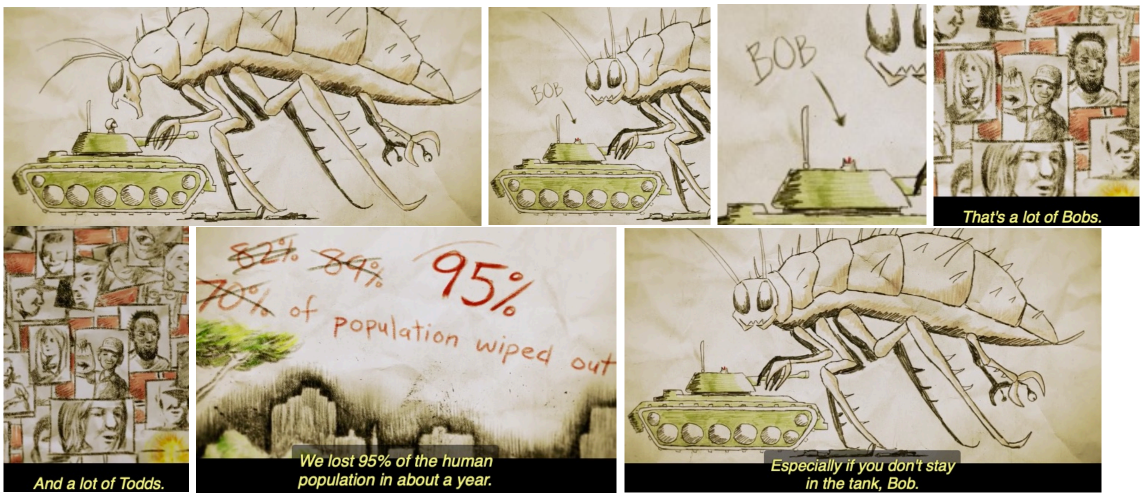
(Later)

Oh, geez. Sipping hot cocoa (milk with molten dark chocolate) I had the thought and even spoke it out loud that Bob wants me to use my lottery win also to ma*ke my and his original version of Taylor Camp.* Well. First the money, bro.

The lit stone has an **ice palace** right next to it now. And it looks like a **lit penis**, actually.

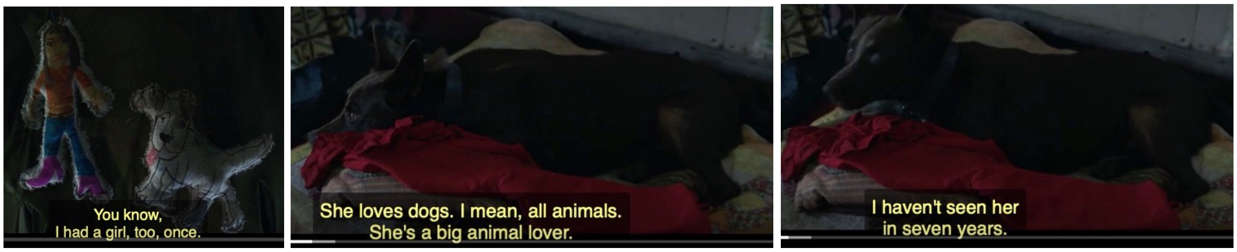
A **shiny hear**t is next to the **colibri** on the house … and “C”s name in some language is “the colibri heart”. Wow.

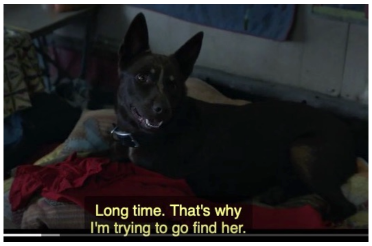
(Later – only a few minutes after I wrote the above, after my evening walk with Jacqui in icecold Griffen)
Geezus Christ!
I clicked on a *random movie,* “***Love and Monsters***”, I had seen the whacky trailer – and there he was: **Bob**! *And* ***Todd****!* Todd had been the guy with whom Bob had worked in the last year of his life.


BOB
BOB
That's a lot of Bobs.
And a lot of Todds.
~~82%~~ ~~89%~~ 95%
~~70%~~ of population wiped out
We lost 95% of the human population in about a year.
Especially if you don't stay in the tank, Bob.

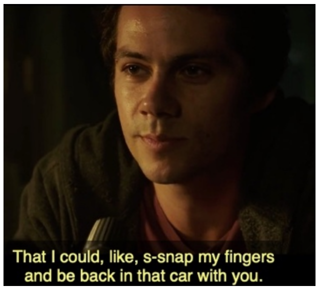
I had actually only vaguely thought of Todd when thinking about having money and producing “Hulihuli Moon” on Maui … and here they are together! Bob is eaten by a **cockroach**! I had just told Inge about the ***cockroaches in Bob’s and my house, and how they were like pets!*** And there they were! With Bob! What are the fucking odds?

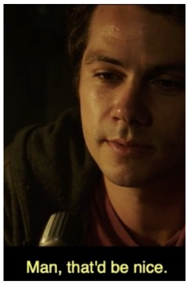
So Bob is watching movies with me, again?

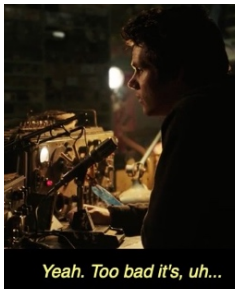

You know, I had a girl, too, once.
She loves dogs. I mean, all animals. She's a big animal lover.
I haven't seen her in seven years.

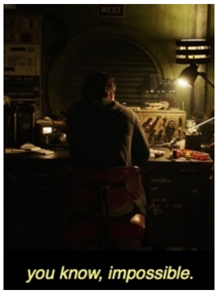

Long time. That's why
I'm trying to go find her.

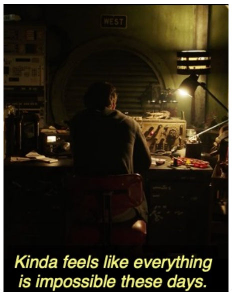
And those messages in the movies … they deem to indicate the predestinedness of everything that fucking happens!? And it expresses my thoughts perfectly:


That I could, like, s-snap my fingers
and be back in that car with you.

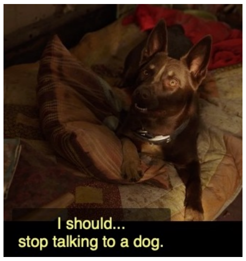

Man, that'd be nice.

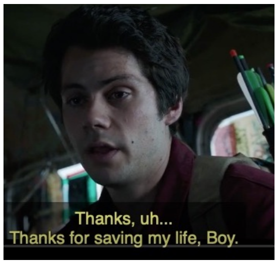

Yeah. Too bad it's, uh...


you know, impossible.


Kinda feels like everything
is impossible these days.

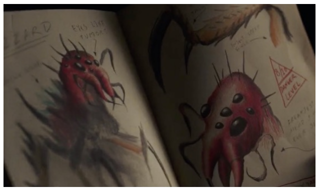
OMG! In that movie "***Love and Monsters***" there is even a **dog that pulls a string** – *just like Jacqui does every evening when I have him open the string around his baggie of treats! He just did it right before I switched on the movie!* It's a Kelpie, the dog in the movie, and I always thought Jacqui was a Kelpie mix! Wow!

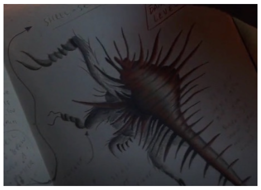

I should...
stop talking to a dog.

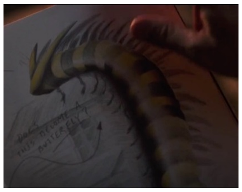

Thanks, uh...
Thanks for saving my life, Boy.

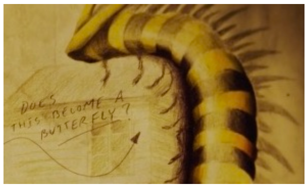
(Later)
Oh geez, the character "Joel" talks about how he hasn't seen his girl in seven years … and there is a drawing of a girl and her dog, me and Jacqui …How cool is that – that I picked exactly the rigt movie!

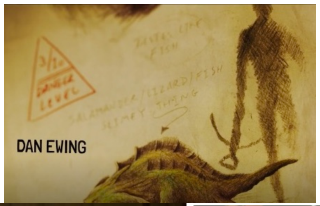
Also – something else just now came to my awareness! The plot aspect that **"Joel" is sketching and drawing** the monsters and *noting information about them on paper* is just like the main character "***Andy***" did ***in my script "Alien Waltz"*** … a*lso there is a dog who saves everything, in my script* … wow, what are the odds there?

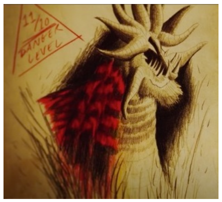


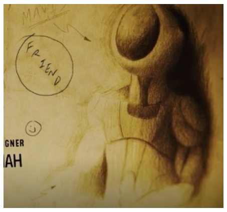








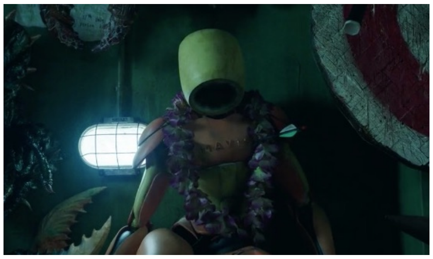




I try to capture their essence,

scribble down some notes
on how to kill them.

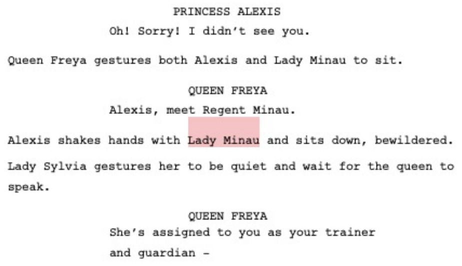
Of course the main character “Joel” wears a T-shirt with an island and a sunset and it reads “**Paradise**”. Fuck me. And there is some robot-model by the name of “*Mavis*” with a **Hawaiian “lei”**!



Oh no, ***just now Joel had to take off his shirt*** (a giant *boulder snail* took it away …)

More:

One of the characters, a little girl, is named “**Minnow**” in the movie. *And one of the main characters in my “Regents of Clouds” franchise is named* “**Minau**”. Minnow teaches the main character that not everything that looks like an enemy is one, like the giant snails are friendly.



PRINCESS ALEXIS
Oh! Sorry! I didn’t see you.

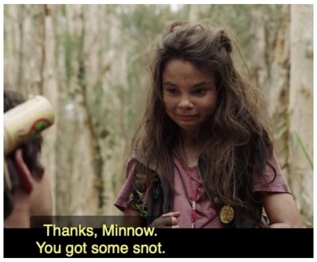
Queen Freya gestures both Alexis and Lady Minau to sit.

QUEEN FREYA
Alexis, meet Regent Minau.

Alexis shakes hands with Lady Minau and sits down, bewildered.

Lady Sylvia gestures her to be quiet and wait for the queen to speak.

QUEEN FREYA
She’s assigned to you as your trainer
and guardian –



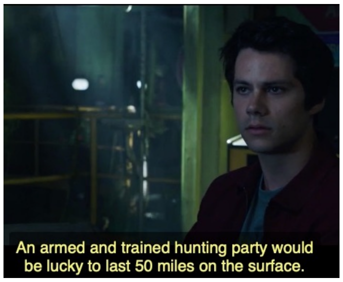
Thanks, Minnow.
You got some snot.

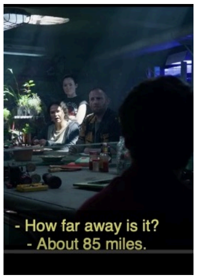
Odds? None?!

Plus… this movie is full of **numbers** that are said! And I talked so intensely about how Bob and his guys are going to “give me” the numbers for winning in the lottery! And it’s **numbers** all of a sudden all over the place in ***“Love and Monsters”***! This is a good movie!

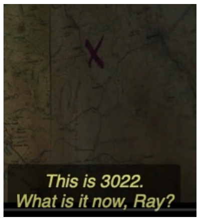
- How long?
- Seven days. Minimum.

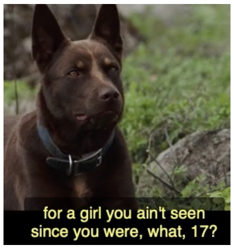
What's another 30 miles, huh?


An armed and trained hunting party would be lucky to last 50 miles on the surface.

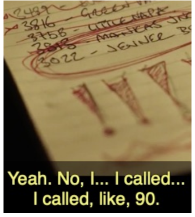

- How far away is it?
- About 85 miles.

Pull the pin, count to five.
Not four, not six.

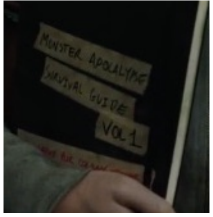

This is 3022.
What is it now, Ray?


for a girl you ain't seen
since you were, what, 17?

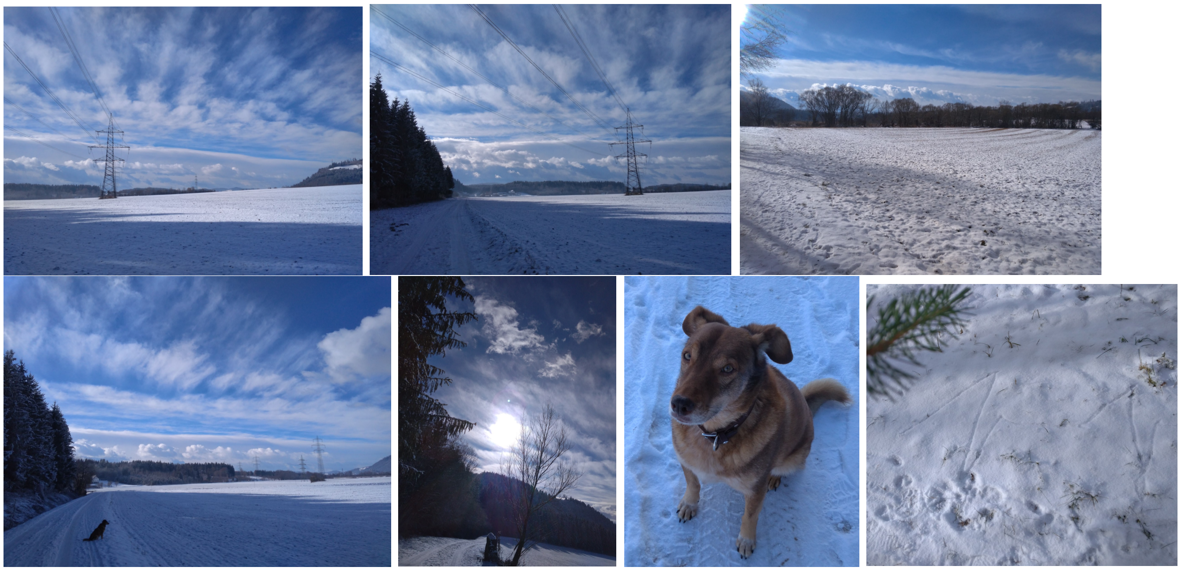
This is 7045. Come in, 3022.



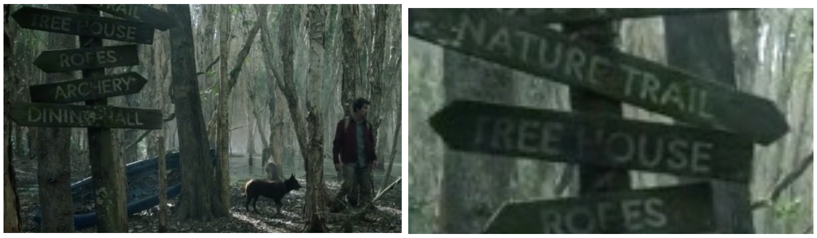
Yeah. No, I... I called...
I called, like, 90.



Today, during that walk, when I talked about the numbers and tried to figure out which numbers of my life might be the right ones for the lottery … I even saw an "**eleven**" in the snow!

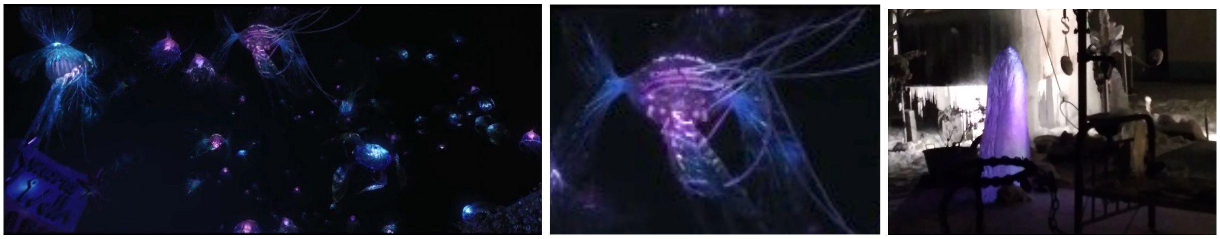


Wow, there is a road-sign to a "**treehouse**"! A freaking treehouse! I have the feeling that Bob is right next to me, getting a kick out of me getting a kick out of … everything here.



Oh my god! A **giant yellow duck**! Like the ones I was gathering in the four years I wasn't with Bob … I would find one every New Year's Eve!

Then … there are **"sky jellies**" of the color of the **lit stone** I see every day, …



… and a song starts (in the movie), the beginning of *"Stand by me":*

When the night has come
And the land is dark
And the moon is the only light we'll see …

January 15, 2021 – The Blond Guy

Wow, another amazing incident.

Drove to my mother, even though it's only Friday, just felt like taking half day off.

On the highway … amazing car license plates, one already on the parking lot at the Billa store, where I took Jacqui for a walk before driving: "**808 HG**". Like ***"hugs from Hawaii".*** Bob would often sign emails with "hugs"! Then I drove behind a truck with **"EX 85 BD"**. The "**85**" is of significance, because in the movie "Love and Monsters" there was always the talk about how the hero made it across "**85** miles" in the open terrain inspite of the monsters. The film actually ended with a big teaching: Live life out in the open, be brave and bold, learn to deal with the dangers and your enemies, underground there is no living anyway. So did the license plate number **"EX 85 BD"** tell me that I'll also have to make it through a certain distance to then unite with Bob? Is the number of actual meaning? I was pondering, and a car with "**414 CA**" drove by. Of course I thought of "California" and that I was supposed to go there. But I kind of dismissed the thought. Just then "**413 CA**" drove by! Seriously! And then: "**172 BS**", my birthdate and Bob's initials! And also: "**ROCK 1**". Yup. Rock like "stone". Don't know what it means and if at all, but it sure gave me a kind of bittersweet flash.

My *father* called already in the morning, I didn't pick up. I had sent him a letter telling him that I suspect he is in mental trouble and asked him to call and talk normally with me or else I'll take legal measures. I couldn't make myself to pick up. He left a message. I didn't listen. Switched the phone off.

That's why I could take pictures of the ***river Drau*** with little icebergs slowly floating downstream during Jacqui's and my afternoon walk.

My mother was fine, very clear, and just that's why she was quite impatient, didn't want to chat … I saw that she had used up already almost all the nutrition drinks, I gave her four new ones of the synapsis-function-enhancing kind, and she accepted them gladly.

It was getting dark, and on the way to the car I met that one **strange woman**, ***Frau K.*** who lives alone in a big house. She seems a bit off, mentally, but she was always sweet and tried to chat about how nice Jacqui is … so there she was. And without even greeting me she went right into the subject that her husband had died 20 years ago, and that she was still mourning and didn't get any understanding from people, and she had had a boyfriend who had died seven years ago … geez. It was so amazing, this short conversation with a "weird" person was the most deep and really fulfilling conversation I had had in a long time. I told her a bit about me and accompanied her home for about ten minutes … it was kind of sweet. Her husbad had driven in to a house on the same road that my mother takes nearly every day … and his name had been Franz.

She had had a dog, too, wait for it: A **poodle** by the name of **Bobby**. And Bob had believed so much in our animation project Woodle, about that poodle turned wolf!

We said that we'd take a walk together one day and chat … and I'd actually really like that.

Driving back on the highway … I suddenly thought that Frau K.'s dead husband Franz maybe wanted to get in contact with her through me. So I thought, well, I got to play out my mediality, and I hadn't finished the thought I "***saw"*** **a blond man, with sideway bangs, actually a young man, with a black shirt and something sparkly shiny roundish in his hand** or next to him. Wow, I thought … maybe that"s Franz?

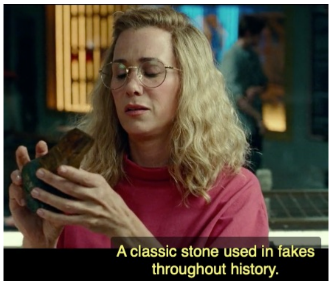
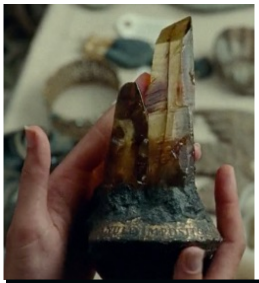
(Later)

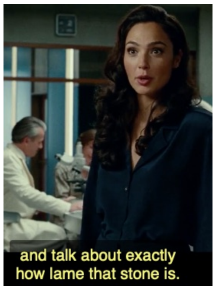
Back in Griffen, I made dinner, ate way too much sweets and then sat down … my father called again, and I switched the phone off … not sure what to think … and I started a random movie that sounded remotely interesting, "Stage Mother". And there it was: A young gay man had died, and at his memorial service there he was: **blond, with sideways bangs, a black shirt and something sparkly shiny roundish red next to him!**

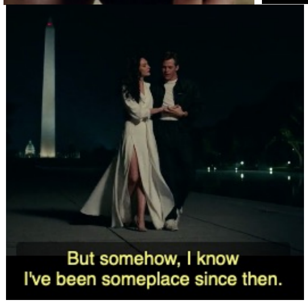
Jesus Christ! It wasn't Franz I had seen, it was a message I had received that "they are with me", and even though Franz can't come through, I clearly was told that we are all in contact! ***This is exactly the man I saw in my vision on the highway! And first there was the huge San Francisco Bridge!***

January 16, 2021 – Wonder Woman 1984 & the Loved One Who Returnes From the Dead

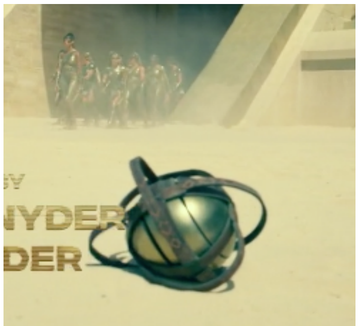
Okay, I did take a peek at the "***Wonder Woman***" movie … because of *the* ***wishing stone*** and because the dead love of Wonder Woman, **Steve**, ***comes back from the dead.*** I had to see this – kind of manifestation of the greatest wish of mine.


A classic stone used in fakes
throughout history.


You know, we could go
and grab early dinner

and talk about exactly
how lame that stone is.

I missed you.

But somehow, I know
I've been someplace since then.
(… since he died, that is.)

Also … there was a curious “***shiny round thingie***” … like the one I had seen being “put in my hand” a few days ago. And a ***futon*** … like my beloved futon I slept on … in housie. I said often to Bob that it’s the best bed and the best sleeping feeling in the world in all my life ever. Still true.



- A futon, yeah.
- A futon?

(Later)
Took Jacqui for a walk.
Made Kohlsprossen stew.
Tried to watch “Wonder Woman 1984”, stopped after a few minutes of skipping through …

Then I grabbed my phone and called my father. He cried and cried and said he’d want me to come so that we can talk. He’ll call me, he said. My heart really broke for him. He is completely beside himself. Told me how the dog is waiting by the garden gate for Edith to come home. He immediately began to cry, as soon as he heard my voice. He said that he is not gone crazy and that she should clarify things between us. I wish I could have driven up there right away, or tomorrow. But he said he’ll have company tomorrow, and he’ll call me. I prepared some nutrition bottles to put to his door tomorrow when I go visit my mother. I couldn’t reach her by phone today.

I felt so numb and can only hope that she is only sleeping.

My life has changed in the moment I heard my father cry. I heard myself cry. I could cry … I know how he feels. I’m afraid of us being together. There will be a ton of grief. I feel my stomach tie itself into a knot right now. My father cried how he and Edith were together for 40 years. All I could think about is that Bob and I didn’t have that much time together. And my brother never had a chance for a loving relationship at all, as he died at the age of 26.

January 17, 2021 – **The Small Golden Owl, the Small Snowload & the Jingle**

Walked the *treehouse field* today … thinking about my father intensely and how I could possibly get him to listen to me and start talking to Edith instead of about her as if she had ceased to exist … So I was walking and talking out loud, and I thought that the best would be to do some "***reading***" right in front of my father. And I thought towards Edith to give me an example, and immediately **"kleine goldene Eule"** came ot my mind, actually the words and an image of some kind of broche or pendant of a **"small golden owl".** That was interesting …

So I kept walking and talked about how such a meeting between my desperately grieving father and me could go, and I thought that I was pretty good at acception inner visions, and I said out loud: ***"… und ich bin schon ganz gut im Empfangen …"*** (***"and I'm already pretty good at receiving")*** and just then, out of the ***blue***, a **small "load" of snow like an extra big snowflake landed on my lips** and made me shut up!

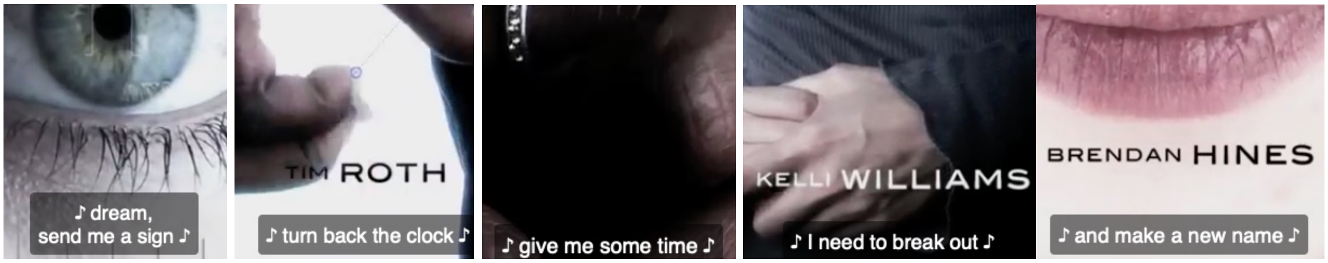
There was nothing flying around at all, nothing from the trees, it was bright sunshine … but *with the word "empfangen", "receive", that cold snow load landed on my lower lip,* as my mouth was slightly open as I was speaking! That was no coincidence.

I really had to grin and said "Good one, I bet that took some preparation …" I had said just minutes before, looking around, that there was nothing at all in the clouds for me today, except for some **small cloud figure** that looked like a body with a detached head … and far away, a **heart on a hut.**

(Later)

I got food gifts from Inge again, a lot of stuff like cheeses and pastry and bread and even orange juice, and I sat down to have some tea and watch something … I felt so drawn to the ***TV-series "Lie to Me"*** … I don't know why.

Well … as soon as the first episode of season 3 came on, I knew why! The closed captioning function was on, and there was a transcription of the **jingle**! Oh wow … that really speaks to me. Dreams sending signs … and all the rest:



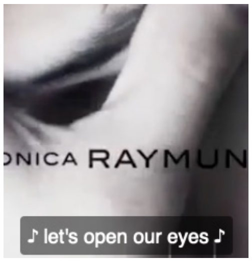
♪ dream, send me a sign ♪

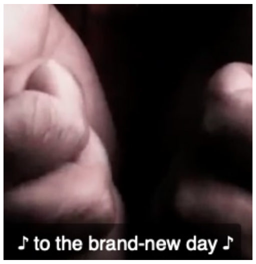
♪ turn back the clock ♪

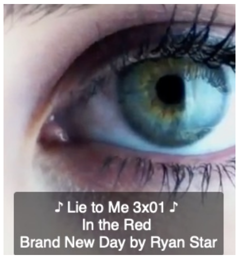
♪ give me some time ♪

♪ I need to break out ♪

♪ and make a new name ♪







“Those were the days” said “Dr. Lightman” in “*Lie to me*” … and I’ll never forget Bob saying this on the phone and adding “***I miss them, Dany***.” Well, you don’t miss’em anymore, right? Because you’re dead. But I’m still here, feeling devastated.

Those were the days, eh?

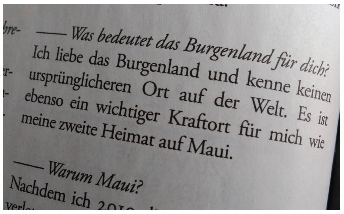
Oh Stoneman.

Here I am trying to figure out how to comfort my father, and yet, I myself don’t really know how to live on in this mortal shit … This evening I’ve been eating all kind of shit together, like bacon and panna cotta and cheese and pralines and bread and potato chips … I don’t know why I do that. I just have to.

January 18, 2021 – **The Lottery Drawing, Maui Greeting, Dragondog, the Yellow Angel & White Lines**

Brutal awakening.

Went to the bathroom this morning and grabbed the OEAMTC- magazine (automobile club), and the first page I open, is a story about a young Austrian woman who tells how much she loves her second home on **Maui** and being a ***Yoga instructor*** there. I flashed back so hard … and my life right now suddenly swished into perspective, and I knew: I can’t stop here. It’s so small and just not what I’m all about. The article is about “breathing” and how the woman wants to share that with the world … well, I want to share stuff too.



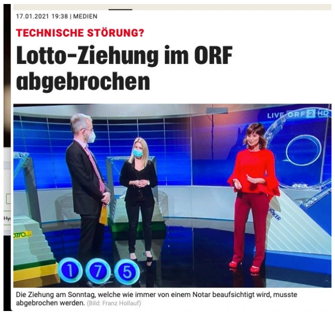
— *Was bedeutet das Burgenland für dich?*
Ich liebe das Burgenland und kenne keinen ursprünglicheren Ort auf der Welt. Es ist ebenso ein wichtiger Kraftort für mich wie meine zweite Heimat auf Maui.

— *Warum Maui?*
Nachdem ich

aktuell
Interview
Julia D
Geboren
im Snow
2018 R
FH Bur
App

But I thought I'd be there with Bob on MY beloved Maui. It's fucking mine! (Crying right now, what a fucking life I have …) So often I think how Ines and all those people are still on Maui and I'm not. And all the fuckers are still alive, but Bob is dead. I feel like writing to Hadas right now … not sure why.

No lottery win, but: **The lottery drawing had to be aborted last night** – because of a technical malfunction (t*he number 9 got stuck)*! Wow, they had to draw again, and there were only two of the numbers I had picked, 4 and 33. Well. It was really striking, that the drawing was stopped, didn't work. That feels like a sign! I mean, when does that happen? I had been dealing with the lottery so intensely in the last two days and had registered online yesterday and done my first online tip! And then the drawing didn't work! How odd! Gotta smile about that.



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TECHNISCHE STÖRUNG?

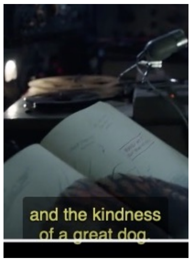
Lotto-Ziehung im ORF abgebrochen

Die Ziehung am Sonntag, welche wie immer von einem Notar beaufsichtigt wird, musste abgebrochen werden. (Bild: Franz Hollauf)

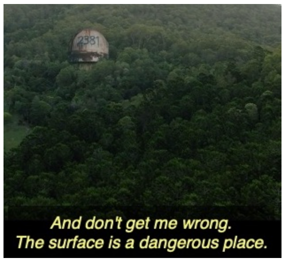
Also …. **My dream**! Oh wow. **Yesterday I dreamed about Sigi,** so intensely, about him returning from somewhere and another woman being there who was all into him, but then I came, and he was kind of interested but I wasn't, and I told the woman that she need not worry, I don't want him back. There were other people, it was a commune feeling somewhere where it's wet and kind of rural … very strange, but it's still lingering, and I won't forget that "dream". Sigi watched me, and I watched him from under a veil of long white hair, like I have, and as I walked away from him I kind of flung my hair over my back, and it felt heavier than it is in real life.

(Just now, after this Maui-encounter … I feel like detaching from my parents, not sure, what that's supposed to mean. I'll hang in there, about having a lot of money … but I won't settle. Like the little girl "***Minnow***" said in **"Love and Monsters"** and how the main character Joel said in the end, *"Don't settle!"* I won't.)

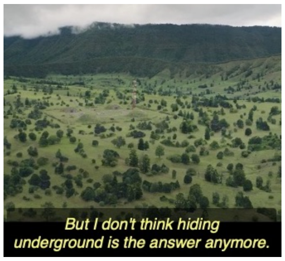
I'm alive because of the generosity of a few strangers



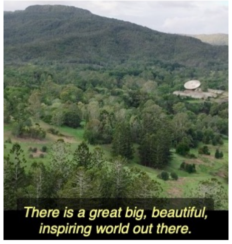
and the kindness of a great dog.

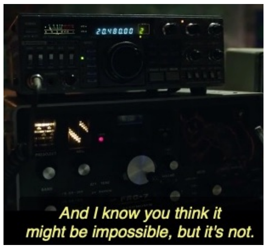


And don't get me wrong.
The surface is a dangerous place.



But I don't think hiding
underground is the answer anymore.

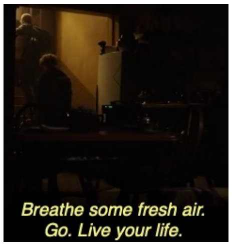

There is a great big, beautiful, inspiring world out there.


And I know you think it might be impossible, but it's not.

If I can survive out here, anybody can.

It's like a good friend once told me.

Good instincts are earned by making mistakes.


Breathe some fresh air. Go. Live your life.

It won't be easy, but it'll be worth it.

Oh, and one last thing. Don't settle.

You don't have to. Not even at the end of the world.

Tonight’s dream … and I had excrutiating pain my stomach and the liver area, could barely lie on my belly …. Was very intense, too. My mother was involved … I don’t remember clearly, but the summary is that I killed a woman at some airport in plain view of the cameras, and then I had to take two frozen chickens in a bag with my mother along a road that leads in real life from about where my father lives to the cemetery (where Edith’s cremains are buried) … and I had to hide from everyone that I had killed that person. I didn’t dream that and how I killed her, but I knew I did, and it had something to do with a biciycle. My mother had no idea … and I was sure that nobody would ever find out, but then a young woman told me that a person monitoring the cameras in that airport waiting hall had watched me how I had been staring directly at that camera all the time. And I saw myself sitting in that waiting area really staring right into the camera and I thought to myself – in the dream watching myself in the dream! – how stupid to do that, to look so suspicious. I thought in my dream that I wouldn’t be able to travel now, and I had intended to travel, to Maui, I think, because they sure would do a facial recognition test as soon as I gave them my passport. In real life, I must renew my passport and my ID, both expired, along with my Hawaii driver”s license, too. I wondered, in my dream, how I would get out of this … and my mother helped me to put the two frozen chickens into a plastic bag for me to transport them toward that cemetery …

Then the dream shifted to a New Year’s Eve situation, where I was in some kind of city on a hillside, and I had to get somwhere for New Year’s Eve, I had to bring someone into some apartment or meet someone there, and it feels like it was Sigi and Bob at the same time … but I was kind of lost or late, I just couldn’t find the right path. There were thick streams of people in the streets, and I had to take detours. It’ like I ran through small alleys and such, as I had to be at a certain place at midnight … and the entire time I caught glimpses of the clock on a city tower, and it was always about six minutes past twelve! So I kept thinking, wow, the clock is wrong, or it was already midnight and New Year’s Eve has started, but why don’t people know that? No fireworks, no cheering …

I walked and hurried and ran to meet someone … and I did end up in some kind of room, but the dream feels unsolved, like I did not accomplish what I had set out to do …

Then I woke up … my stomach and live pain was gone.

(And soon after that I was dunked head first into Maui life … and my own very personal very deep longing. So that young woman calls Maui her second home? Fuck her!)

(Later)

Drove to see my mother. On the way I kept talking to myself about how I'd get the bag of nutrition bottles to my father, since we don't have an "appointment" … Before that, during a walk along treehouse field, I also talked to Edith that she must help me out here and inspire me to do the right thing.

I kept flashing back to the strange dream …

There was the license plate number "**222 EV**" that drove by me on my way to Velden, and I saw "Haulani 222 forever".

My mother was fine and happy to receive all the nutrition bottles. She seemed a bit absent-minded, but she talked totally normally. She wasn't very patient with me, and I also was in kind of a hurry, and for the first time I had taken my laptop with me into her apartment, and actually did a job there. Briefly, and it was strange, because my mother only sat there, doing nothing … but it was okay. I thought about how my father has two houses and a big garden and probably barely gets to just sit there.

After the visit I took Jacqui for a short walk into a nearby forest.

And then … I drove up the road to the cemetery, like in my dream, and I actually went to visit the grave of my grandmother Johanna and my grandfather Franz – where Edith's remains also are.

I broke out in tears, but I imagined the discarnates all around me, including Edith and I talked out loud that it's silly to cry over calcium remnants of a mortal shell … but the crying was more about regret of not having had more contact with the disca when they were inca and about the suffering of their mortal version … I put a tiny plastic flower to the lantern, the one that had been in my car for a long time.

On the way out of the cemetery I came by two women and heard them talk, one said something like "Was glaubst du, was der Schal gekostet hat", "Guess how much this scarf was", and something about the color blue. So I thought towards Edith that this conversation would be a great "anchor" to let me know that she was there … that they were there with me.

Then I drove by my father's house, sad to see it and think that Edith isn't there anymore … at the same time I had the feeling that I wouldn't ever be able to live there, in their "realm", their territory, from which my father and Edith had kept me away just like from them for more than forty years …

I did call my father to tell him that I was going to leave the nutrition bottles at the garden door handle, just so that he'd take them in so that they won't freeze … and to my utter surprise, he sounded entirely fine and rejected my offer, because he doesn't like those bottles. So he remembers from exactly a year ago when I had brought them to him already and Edith had tried to convince and persuade him to drink them, but she told me he hated the taste and wouldn't drink them. I think eventually he did, but that's what Edith told me … It was strange, how clear my father sounded – and he told me that he wasn't in the "shape" to meet me, he will take time. And something in his voice alerted me, because it was all about him being someone to need time to kind of "forgive" me? Like it was hard for him to see me because I was such a problem … geezus fucking Christ, I thought, it's exactly going on like always!

*I said out loud to the **invisible Edith** next to me* that I realize that I must be very careful. I offered to walk the dog Sandy if my father wasn't up for it, some time, and then he broke out in tears and said that the dog "is all that is left of Edith" … and somehow I recoiled inside somewhat. It's not about Edith's suffering and how he hopes she is fine now, it's like how he is a victim. I have been there … I know what grief is like. But inside of me, the alarm bells rang.

We ended the conversation politely, and then I swore to myself – talking out loud – that in the event of my father and me really meeting, I will entirely stand up for myself and my trust and respect his grief but won't buy into his victim game towards me or Edith. My father was always an asshole to me and often to Edith. I'm not supposed to forget that – as much as I'm so sorry for his loss. It's my loss, too. Edith knows it all now. That's a relief.

I drove towards Griffen thinking that I'm in fact entirely alone, still. Yes, my mother is fine, but she wouldn't care about me from her side. Neither would my father. I also talked to Edith how it's a pity that we didn't get to be friends, but she also was an asshole just like my father towards me, and she had to always stick to loyalty to him and lash out towards me just like he had. She also kept a lot of greetings and messages that I had written or sent to her for my father via email from him … and this is a topic that I won't let go at all. It's the time of truth now. I will not be my narcissist father's next prey. Nope.

On the way back, I was desperately longing for a sign from Edith, and after a truck that drove in front of me overtook the truck in front of him so that I got to drive behind that one, I noticed the most interesting artwork on that truck! A **half smiley** – like a "Naupaka Smiley", the other half being "on the other side", and **a dragon-dog head with a a muscular arm making a fist!** I understood *"Dany, you have the power",* with a well-meaning smirk from the "Beyond". Seriously I totally thought that.. "You go, Dany!" Bob was calling out.

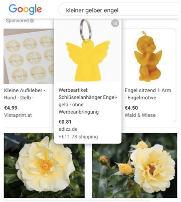
Then I saw a tiny little ***"yellow angel"*** sticker on a car that overtook me at very high speed. And I had to think about the "*little golden owl*" that had come to my mind regarding Edith just yesterday …

Then a car with the license plate number "**ROCK 1**" drove by me! Exactly the same like the other day! And then: "**222 EO**" drove by me on my way to Velden, and I saw in that a"*Haulani 222*" shoutout!

(Later)

Oh funny, I just googled "**small yellow angel"** – and what I found was a **small yellow owl!** Look! Then I found an angel too, to illustrate what the one on the car looked like … but how curious, that the owl showed up, too! Also interesting: I thought intensely of my ***grandfather Franz,*** standing on his grave, and with the "yellow" angel came **yellow roses** by the name of "gelber Engel", "yellow angel"! ***And my grandfather Franz was a renowned breeder of roses!*** I grew up in a huge rose garden, where my father and Edith then lived, alone, after my grandmother Johanna died in 1987 (saw that on the grave today, and Franz died in 1980). And Edith loved roses too! And I have to think of Betty White right now, a big garden lady!

Gelber Engel Schlüsselbund, lustiger ...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Wow! Is that all supposed to be seen and "counted together" by me? Sure feels like it!

(Later)

Picked an episode of "**Bull**", a tv-series Bob loved, to watch with spinach dinner, but I didn't like it at all. I googled "good tv shows 2020", and found ***"White Lines"***, started watching the episode 1 without knowing what it was about. Sure enough … the female main character says right at the beginning: *"I did not know how destructive the truth can be."* No shit.

And then … **a corpse**! A dried out corpse! Her brother! Wow, just today, after me standing at a grave and trying to not imagine the skelettons in there and Edith's ashes … ***I got the most perfect view of a human shell that there could possibly be.*** It feels like a pat on the shoulder, saying to me *"That's right, we aren't in the graves, it's really just material remnants of our shells."*

Yup.

Thank you for emphasizing.

One important thing is also that the main character said that no, her brother didn't leave her, didn't give up on her – he was murdered. Meaning that someone leaving their mortal form doesn't mean they leave. What I've been saying myself a lot and practicing to have the right words to say to my father.

And also: The young man whose corpse I was seeing – again **blond with side bangs,** like the one in my vision.

Just realize that the "11" I found in the snow on Saturday may just be "white lines", too.

Wow,

I wish synchronicity would be a major topic of teaching all over the world. I wish that this contact diary will one day be a world wide bestseller. Just for the learning that every mortal can draw from it.

"White Lines" brings tears to my eyes … seeing a young man, the blond one, so happy about being in freedom in Spain … I had to think so intensely of my brother Peter who died at 27, who suffered so horribly and had so much bad luck in his young life, and I realized how few things we actually ever did together, how distant we were ... due to the horrific family situation … my parents were poison to each other and poisoned our young souls … and now it's just me, an older woman with my old parents, my brother long dead, and I'm here, in this mortal swamp, thinking. Peter loved to surf, and he went off windsurfing a lot when he already had a family … I never joined him, never thought of being with him, I was in Vienna then, in a toxic destructive relationship with a drug addict … always only coming "home" to my mother's small apartment, where my angry brother with his cancer moved back in … just before dying. Horrible years there, while we were both still in school, violence from my brother, despair from me, my mother drinking and worse … and my father in the home where I had grown up and then living in my grandparents big house, with Edith, not wanting to have anything to do with Peter and me … and now Edith is gone. And my father needs me … but – does he? I think it's true in one way. In another way not at all.

Edith and Peter are now talking directly and trying to reach me … I'm sure. And I hope they are with Bob. I don't want to watch "White Lines". I think it was only for me to be reminded of my brother Peter. I miss him, I miss having had a real relationship with him. Neither of us, of any of our family members had a nice and strong and loving relationship with any of us … we were a broken family from the beginning.

And now:

What's the point?

January 19, 2021 – **Amazing clouds, Bob Talking & the Bob Cat**

The weirdest **cloud formations** today on Schlossberg mountain … like "**bowling pins**" …

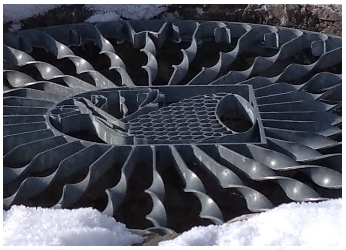
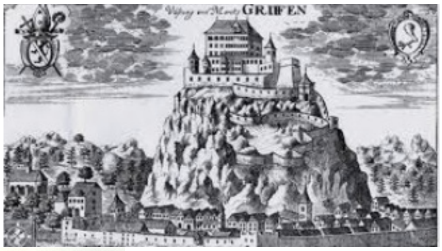
… connecting with a huge cloud in the shape of some "**whale**" *right above the area where I live, Rakounig* …

… a **cloud ball** mimicking what I was seeing on the ground … Someone had drawn an "**S**" in the crisp snow, seems fitting …

And there was the "**Haleakala**" view of the Koralpe mountain, so similar … and that amazing fit of the **outline** of the whale cloud and an **ancient stone** wall straightup …

The **view West** made me sad … seems so far away where my mother and my father are … I really wish I'd live closer to them.

Then I also realized that the "**dragondog muscle arm**" that I saw *on the truck* yesterday is really very similar to the "**claw-arm**" that is part of the "**Griffen code of arms**", actually. I saw the "claw-arm" of the bird "**Greif**" after which Griffen is named, an *ancient bird of prey*, as a metal structure on a sort of chimney today, and then it dawned on me.

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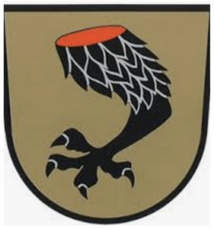
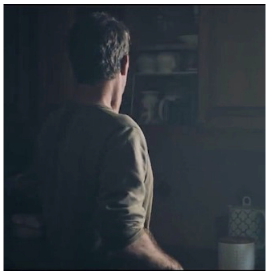
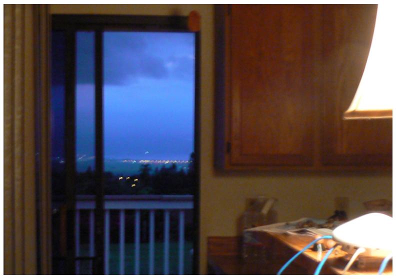


(Later)

Picked a random ***movie, "Run, Hide, Fight"*** – and one of the first scenes was: **Our kitchen in housie**! Jesus Christ! The same **cupboard** with the **window** and the cups and the atmosphere and even – the **man**! Like **Bob**! The view feels West, too, and the same **wooden panel design!** Oh shit … I've been longing to be with Bob so much today. I've been imagining to open that cupboard so many times in the last weeks … ***and here it manifested visually in a movie!***





In that movie, there is a dead mother who keeps appearing to her daughter who is in real-life-peril … oh man, I was really surprised. Because it's a movie about a school-shooting! No way to anticipate a dead person talking to her living daughter about being dead and how to deal with dead folks! But there it was:

You died, there is nothing
I can do to change that.

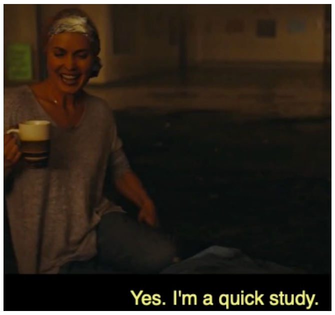
But how many times
did I die in your mind since then?

When it happens fast

there's often no pain at all.

Suddenly you're the expert on death?

You only did it once.

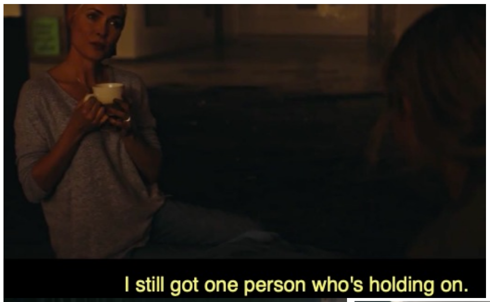

Yes. I'm a quick study.

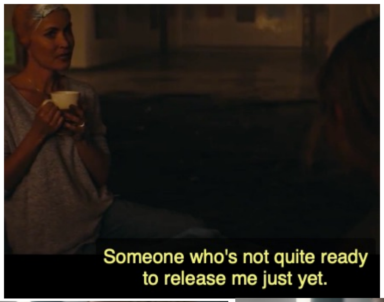
There is a *dead man on the floor* at some point:

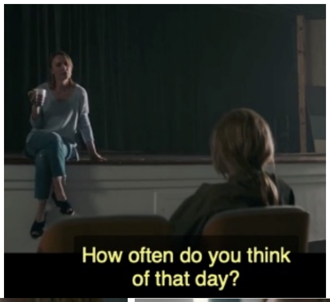
Do I close his eyes?

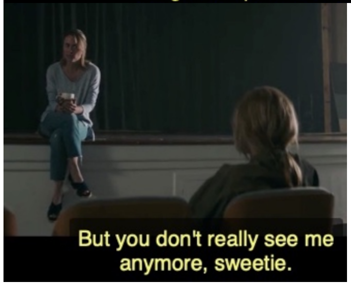
Well, he's not here anymore, sweetie.

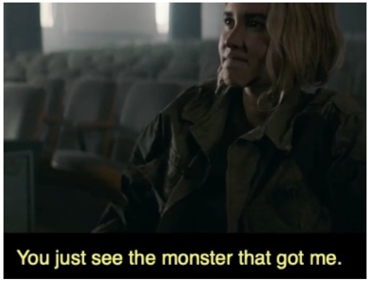
He's free of all attachments now.

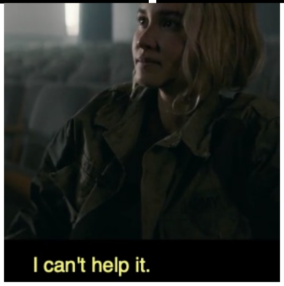

I still got one person who's holding on.

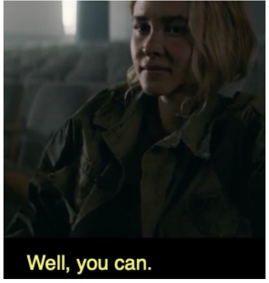

Someone who's not quite ready
to release me just yet.


How often do you think
of that day?

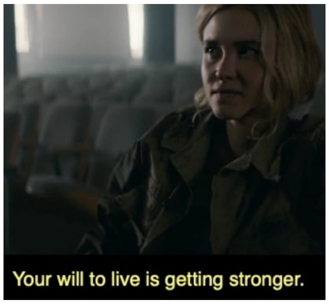

But you don't really see me
anymore, sweetie.

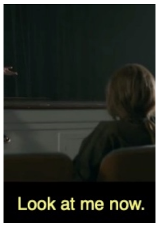

You just see the monster that got me.

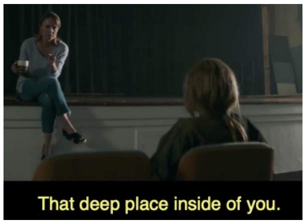

I can't help it.

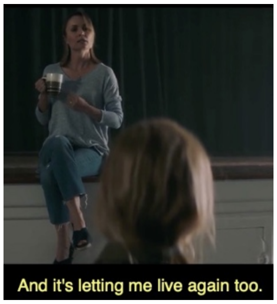

Well, you can.

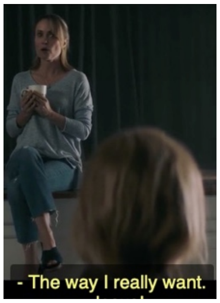
Then it's about turning towards life as a mortal, so that the dead can prosper, too! Really deep thoughts in that otherwise horrible movie!


Your will to live is getting stronger.

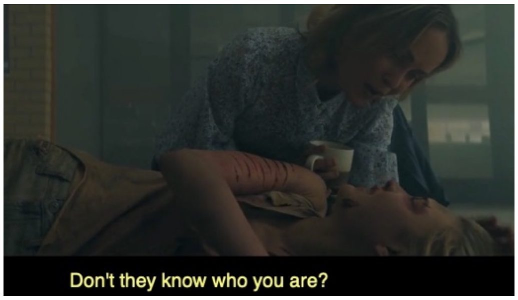

Look at me now.


That deep place inside of you.


And it's letting me live again too.


- The way I really want.

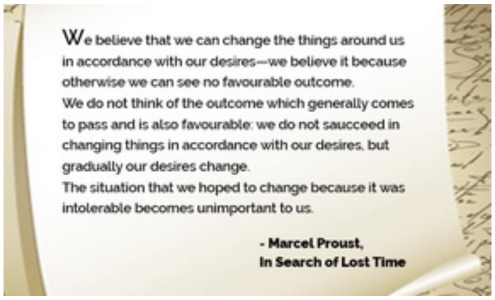
Even the subject of feeling so very much in the wrong place and not been appreciated and "seen" by other mortals is being dealt with:


Don't they know who you are?

I've also been careful with my stomach and bladder and generally abdomen, because something is going on in there for sure. Can't die just yet, I don't think. Trying not to stuff anything and everything into my face like I've been. Made some black radish salad today, Inge gifted me with three black radish roots, supposedly it's good against inflammations of the belly. Wow. I didn't tell her a word about my belly troubles.

On Schlossberg mountain I saw the full **smiley** again … had all forgotten about it. Yesterday I saw a "Naupaka" "half" one …

(Later)
In the movie, a ***teacher*** *in "Run. Hide. Fight."* reads a quote from a novel by ***Marcel Proust*** … speaks to me … wow:

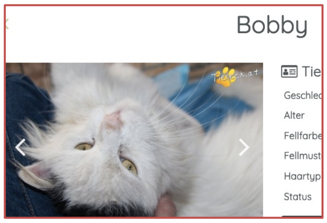


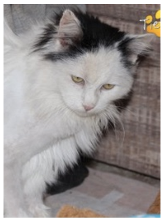
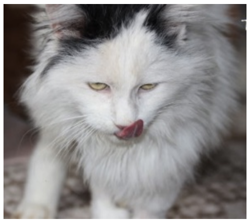
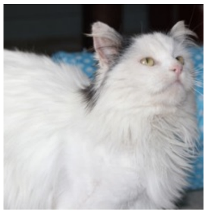
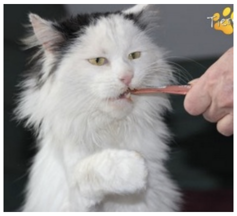
We believe that we can change the things around us in accordance with our desires—we believe it because otherwise we can see no favourable outcome.
We do not think of the outcome which generally comes to pass and is also favourable: we do not saucceed in changing things in accordance with our desires, but gradually our desires change.
The situation that we hoped to change because it was intolerable becomes unimportant to us.

- Marcel Proust,
In Search of Lost Time

Okay. Wise, huh. So much I don't agree with, never believed. I do know that we manifest what we put our intentions and attention to … even when we aren't even aware that we do.
Oh cool, teach just said that Marcel Proust died the same day he finished that very novel! Now, what am I to learn from this? Oh, I know: We have a fucking "kuleana", and first we must finish it, then we graduate = die.
And it's so fucking individual our path. No, my father won't get to continue with his bullshit. I'm going to tell him my mind about how he excluded me and badmouthed me all my life, and I'll demand he make good for all this shit.
(Later)
Oh, and there is a **dead mother** who speaks to the main character, "**Zoe**" … about how her daughter doesn't ***"see her anymore, only the monster who got her"***, meaning – cancer. And she says other things as if Bob was talking to me.

(Later)
Sometimes I visit a ***cat-adoption website***, just to make sure Momi isn't on it … and there is a **cat named Bobby** – and I swear he looks just like Bob! Even the ears with the Hobbit-hairs …



January 20, 2021 **– The Dumplings & the Red Apple & the Stone**

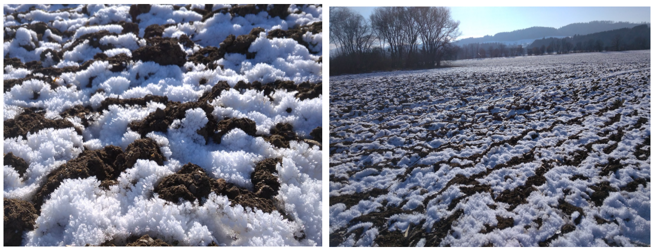
Drove to Wolfsberg to deposit my account-closing check of Central Pacific Bank – turned out that my bank refuses to accept any foreign bank checks, for reasons of money-laundering-prevention. Geez, I'm beyond pissed off. Gotta find out now what to do with the check! Before that …

… I took Jacqui on a nice walk along the field paths at the St. Andrae lake ***along the river Lavant*** … As always the view of the *Koralpe mountain* that looks so much like ***Haleakala mountain*** excites me and devastates me at the same time.

I tried to imagine being a millionaire and talking to "C" about the project, asking her if she wants to be part of it and my assistant … A lottery win would be in order.

Along the field path I asked for *something to be "put into my hand"* and – boom! Right away I "saw" ***two soft white dumpling-type round thingies***, close to each other, with a kind of structured surface, looking like they were filled with something. "Oh come on," I said, "dumplings, really?"

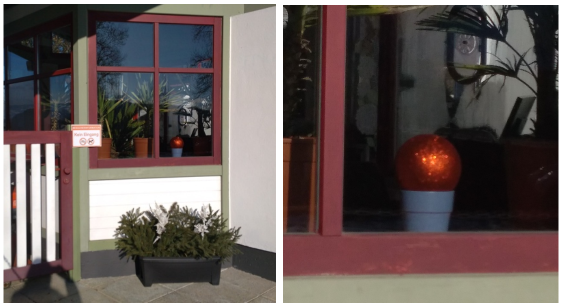
I walked on, took a turn … and just minutes later, I turned around and looked back along the path where Jacqui and I had just walked … and there they were! The ***white round thingies***, close together, filled with something! It was the strange structure of the soil on that side of the field! Had I not turned around and looked, I wouldn't have seen what I had just "received in my hand"! Bob was with me! I asked him to hold hands with me … reminisced about Maui …



I just now remember that I had a very intense dream, can't recall, but about being on Maui, I think.

So at the end of the walk, I stretched my hand out and asked Bob to put something into it to prove to me that he was with me … and boom! Without an instant of hesitation – a **"red apple".** I said out loud "*Oh come, on! An apple, really? Okay, I guess I have to accept it!"*

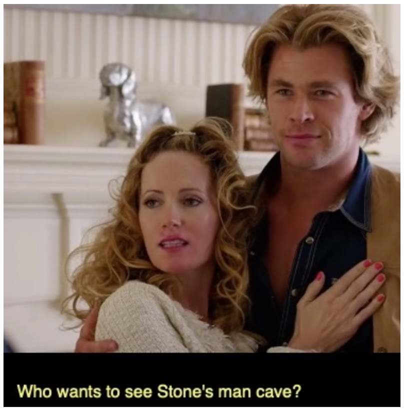
Just a few minutes later, I walked towards my car by the little hut that in summer serves as reception for the bathing guests – and there it was: **a red ball in the window!** The *red apple*! Bob had told me that he was right with me and saw what I saw or knew what I was going to see! He couldn't have told my consciousness that I was going to see a red Christmas decoration item … so it was a red apple that my subconscious would readily accept!



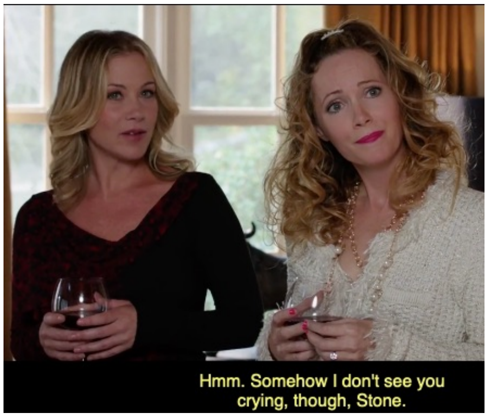
That was instantaneous … breathtaking in a way. Numbing, too. So really – he is dead and yet alive and with me! And we are communicationg just like this? Also … I was reminded of the "***white thing with two sticking out sharp parts***" that looked like a **white napkin** that was "put into my hand" the other day … I saw dropped **paper handkerchiefs** all the time … and then also **patterns of someone's boots** … and I couldn't help think of that "white thing" … is this what I saw "in my hand"?

(Later)

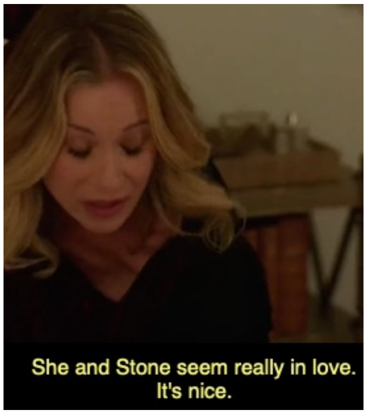
Now, that's funny! I picked a random movie, "**Vacation**", just because I saw it was a comedy with Chris Yummie Hemsworth in it … and guess what? His name is – "**Stone**"!



Who wants to see Stone's man cave?



Hmm. Somehow I don't see you crying, though, Stone.

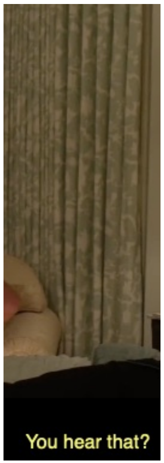


She and Stone seem really in love. It's nice.

These pants Stone gave me are really
stretched out in the crotch.

Man, it sure is beautiful here
this time of year, ain't it?

And quiet. Listen.


You hear that?

- No.
- Exactly. It's perfect silence.

- Night, Stone.
- Good night, Stone.

Oh geez … “**Stone**” has a huge **dick** and talks about “**perfect silence**”. The thing is … yesterday, I thought about Bob’s project with Tom V., ***“The Quietest Place On Earth”*** and how T. screwed him over on that one, too, and how the only time Bob and I were up on Haleakala was for filming an interview for that documentary. And today, a character by the name of ***“Stone” talks about – silence!*** And ***the dick is most important*** *… oh, no shit, it was, right, Stoneman?*

Yes, even “Stone man” was said out loud!

(I have to stop watching this, I can’t bear it right now.)

(Later)

Back home, I realized something … after the walk I went to do some shopping at a grocery store … and I bought spontaneously something that I hadn’t ever seen before and that I normally don’t like very much, peanuts covered in white chocolate. I ate it already in the car, driving home, and I shared it with Bob, thinking how much he loved peanuts, and that he’d entirely enjoy it … and then it hit me: Those are the **“dumpling like white thingies”** that I had “received in my hand! There were something ***edible***! So the theory that they were the snow structures on the field … was just that. But I suddenly held in my hand what I had seen! Not just two, but **many such creamy white bulging round edibles!**

January 21, 2021 – **The Man in the Door & 910**

Oh wow.

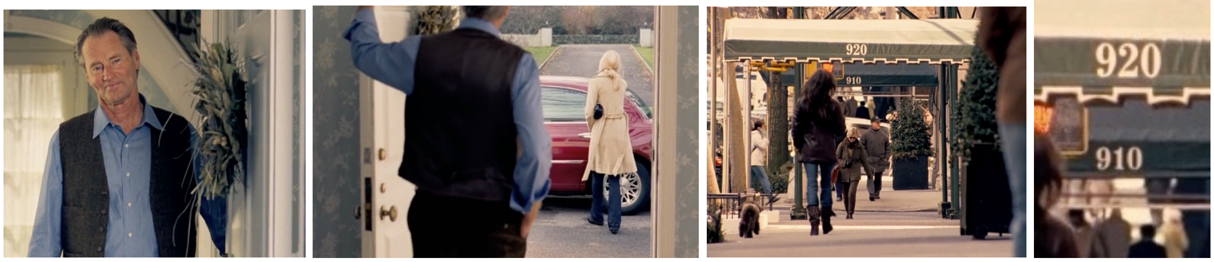
A day with a sad heart. Not sure why. Someone from Velden gov called and told me that there is a free apartment in Velden, will go to check it out tomorrow. Strangely, my heart sank, about the location, mostly, it reminds me so much of Edith, because at a pond nearby there I once took a walk with her, and I walked her dog Sandy there a year ago and sent Edith photos of it …

Then I worked (a lot), took Jacqui for a short walk …

Sparkling **ice crystals** seemed to reflect the "**diamond**" I had "received in my palm" the other day. But maybe I was just fishing for manifestation. I saw **clouds "connecting"** … almost made me cry.

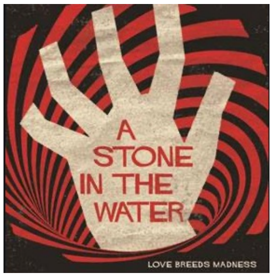
… and then, during dinner, to distract myself, I switched on a silly movie, ***"The Accidental Husband*"** with Uma Thurman … I only skipped through it, but then, I suddenly realized why I was supposed to look into it:

A man stood in the door, the "father" of the lead character "Emma", ***just like Bob,*** just like he had looked at me so many times, standing in the door, when I had arrived or left … *just like I had remembered it so often in the last weeks* … and right then, one of the next scenes, there was a **market** with the **numbers "910"** and "920"! Wow! There are no odds. None. This is a message from Bob.



I miss so much being with him, it takes my breath away, literally, at times. My heart has been acting up, too, and I'm getting age spots in my face fast.

(Later)
Went to a movie-site, and the very first poster there featured **"A Stone in the Water"**. Right. Yes, alright, I felt like changing my **desktop image** to a "stone" that resembles the "wishing stone" also called "dream stone" in "Wonder Woman" … That stone in the desert reminds me of Namibia … and by that of my "very old self from many decades ago" way before my brother Peter died of cancer and before I met Bob … I was a person before then, too.

movies to wa
Outrageous Stuff
Wohnunge


A STONE IN THE WATER
Love Breeds Madness

January 22, 2021 **– the White Swan**

I drove to Velden to check out an apartment that I had been notified about … and I went there, and the location is right next to the entrance to a parking garage, very close to a round-about and and shopping center. So … well. I met two women who live in the house, and they told me that a man had lived in the apartment, but ***in October he had died of cancer.*** Oh wow, that was so strange to be in that apartment.

So anyway … I looked around a bit, and I had such a strong feeing of the man's presence … but I kind of ignored it. I did feel touched by the items in the apartment that told of his life … and the woman in the office had told me that if I were to take the apartment, the furniture could be taken out of it. I might not take it, it's just so very noisy there, building sites closeby too … but, it's very cheap: 180 Euro per month! It urgently needs to be painted, though, and that should be done before anyone could move into it.

Went to visit my mother, but first I took Jacqui on a walk through the very wet forest with heavy snow. My heart was very heavy thinking of that man …

With my mother, we then had a very lovey conversation, she was so clear and sharp and listened to me talking about the apartment, and she also chatted, it was lovely.

It started to rain heavily … and driving back, I began to think about that dead man in the apartment again, with a heavy heart and comparing it with Bob and how he was alone and suffering in housie and what may have happened to all the furniture there … and I thought that the man must have been around in that apartment, in spirit … and I talked to him and said, "Hey, dead man that I don't know, if you were with me, I'd like to know." And right then, ***a white swan*** *appeared in front of my inner eye!* Without a split second of hesitation, it was right there, poof! I thought that maybe Bob was giving me the answer, because why would a dead stranger have any connection with me, and I really don't want that connection, really.

I felt quite touched, though, recalling the details of the little place where he must have suffered, horribly. So a white swan, huh. Well … encountering that one I'd have to go close to some water …

(Note:) And just now that I'm writing this down I remember that in the neighborhood of that apartment is a ***pond, the "Bäckerteich",*** "baker's pond", and it used to *be very famous for all the swans there*, and even Edith and I went for a walk there one, when I didn't have a dog, but she had her first Beagly, Gipsy … Maybe the "swan" image did have a meaning in terms of the location, then? I had even told my mother that inspite of all the disadvantages of the place there is the proximity to "baker's pond" … So maybe Edith was there, too?

Driving back, I also saw a license plate number "**818 HI**", and that made me quiet down spontaneously, because it's such a "Hawaii" greeting. Also, I saw "**408 DU**", and everything with a clear "48" has to do with sound … remember, the 48000 Hz for video production? It feels like "code" between Bob and me "Can you hear me?" or "I hear you."

Then, a car drove by with the **sticker "Ready to Rock Your Business?"** And it baffled me, because the last two times I had drive back from visiting my mother I had been overtaken by the same car each time, with the license plate number "***ROCK*** 1"! And today again "**Rock**"!

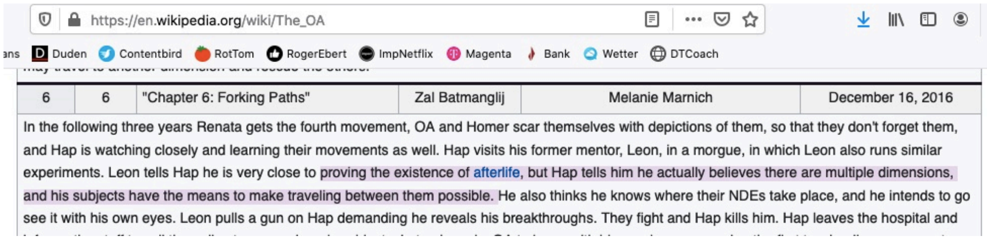
(Later)

I took a look into an Indian movie, "***White Tiger***", but I didn't like it at all … only got alert by the images of ***Flamingos*** right next to ***white horses,*** and that seemed odd, after seeing the "white swan" …

NEW YORK
BANGALORE
LONDON
BEIJING

January 23, 2021 – **The Carrot, The OA & the Swan & Visit to the Afterlife**

Oh my. I started watching a TV-series with one of my favorte actresses, *Brit Marling*, called **"The OA"**. It's some abduction drama, and that's what I was looking for, some crime story. But it started to piss me off right away – even thought I realized that it must have to do something with the "realm of the dead". I didn't muster up the patience to keep watching and read up on it … and there it is, oh wow! ***It's about folks working to prove the existence of the afterlife!*** And they are jumping dimensions! Wow! How did I find that thing? Well, that's a silly question. I might skip through diverse episodes that appeal to me … because the story isn't really to my liking with the dimension-jumping which is only possible in one's mind and not as actual mortal bodies … but hey! There it is, my favorite topic! And ***"O. A." means "Original Angel".*** Like that woman has a special role in helping mankind in understanding that there is an afterlife. **Hey – that's me, in real life, folks!**



6	6	"Chapter 6: Forking Paths"	Zal Batmanglij	Melanie Marnich	December 16, 2016

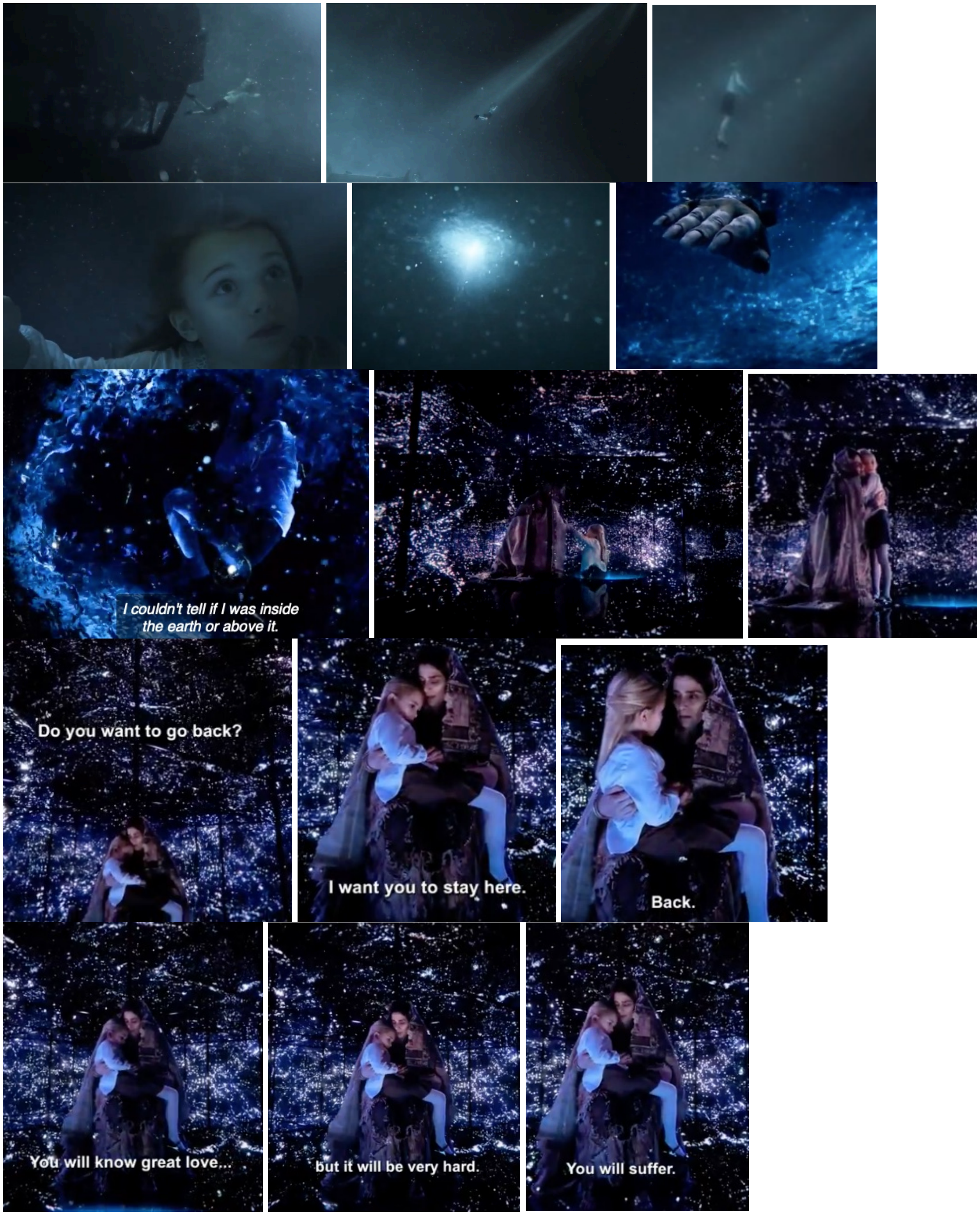
In the following three years Renata gets the fourth movement, OA and Homer scar themselves with depictions of them, so that they don't forget them, and Hap is watching closely and learning their movements as well. Hap visits his former mentor, Leon, in a morgue, in which Leon also runs similar experiments. Leon tells Hap he is very close to proving the existence of afterlife, but Hap tells him he actually believes there are multiple dimensions, and his subjects have the means to make traveling between them possible. He also thinks he knows where their NDEs take place, and he intends to go see it with his own eyes. Leon pulls a gun on Hap demanding he reveals his breakthroughs. They fight and Hap kills him. Hap leaves the hospital and

Funnily, there is an ***octopus*** involved … and that's odd because of my attachment to the Hawaiian saying "Pua ke ko, ku mai ka he'e", "When the sugarcane tassels, the squid comes out". And squid and octopus are really similar. And the "ko", the sugarcane tassels in November. When Bob died. That's when I was forced to deal with the "afterlife" … anyway. Just a thought.

(Later)
Wow!
Took Jacqui on a walk around *beaver swamp* … nobody out there because of the rainy weather. I saw a car with the license plate number "**808 DA**", and I thought that this was quite cool …
I thought of Bob intensely and talked to him, provocatively, and to "them" when I saw the **fog**, and how it's their "habitat" and that they should show themselves in the for. Of course I also said *"It's all fogged up"* like Bob said it jokingly so often …

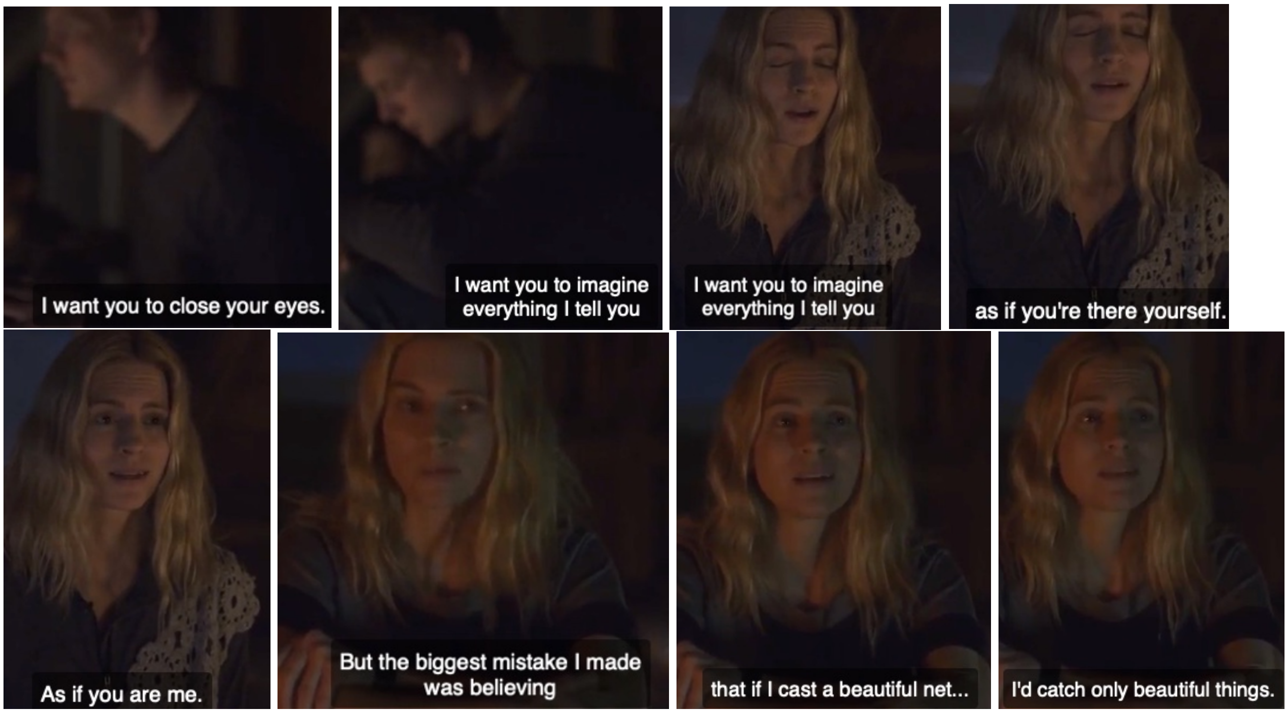
A little later I asked from ***"something to put into my hand" by Bob***, to prove that he is with me, and – boom! **Carrot**! I said, "Oh please, *a carrot?* But then, well, so be it." I tried to keep myself from watching out for something carrot-like, because I shouldn't expect it … and then I forgot about it.

I kept thinking about the TV series **"The O.A."**, where there storyline, as I read on Wikipedia, is based on … wait for it: ***Near-death-experiences, where death people instruct the sleeping or near dead mortals what to do to forward the research about proving the existence of the afterlife!***
Jesus Christ, I had no idea such a program even exists!


I couldn't tell if I was inside
the earth or above it.
Do you want to go back?
I want you to stay here.
Back.
You will know great love...
but it will be very hard.
You will suffer.

Then, I cooked some *Sauerkraut with Couscous* for Jacqui and me, to do something good for our digestion. And there it was! It made me really smile! **One single tiny piece of carrot** in the sauerkraut and Couscous! Nothing else in there! No veggies … and the piece of carrot must have come from the brothcube I put in there! I knew immediately that this was the “carrot” “in my hand” … and as I’m writing this, just a few minutes later, I know that Bob is looking over my shoulder.

So I guess l I’ll look into various episodes of **“The O.A.”** and get from it what I’m supposed to get. I had the feeling that the entire series was *“made for me”*, I don’t know yet what to do with the discovery, except for the content as a form of synchronicity telling me in my real-life experience that I’m in the middle of … well, “***the project***” and thereby: the truth.



I want you to close your eyes.

I want you to imagine everything I tell you

I want you to imagine everything I tell you

as if you're there yourself.

As if you are me.

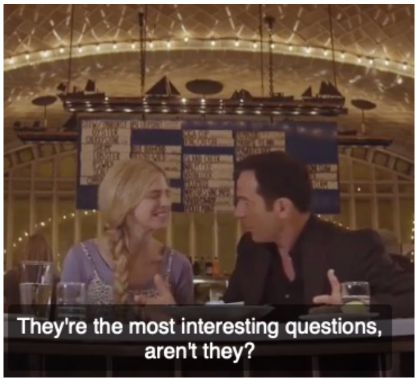
But the biggest mistake I made was believing

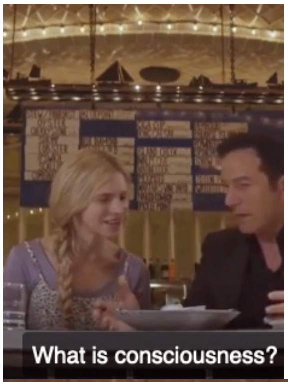
that if I cast a beautiful net...

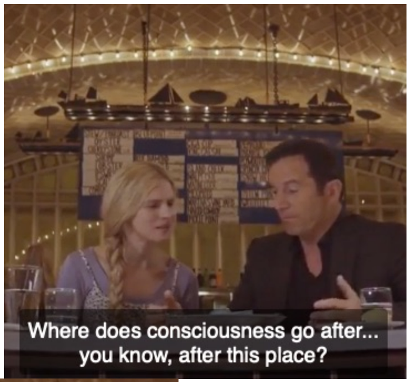
I'd catch only beautiful things.

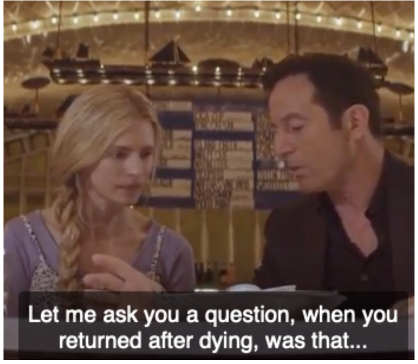
There are **aireal shots** of landscapes … like one would see if one was not attached to the ground … a straight path, how ironic … very meaningful.

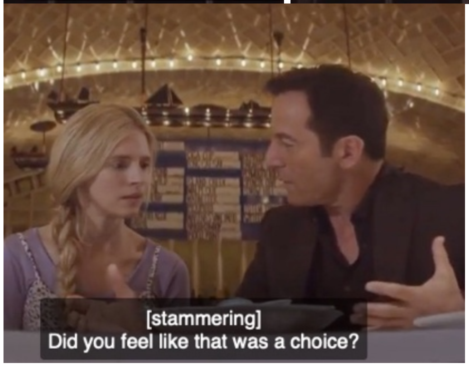
Oh geez, so much of what is said in **"The O. A."** seems to be taken directly out of my life … and my conversations with Bob, in the mortal realm and in the inter-realm phase …


They're the most interesting questions,
aren't they?

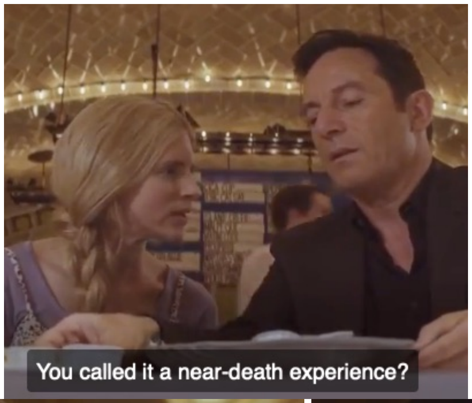

What is consciousness?

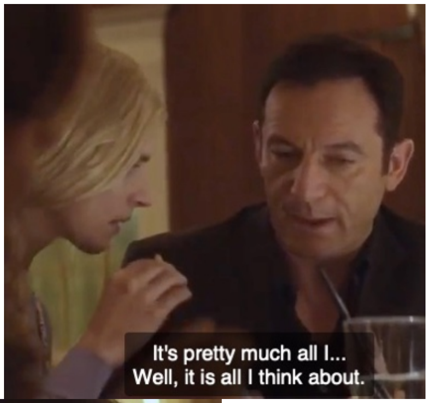

Where does consciousness go after...
you know, after this place?

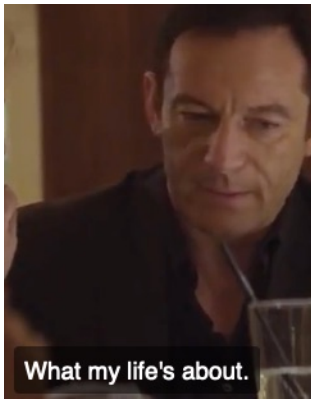

Let me ask you a question, when you
returned after dying, was that...

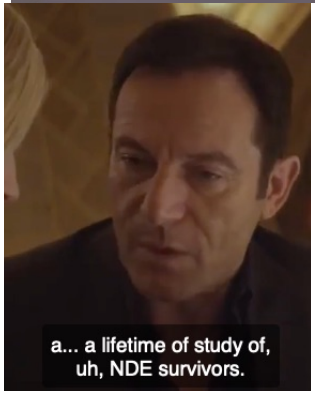

[stammering]
Did you feel like that was a choice?

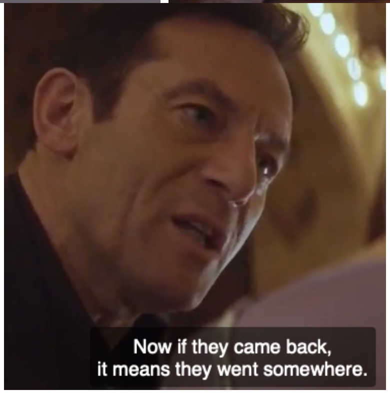
Oh, it's good to hear said out loud what I'm all about. (It even rhymes …)

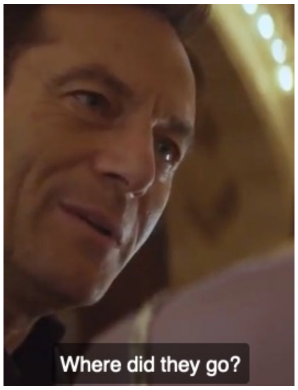

You called it a near-death experience?


It's pretty much all I...
Well, it is all I think about.


What my life's about.

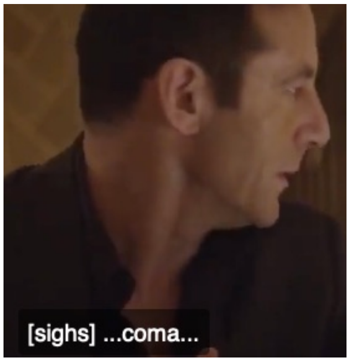

a... a lifetime of study of,
uh, NDE survivors.

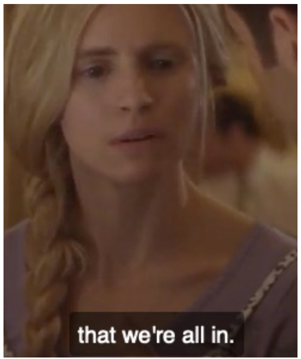

Now if they came back,
it means they went somewhere.


Where did they go?

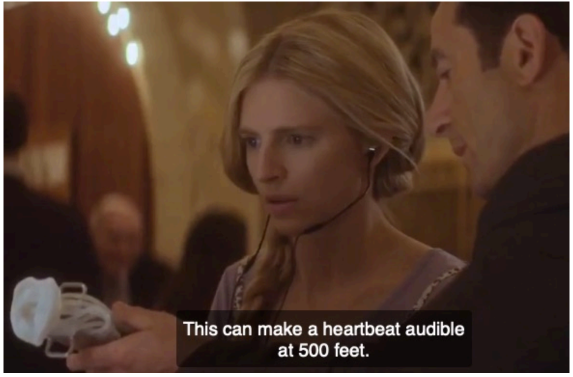
We’re all in some kind of “coma” … I’ve read that and thought that several times since Bob’s death … and I kind of thought that before …

is that you have traveled outside this...


[sighs] ...coma...


that we're all in.

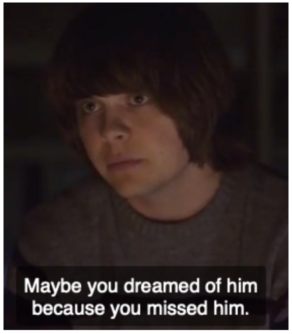
So, like I said, a lot of it is about trying to hear the whoosh, okay?


This can make a heartbeat audible at 500 feet.

Oh, even the audio topic! Trying to hear Bob!

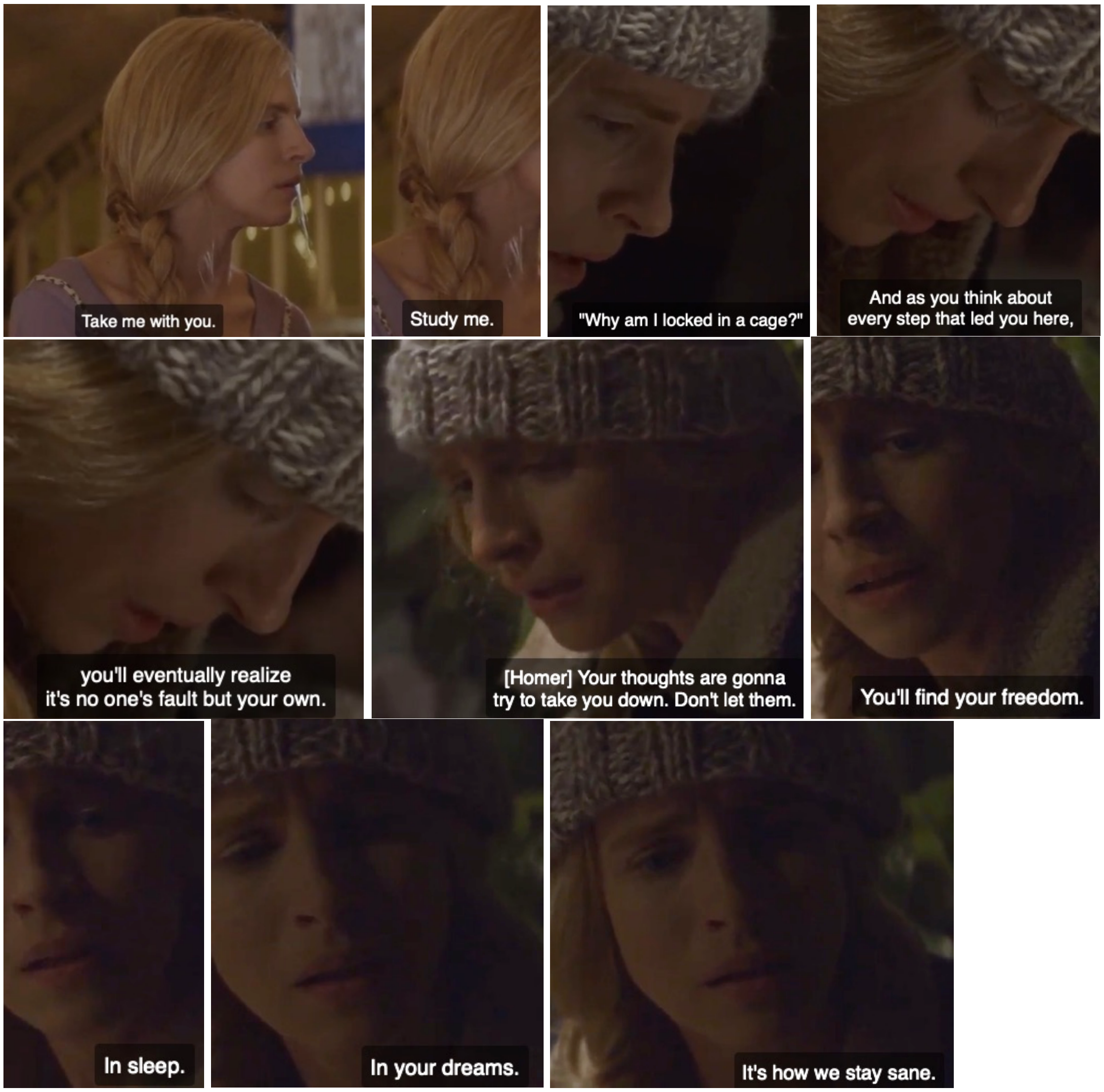
How odd … to hear and see it in a TV-series. A fake story. When I’m doing it for real. Asking myself how I got there, and even that got answered … plus the most important question: What’s with my **dreams**? *Are some of them the real encounters with discarnate translated by my subconscious?*

that he was waiting for me, that he was calling for me.

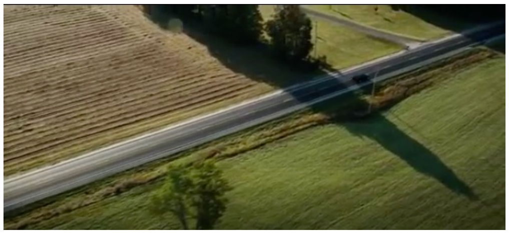

Maybe you dreamed of him because you missed him.

Hmm, normal dreams don't make your nose bleed.

And yes, I must keep my thoughts right and realize that everything … everything is part of a big picture.


Take me with you.
Study me.
"Why am I locked in a cage?"
And as you think about every step that led you here,
you'll eventually realize it's no one's fault but your own.
[Homer] Your thoughts are gonna try to take you down. Don't let them.
You'll find your freedom.
In sleep.
In your dreams.
It's how we stay sane.

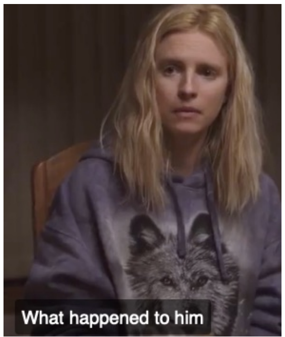
I tried to watch the TV-series **"Escape at Dannemora"** … but couldn't, too long drawn … only one image struck me … a shadow crossing a path … feels meaningful.



(Later) **The Bath!**

I had to smirk, seriously! Last night I did what I hadn't done in decades: **I took a bath!** And just now, there was a short scene of "**the O. A." taking the same "bath" like I had done**, with only little water, soaping her face and splashing water onto her body just like I had done last night! Wow! I have never seen anything like this in any movie! And last night I was tempted to take a picture of myself, but then forgot about it …

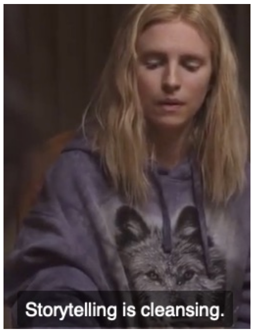
And there is a reference to **Bob** … the disca … and our still ongoing story. And an original quote …



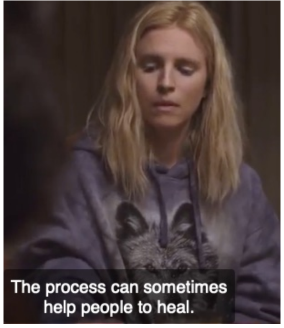
What happened to him

makes him a creature apart.

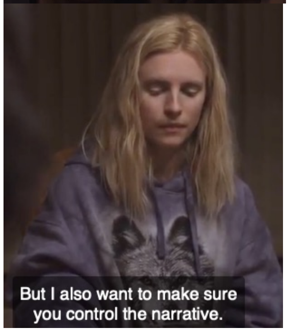
On a different frequency, you know?



Storytelling is cleansing.



The process can sometimes help people to heal.



But I also want to make sure you control the narrative.

You're right. I am an asshole.

(Later) **The Swan!**

Oh wow!

Now something amazing happened! I've been working on putting pictures into this contact diary section … and meanwhile I had the standup comedy Michael McIntyre on, a Britsh comedian … and he had really made me laugh! So I kept clicking on his various program sketches from the Youtube-list … and suddenly there it was: *"What Did You Do To My Swan"!* My **swan**! I had "seen" a swan yesterday, spontanteously, when I had thought about that **dead man** *whose apartment I had just visited! I had asked to "let me know"* – if I had not been alone in that apartment, but I'm sure it was Bob who answered, not that stranger who hasn't been dead long.

What Did You Do To My Swan? | Michael McIntyre Stand Up Comedy

MICHAEL McINTYRE
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY SWAN?

Michael McIntyre Stand Up Comedy ...
youtube.com

And here is a swan now!?! *In a standup comedian's program list ...* I haven't seen anything related to a swan in years! Only today, right after a swan showed up in front of my inner eye when I was addressing a dead person I had never known, I saw a swan in a standup comedian's program!

Oh wow! I watched McIntyre for more than an hour, just couldn't stop clicking on his videos ... ***until "What did you do to my swan?" came up next on the list!***

I really hope that Bob was laughing too, he would have, as a mortal, loved the British humor and Michael's way of speaking. I had to laugh out loud several times, which is very unusual for me.

January 24, 2021 – **The Morning in Housie with Pi'i & the Hawaiian Song for a Cat**

Today, Sunday, I woke up ***"being on Maui"***, walking towards "housie", then entering ... with Bob. It was so clear, that I was very surprised, already awake. I closed my eyes again and imagined being there, and I slipped right in ... to the point that I asked Bob – in my thoughts – what that means. I have never had an easy change between here and there before, and the perspective was from the "me" there, so easily and fluently ... It was like I was really there, even though I was already awake in my bed. But I can't remember having dreamed anything.

Suddenly I remembered "**Pi'i**" so closely, the **black cat** that had shown up on our yard, and who then got befriended by Herb, Bob's assistant and friend who lived in the ohana-house on the same yard. I saw Herb lounge on the ground below our lanai, caressing the cat, for hours, they'd just hang out there. Herb fed the cat, but it still kept coming up the lanai to us, and because it was such a good climber, I called her "Pi'i", which means something like "*climbing up*". I think it was a female. Also I went back into my memories of how Pi'i was found run over by a car one day, right in front of housie, and Bob and Herb were both crying, and neither of them could handle picking up the corpse. So I did it. I grabbed cardboard and a towel, and as I stood bent over the dead beloved Pi'i, I saw something like a "tear" on her face, as if she had cried just before dying. I'll never forget that. In my mind then I recalled taking Pi'i under a tree in a large meadow not far from the house, but I don't recall burying her. I know that I told Herb where she was, and I think he went there, visiting, later. Herb then moved to Thailand, when he turned 50, and he said that he thought his life was over anyway at fifty. Bob and I thought that he was an idiot for thinking that ....

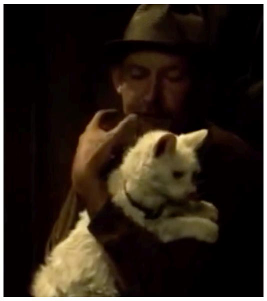
So this morning, after the walk with Jacqui, in the fresh snow, not much, but just enough to cover the paths ... and he sniffed intensely at the many *cat tracks*, and deer tracks were there also ... I had to think strongly of a TV-series that I had watched with great relish in 2007 and 2008 on Maui, "**Dirt**" with Courteney Cox, that was the year when I was alone a lot in the house ... I recalled yesterday that I had spent at least one and a half years actually alone in "housie", when Bob lived with Tom V. and John W. at Tom's or at a rental in Kula. I had loved "***Dirt***", about a tabloid magazine of the same name and it's publisher, played by the grandiose Cox and her love-hate-affair with an actor ... So I started watching "**Dirt**" it online.

And then it happened, only about 20 minutes into the series, we see the ***photographer, "Don"*** in his home, **holding his white cat,** and **Hawaiian music is playing, a very old recording of: "Aloha Oe"!**

I was stunned shitless ... The guy even looks a bit like Herb! And that Hawaiian song and a cat after I had practically woken up "in Hawaii" today thinknig of the cat "Pi'i" And "Don" says to a visitor, **that he**

was playing Hawaiian music for the cat because she likes it, and that the cat has cancer and it won’t likely get better!

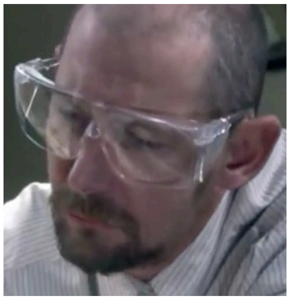
dirt
CREATED BY
>MATTHEW CARNAHAN



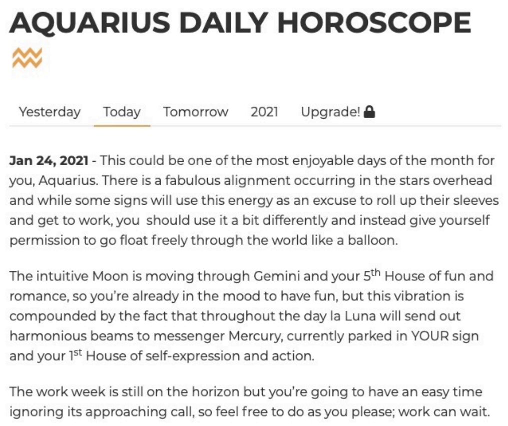
Wow, it can’t get any clearer than that.

It’s kind of a pinnacle of … well, of clear connectedness. Also … I had totally forgotten that the character “**Don**” ***falls in love with an actress, who is dead.*** And she lives with him. Yup, the dead woman, in bed with the mortal Don. How’s that for … well, reflection? And there is a scene of a **table reading** before a film production … oh, my wet dream!

(Later) Oh shit, “**Don**” is a bit of a crazy man, and his cat talks to him, saying: ***“I wish you had caught this cancer earlier, Don.”*** And he responds “I do too, Buddy.”



Oh geez, and then comes a scene when he sees **drops** coming down on him, and ***we see it from the perspective above the drops!*** That was a perspective Bob was very fond of and we talked about it a lot, about a scene in a movie I had written (Huli huli Moon) about a drop that would hit an Avocado and cause that Avocado to drop … and we’d see it from the POV of the drop! And there was that scene! Just now! I “Dirt”! A TV series that I just ***had*** to watch today!



AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Yesterday Today Tomorrow 2021 Upgrade!

Jan 24, 2021 - This could be one of the most enjoyable days of the month for you, Aquarius. There is a fabulous alignment occurring in the stars overhead and while some signs will use this energy as an excuse to roll up their sleeves and get to work, you should use it a bit differently and instead give yourself permission to go float freely through the world like a balloon.

The intuitive Moon is moving through Gemini and your 5th House of fun and romance, so you're already in the mood to have fun, but this vibration is compounded by the fact that throughout the day la Luna will send out harmonious beams to messenger Mercury, currently parked in YOUR sign and your 1st House of self-expression and action.

The work week is still on the horizon but you're going to have an easy time ignoring its approaching call, so feel free to do as you please; work can wait.

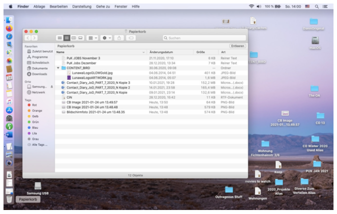
January 24, 2021 – (Later) **THE AVATAR-MYSTERY**
Wow.

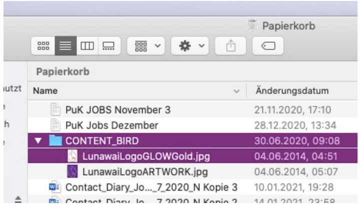
Something baffling just happened.

Yesterday I had taken a photograph (selfie) of myself with the intention to **replace my avatar-image in the "Content Bird"** system, a text system that the agency uses and that I use all the time.

Right now, there is my self-made dragon-logo in it …

I need to mention that I'm emptying my trash on the laptop I'm working all the time. Just now, as I've been working on editing the png-images into jpgs for this contact diary entry "The O. A.", I've been emptying the trash can all the time … and it was strange to see that it kept staying empty. So I opened it: **THERE IS THE CB DRAGON AVATAR IMAGE IN THE TRASHCAN – but: I HAVE NOT PUT IT THERE!**

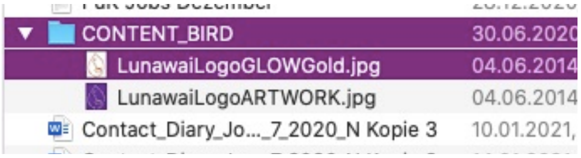




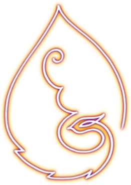
Papierkorb

Papierkorb

Name	Änderungsdatum
PuK JOBS November 3	21.11.2020, 17:10
PuK Jobs Dezember	28.12.2020, 13:34
CONTENT_BIRD	30.06.2020, 09:08
LunawaiLogoGLOWGold.jpg	04.06.2014, 04:51
LunawaiLogoARTWORK.jpg	04.06.2014, 05:07
Contact_Diary_Jo..._7_2020_N Kopie 3	10.01.2021, 19:28



CONTENT_BIRD	30.06.202
LunawaiLogoGLOWGold.jpg	04.06.2014
LunawaiLogoARTWORK.jpg	04.06.2014
Contact_Diary_Jo..._7_2020_N Kopie 3	10.01.2021,



I haven't even touched it, since June … and the date confirms that. So I thought of replacing it yesterday, I THOUGHT of it … and today it's in the trashcan. *HOW DID THAT GET INTO THE TRASHCAN!*

I swear to the life of everyone that's dear to my heart: I did not seek out those images or move them anywhere in the trashcan! ***Why would I?*** I only want to ***replace*** them on the CB-website, not trash the images themselves! That would make no sense. And I didn't do it.

I just now am *flashing back to the **intense closeness** ofbeing with Bob this morning, in housie* … as if I was really there. And I thought that this was an experience like never before, the ease of being there … ***as if I could infact be in two worlds at the same time.***

THE IMAGES WERE PUT INTO THE TRASHCAN BY SOME ENERGETIC INPUT, and it was not my doing.

Geez, what happened here? Did an energetic being do some energetic thing? It's snowing right now, heavily. I'm stunned. I'll go out.

I'll be open for anwers.

"Did you do that, Stoneman?" I said it out loud. I want to know.

(Later)

Oh geez! In "Dirt", "Don" puts on more Hawaiian music – sung by famous old Hawaii musicians and singers! Old recordings! - and **imagines being in Hawaii!**

He imagines being in Hawaii! And it becomes so real to him, that he feels the sun on his face, but then someone knocks on the door, and *"Hawaii" turns into Don's apartment again.* Oh how I can relate!

Like I do ... often … and like I did intensely and in a weidly "new" way this morning! I had no idea or any recollection tat anything like that was in "Dirt"! I must have gotten a kick out of it when I watched it in 2007 and 2008 … but I can't remember, because it was a horribly stressful time for me. Bob trying to get rid of me, me being "stuck" on Maui (I didn't leave for 4 years, until 2009), unable to get Bob to commit, but everytime he gave me especially hard time he'd turn around, apologize and promise that everything would be better …

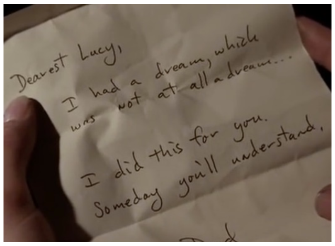
I remember enjoying "Dirt" immensely. The Hawaii-references are painful, yes, but not as much as I'd expect. I'm moving forward, that means? I want to suggest a cooperation to the one person who's the most unlikely for it: my father.

If it ever comes to a chat between us, I'll certainly explain exactly what I would like to accomplish before my death and ask him if he wants to spend his last time with meaningful stuff or with being miserable only.

Kind of looking forward to this conversation.

(Later)

Watching "**Dirt**" … oh wow, the lead character Lucy has a father who commited suicide, and he is shown in an **"Aloha"-shirt with a Hawaiian "lei".** Then Lucy digs out his old stuff – and pulls out an "**Ukulele**" of all things, with a note from the deceased saying that "he did it for her" and that one day, she'd understand.



Dearest Lucy,
I had a dream, which was not at all a dream…
I did this for you.
Someday you'll understand,

A little later … a litter of **kittens** shows up … oh geez, even kittens. I've been dealing with baby cats for months now, and every few days I go to a website where orphaned baby kittens are offered …

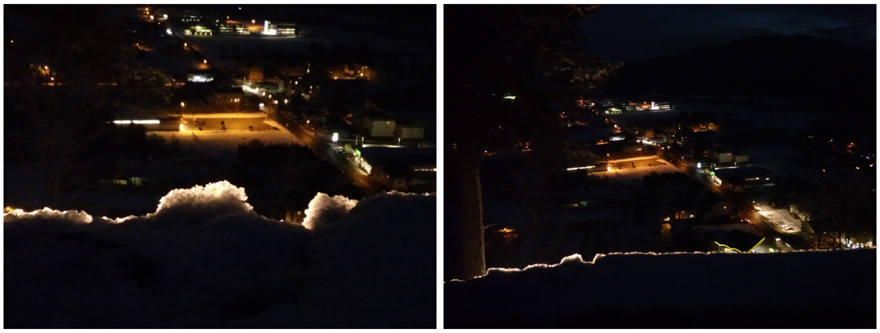
On a different note … I haven't seen Marshall for days now. The family is home, no sign of the dog. I have the bad feeling that he is locked indoors so that he won't get dirty … but I hope I'm wrong. My heart breaks for the guy … what a good life could he have with other people.

During my walk with Jacqui today I met a couple who have two Maltese dogs, Strolchi and Balu, and they also said they know people in Griffen that bought dogs, then didn't have time for them, then other people walked the dogs, and suddenly the owners didn't want that anymore, and now nobody cares about the dogs and they don't get out … I wish I had superpowers, I really do. There should be laws about that … anyone adopting an animal must be obligated to totally fulfil it's needs depending on its race …

(Later)

Oh, geez, "***Holt***", one of the main characters of "**Dirt**" realizes that he is losing weight, and he thinks he is sick … and again, a flashback to Bob … who told me that he began to lose weight and was surprised about it … and at first, he thought it was because of the Ketogenic diet he was doing. But after that he lost more and more weight … and his tumor grew. In full sight. Anyway …

January 25, 2021



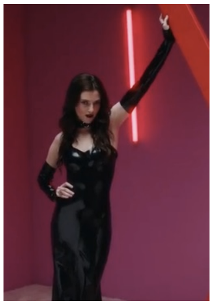
Griffen by night.

January 26, 2021 **– The Story of Bob & Danielle**

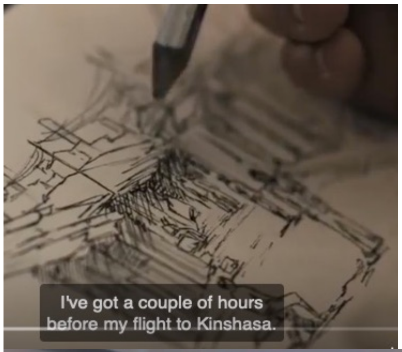
Can't reach my mother today. I makes me petrify and feel numb. I just can't make myself call again. I'm just always worried … my stomach feels so sick and tight. I'm mauling sweets. Anyway.

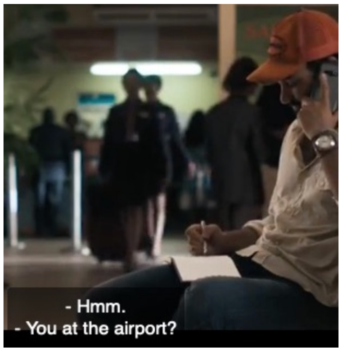
I googled for good TV-series of 2019 … wrote down a few titles.

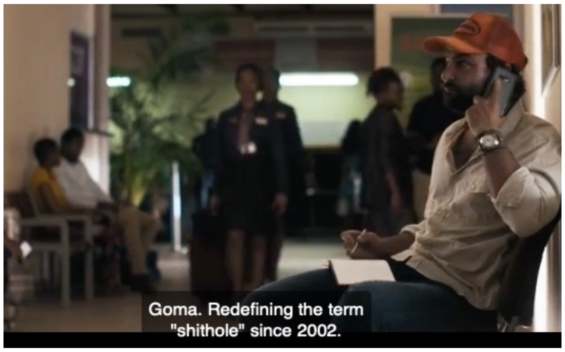
I watched a weird little series about a "*dominatrix*" and her assistant, with the title "**Bonding**", each episode only 15 minutes long, and I actually enjoyed it because I really like the actress. A penguin showed up in the story too, kind of weird and strangely out of place. *(**Note**: I added the note later, when the penguin had shown up 4 real!)*



(Later)
I watched a little bit of "***The Widow"*** … and what struck me was a beginning sequence when a main character was in **Africa**, in places I also was, many years ago … and what I saw … in Kinshasa and in Goma. And the last project I did with Bob was about survivors of the genocide in that area in the 1990s.

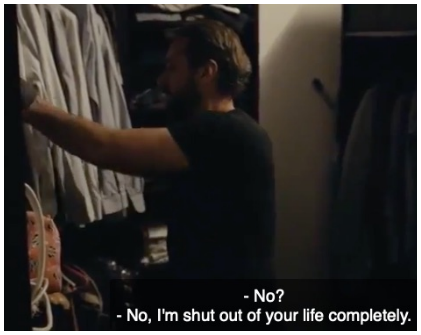

I've got a couple of hours
before my flight to Kinshasa.

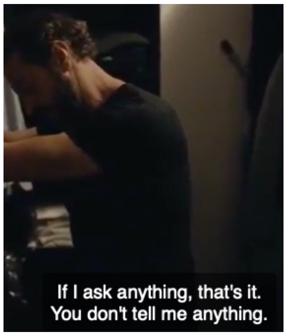

- Hmm.
- You at the airport?

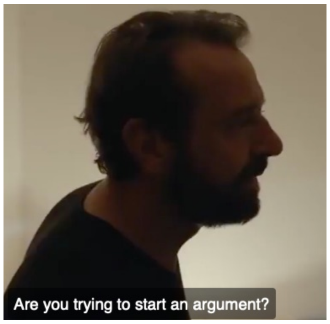

Goma. Redefining the term
"shithole" since 2002.

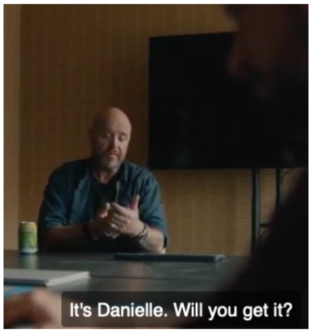
DOZENS
IN KIN
BREAKI

Now I started watching "***Undercover***", a Dutch (!) crime series … and the occurrence of names is just baffling. The main cop character's name is "**Bob**". Undercover he calls himself "**Peter**" (my brother's name). Another main character's name is "**Danielle**" (that's my name!) … and there have been ***some baffling pieces of dialogue*** … making me *flash back* to my time with Bob … and all that happened …


- No?
- No, I'm shut out of your life completely.

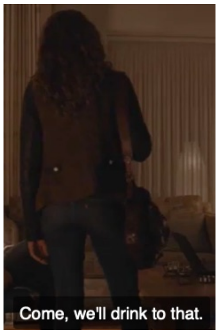

If I ask anything, that's it.
You don't tell me anything.


Are you trying to start an argument?

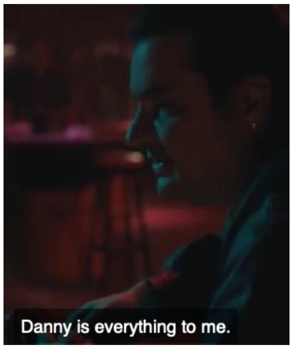

It's Danielle. Will you get it?

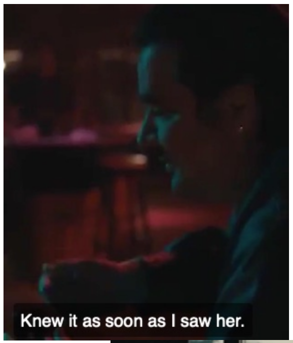
- It's not my phone.
- Bob, answer it.

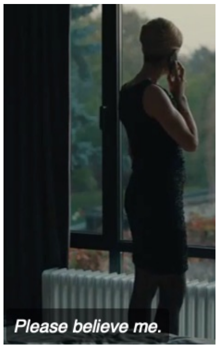
What Bob is trying to say
is that together you're better.

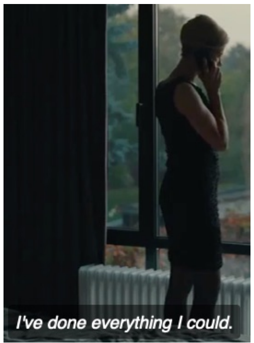

Come, we'll drink to that.

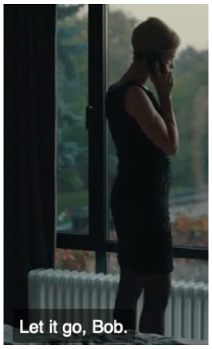
And did he tell me through movie lines that he loved me? And there is even a hint why I had to withdraw from our relationship at some point:

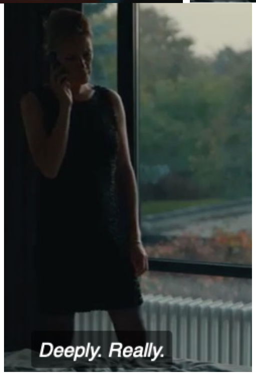

Danny is everything to me.

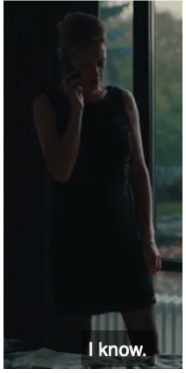

Knew it as soon as I saw her.


Please believe me.

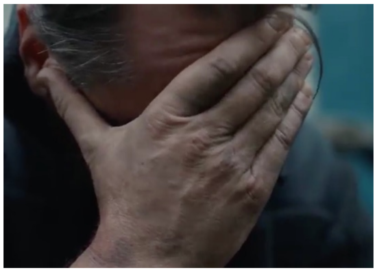

I've done everything I could.


Let it go, Bob.

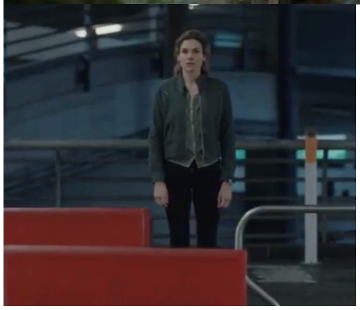

Deeply. Really.

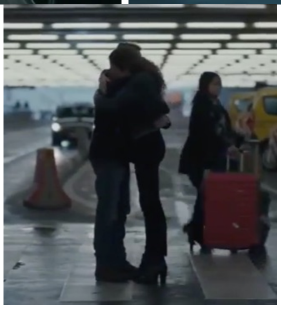


I've stopped waiting for you, Bob.

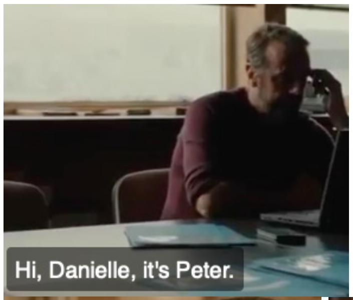


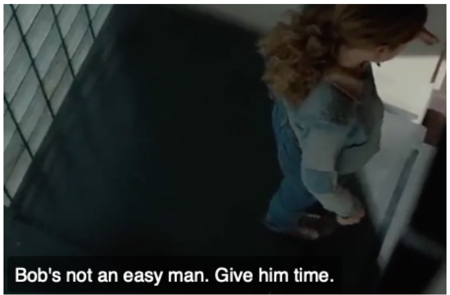
And there is, of course, a huge **bridge**, and **“Bob”** ***alone at a house,*** and “**Bob**” ***in a car,*** the way I imagine him all the time sitting on the passenger’s seat next to me. And Bob and me meeting at the airport … how so many times … and never again.

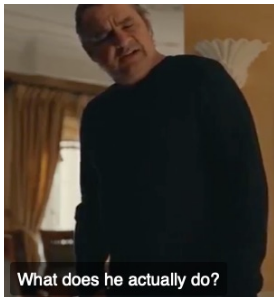


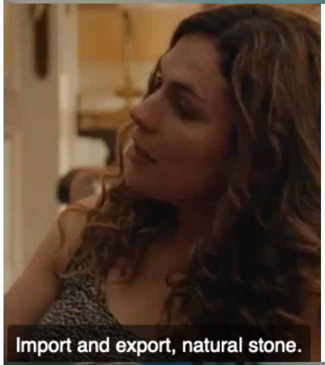


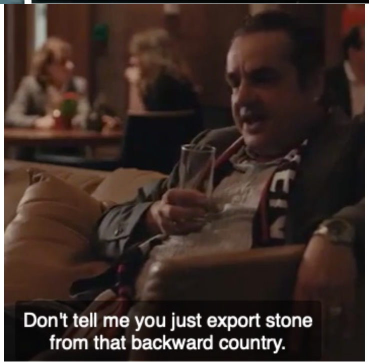
And yes, even Bob's very nature and his full name come into play as well as **my brother Peter's name and *__my real last name:__***

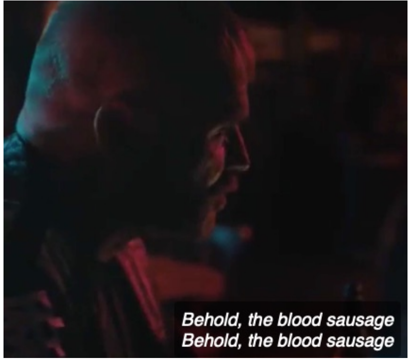

Hi, Danielle, it's Peter.

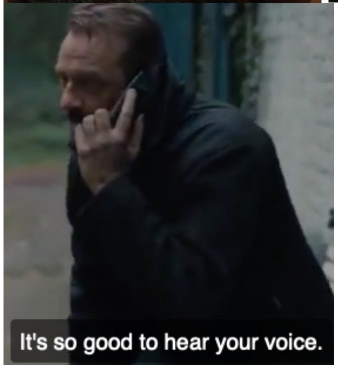

Bob's not an easy man. Give him time.

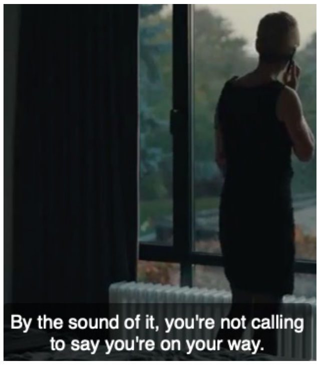

What does he actually do?


Import and export, natural stone.


Don't tell me you just export stone
from that backward country.


Behold, the blood sausage
Behold, the blood sausage


It's so good to hear your voice.


By the sound of it, you're not calling
to say you're on your way.

Bob … is dealing with "natural stone". Jeezahz Christ, Bob Stone, you one funny disca! And there is the fatal business relationship that my Bob had with fuckass John W., and even that is hinted at – interrelated with the guy who is my biggest real life problem, *Jürgen,* Marshall's fuckhead-owner:

I don't know what business you're in,
but you have a right bunch there.

Jurgen is nothing but a psychopath.
I don't even want to talk about him.

And that John threatens me
on my own business premises.

January 27, 2021 – **All Of Them & Bob! And: The Diamond!**

Last night, I was mesmerized by "***Undercover***".

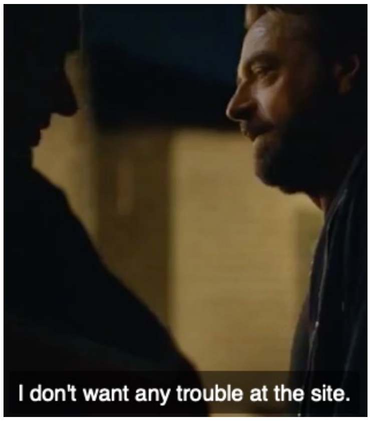
In real life, the two men I hate the most in the world are John W. and Jürgen S.

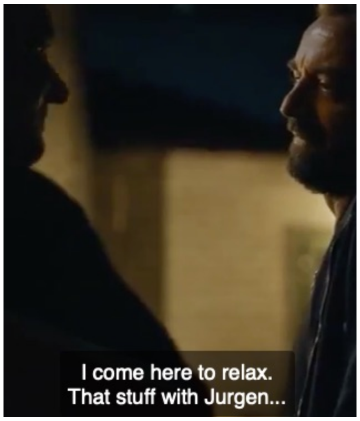
In "Undercover", one of the main criminal's name is "**Jurgen**" – and he experiences that, what I've wished upon the real Jurgen so often: He was wrongly accused, he suffered and **died**!

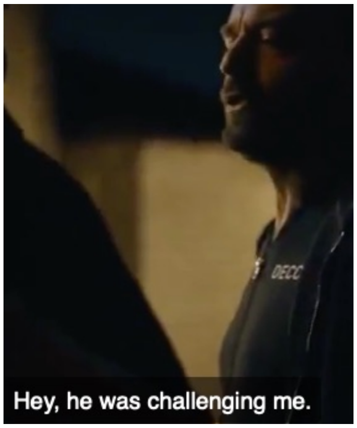
What's happened to Jurgen?

Jurgen has been found.

Conversations reflect how I feel about the real life Jürgen asshole.


I don't want any trouble at the site.


I come here to relax.
That stuff with Jurgen...


Hey, he was challenging me.

(Oh wishful thinking.)

And in the film, "Jurgen" has a little daugther by the name of "**Jezebel**"! And the real Jürgen has a little daughter by the name of "***Isabel***", and all she does when she goes into the garden, is *being on the swing*! Instead of playing with her dog! Jurgen was killed in the movie! By "John"!

A jogger saw him floating.

Okay, on the count of three.
One, two, three, go.

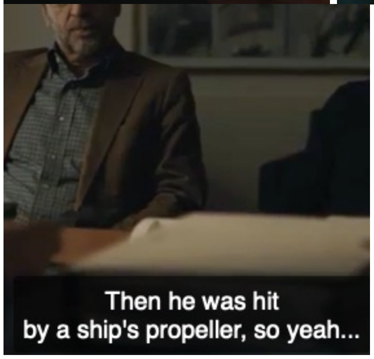
And Jezebel is coming here. The poor girl.

Is Daddy never coming back?

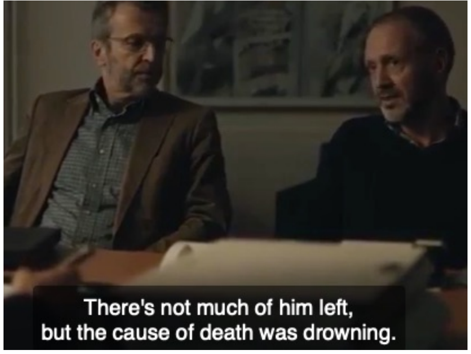
The only thing the real life "Isabel" does when she is out in the garden ever: She sits on the **swing**! There is also a **ring** that's very similar to one of the rings I found last year.

Wow. "Jurgen" and "**John**" are, in "***Undercover***", the main opponents of "Bob", who is an undercover cop and thus "not at all what he seems to be", and he fools the main drug lord he wants to bring down, "Ferry" and Ferry's wife "Danielle". "John" is the one who finds out who "Bob" really is and is a life-threat to "Bob". Wow! ***And then "Bob" kills "John".*** I had told Bob long time ago that I think fucking John will die by drowning. I mean …

Come on, asshole.



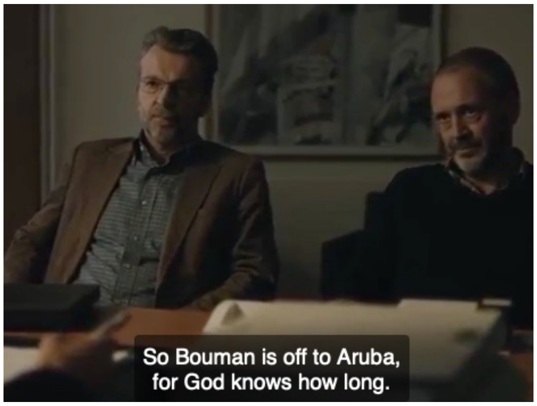
Then he was hit
by a ship's propeller, so yeah...



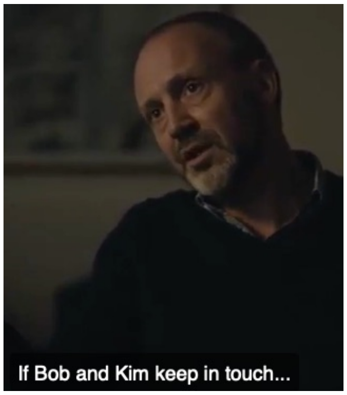
There's not much of him left,
but the cause of death was drowning.

And that's not all: In the beginning, "**Danielle's**" little **Chihuahua dog "Khaleesi"** runs away! Oh how often have I wished for little Marshall to run away! And my own dog is part Chihuahua! And finally:

Danielle and her husband retreat to an **island**, to "**Aruba**"! Bob was in real life in Aruba for a video shoot early in our relationship, and it was so very painful for me, then, to be left out … but that's another story. Also, when I met Bob, he was working closely with a woman by the name of: "Kim".



So Bouman is off to Aruba,
for God knows how long.



If Bob and Kim keep in touch...

In "Undercover", an "island as a retreat for Danielle" is featured, too! ***So this series is full of Bob and me!***

How can that be?

Well.

I'm being given to realize that everything and anything in the mortal realm is related to the unobstructed realm, and "the dead" are talking to us all the time … using all means that mortals can possibly produce. In fact, what is being created in real life is likely to have relevance much later for someone who is attentive, like me, but only when everything "goes according to plan". I have found "Undercover" in the course of my ongoing communication with Bob. And it's breathtaking … "Undercover" happened when I didn't look, when I thought, well, now I'm consciously choosing something to watch just to numb my mind a little while I'm in so much worry about my mother. And that "conscious choosing" also was part of the plan. That has been made clear by it's contents.

Jesus Christ, I really hope that all this leads to me winning in the lottery.

I had four numbers right the last time, … and the were the ones that popped into my attention clearly, "2", "42", "5" and "10" … the other two I didn't "see" or "feel" at all. So … am I on the right path to manifest "Regents of Clouds"?

What has been said in "Undercover" relates so closely to Bob and my life, it kind of numbs me, even, in it's relevance.

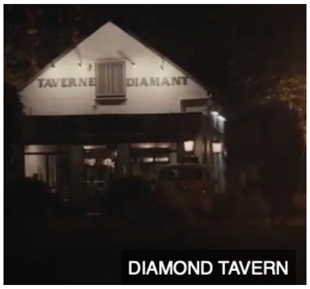
Wow is all I can say right now. Working on the many screenshots to put them into this CD.

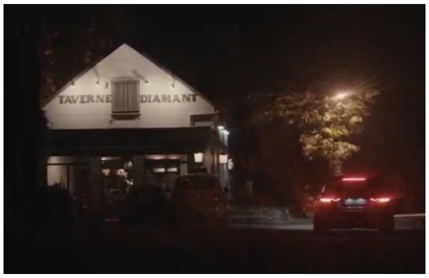
So giving me the ***manifestation of my greatest wish*** of the last weeks, for "Jurgen, Marshall's asshole owner and little Isabel's father to be punished severely" by getting me to see a fictional story about "Jurgen, asshole criminal and father of little Jezebel being severely punished" proves, that "they" are totally aware of what I'm all about … and given my own involvement in "the bridge", I likely concepted these events myself, there, in the beyond.

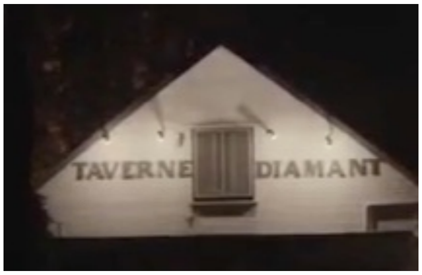
And John! The "**John**"-character even looks like the John I hate more than anyone else in the world! And he dies! He drowns! That what I've wished upon the real John many years ago! Toxic masculine "John" is a mirror image of real life John …

Oh geez! Then the pinnacle:

I was "**given into my hand" a "diamond"** the other day. I found that odd, and I thought I had seen it in the ice crystals on the swamp in Griffen. But then happened "**Undercover**", and there is the major scene between "John" and "Jurgen", right before "John" kills "Jurgen" (which is a message in itself) … that takes place in front of **"the Diamant Taverne",** because the movie plays in Dutch language, it's even written like it's written in my native German.







I was stunned shitless last night, when I saw this … And when that happened, that "Jurgen" was killed and I had an emotional flash, something else happened: The **one spot at the one window in my bedroom** (and I was watching lying on my bed) did that **one-time loud knocking** again, like it had done only three times in all the time I've been living in the apartment: One on the day of Edith's death and twice after that when I had been in deep communication with Bob. And last night … when the "Diamant-Taverne" scene happened, there was one very loud knock, and even Jacqui looked up. No crackling anywhere else, also not in the window, only that one time loud woody knock. And I said out loud "*Alright, so you're all watching this with me."*

Then, I was exhausted, after binge-watching 5 episodes of nearly 50 minutes each of "***Undercover***" in one afternoon and evening, and I went on to read up on what happens next in the story.

Right now, it's the morning after, and I'll pick certain scenes I want to actually watch, for the screenshots …

Oh wow.

I must get a hold of my mother now. I kind of feel … different today. *It's so very* ***massive****, this experience* with Bob and Dani and John and everything that was said and seen … it feels like I'm in a parallel universe, somehow. Haven't digested it yet. That said … my stomach hurts like hell today, and my liver, too. I do feel that the other parts are getting better.

Last night, I walked by the ***house with the humming bird*** on it, and I did realize, with a sudden emotional flash, once again how odd it is ***that of all houses this one has a big shiny heart in the window right next to the humming bird,*** which, of course, in itself creates the nickname of "C", "heart of the humming bird". There are no other hearts in windows anywhere, or hearts at all for that matter, in the neighborhood. I must take my good camera tonight and take a good picture of it and send it to "C". This is not a coincidence.

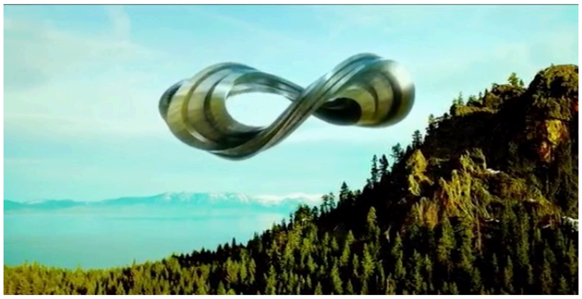
And I must share this "*Undercover*"-story with her.

Also, the big lit stone next to its bed has a big beautiful ice-palace next to it now. Wow.

I really feel surrounded … but I also feel very lonely. I see Marshall, day after day, nobody walking him, and my heart breaks for him. Seeing fictional Jurgen being punished … oh fuck, I wish …

I notice that I haven't been writing down what is ***"given into my hand"*** when I ask for it … so I did ask the other day, and a ***"small parcel with a bow or string"*** appeared in front of my inner eye, right away. Also, at one other time, it was a "number 3", and another time … oh shit, I forgot, I think it was a "pen" or "pencil"?

There hasn't been a jackpot since I've been playing lottery online. And an "eternity"-sign in a movie called **"Another Life"** …



January 27, 2021 – **PKM! The Eagle! LUFT! 48000! BS 1!**

(Later)

Drove to my mother …

On the highway: I drove behind a truck and it took me a few minutes to realize this: There was written "**PKM**" on it! It may have been a ***Polish*** *truck*! Right next to a **penguin**! And in "***Undercover***" last night it was about smuggling a chemical for making drugs in a huge truck from ***Poland*** to Belgium, and the chemical was called: **PMK**!

PKM
TRANSPORT
SPEDYCJA
OLKUSZ
960m
SCHMITZ

A thousand liters of PMK,
if you know what that is.

And then, as I passed by the truck, I saw that there was a **leg of an eagle** or other bird of prey on the truck, next to the driver's cabin! And in the movie, there was an **eagle's head** next to the driver's cabin! I couldn't photograph that bird leg with its claws while driving by! But I was baffled shitless!

PAUL
SCANIA

Like … "Bob" and "John" fighting, and then "John" died by drowing … of course the person that Bob is now, that can't be any satisfaction to him … but to me, it's sickly satisfying. Just now, as I am writing this, I feel a ***"touching" sensation on the top of my head.*** I never feel that otherwise. Never. Just now.

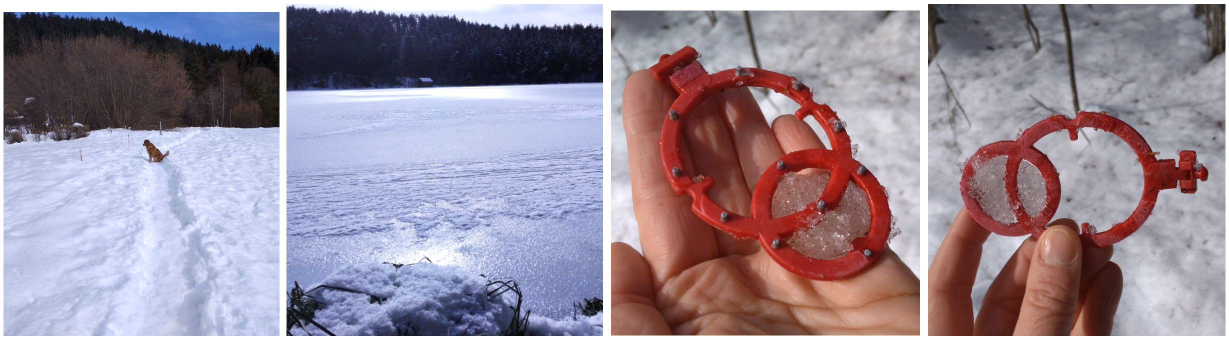
I was barely able to let this sink in … because:

It got warm in the car, and I said to Jacqui "**Luft**!" meaning "*air*", and I opened the window on his side of the backseat little. I never ever do that on the highway, because of the air quality, but I did it on a whim. And I swear, as soon as I had done it, *a car passed by me with the license plate number* "**LUFT 1**", "*air 1*". This is not an exaggerated account, it happened exactly like this.

Of course I had been talking to Bob about how much I'd appreciate him working with me on the lottery win.

Right after that, as I was still a bit numb with bafflement, a car with the license plate number "**80004**" drove by! And that is a version of "48000" – Bob's and my code for "sound" or "audio" or "hearing each other"! Because … you know, I've explained it many times, in our mortal time together the sound rate of 48000 Hz was always a topic in terms of video production! Wow!
Then, a car with the license plate number "**MTP 4**" drove by, and spontaneously I read "my tip" in terms of "lotto", so I'll do the number "4".

I took Jacqui on a short walk to **lake Saissersee** to enjoy the *winter landscape* … it was so quiet there. I wished I could be there with my mother … thought of my father, felt so sorry for him. He said he'd call me, so I'll wait. On the snow path one single strange red thing showed up, two "**connected rings"** in red … strange, because nothing else was there, no garbage, nothing at all, just this red thing. Right on a path where I normally don't go when I'm at the lake …



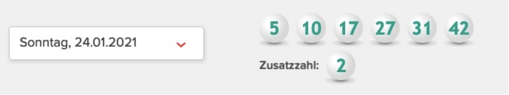
My mother was sweet and very strange, talking normally, but ever again repeating something we had just talked about, and I could tell by the look on her face that she was entirely "out of it" when I explained that she had just said that … so I stopped doing it, except for a mention now and then, that we had already talked about it. I realized that it's just so very important to keep her talking and thinking … and I know I was right: She had been drinking yesterday, or maybe I'm wrong and it was just a bad bout of dementia, yesterday, that still has it's waves today. It was hard to leave her. She was sweet. She talked so lively … I really wish I could live close to her like … tomorrow.

Driving back towards Griffen, I told Bob that I really need help choosing the right numbers, tonight, for the 4x-Jackpot … and as I said that, "**BS 1**" drove by! **"Bob Stone 1"**! Geez! So I thought, "1" it is. But then, right after that, another one with "1" in it drove by, I forgot it though, so I thought, wow, is it "11" then? "PS 20" drove by, too, … and there was another very short one with a "1" in that row … so well, I'll have to go with the flow.
I already imagined my conversation with "C" already when I'll have all that money and start manifesting "Regents of Clouds" … oh I'm so ready for this.

January 28, 2021
Last night, I watched "Quicksand", a TV-series about a school shooting, but only made it to episode three, then I lost intest in watching and only read the recaps. There is one strange thing related to yesterday's "PMK"-"PKM"-excitement: I googled "PKM" trying to find a picture of that truck I saw, and up came, that "PKM" is a kind of machine gun. Now, in "***Quicksand***" there is a lot of rifle shooting, too, and it's just strange because I haven't looked at "guns" at all in like … ever. And today, here they are. Related to all that happened the days before in my choice of watching stuff.
Just saying.

Lottery lesson!

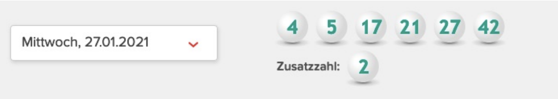
Wow! I just checked the lottery numbers – nothing for me! BUT: The last two draws were totally similar! Look at this: Sunday – **5 10 17 27 31 42 / 2**, Wednesday – **4 5 17 21 27 42 / 2,** so **5 17 27 42** and **2** where *the same!* And nobody had those! It's 5x Jackpot now for the next drawing! I feel entirely challenged. I wanted to do 17, but didn't. The others didn't occur to me. But I did do variations of the same numbers, just that they weren't drawn. Oh wow.



Sonntag, 24.01.2021

5 10 17 27 31 42

Zusatzzahl: 2



Mittwoch, 27.01.2021

4 5 17 21 27 42

Zusatzzahl: 2

The only numbers I got right this time, was "4" and "21". And that's significant. I saw the license plate number "**MTP 4**", which reads "**my tip 4**". Okay. And driving back from Velden yesterday I touched the bracelet I found a while ago, with t*he 21 silver hearts*, that's wrapped around my shifting stick in the car, and said to myself "That number 21 … is it too much on the nose, am I consciously trying to be intuitive?" Well.

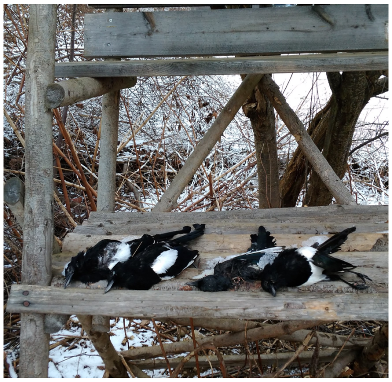
(Later)

I feel that the fact that so similar numbers won these last two times I played, is a message to me to "***stick to your numbers"!*** Yes, "17" flashed up yesterday, I remember that, but I would have never used "27". And now … well, I did play again already, for Sunday. And I "stuck to the numbers" the way they "feel" and turned up to be significant in the last days. And I did a separate tip, with numbers combination that hadn't been on my mind in that combination so far. So … okay, I'm playing, Bob. Until Sunday I'll totally be aware of what comes up. I want to win the 5x-Jackpot.

(Later)

Took a walk with Jacqui … got a grand view of the **"Koralpe" Haleakala".** My past seemed so painfully far away … I felt numb inside and sad to a poisonous point. Bob is dead?

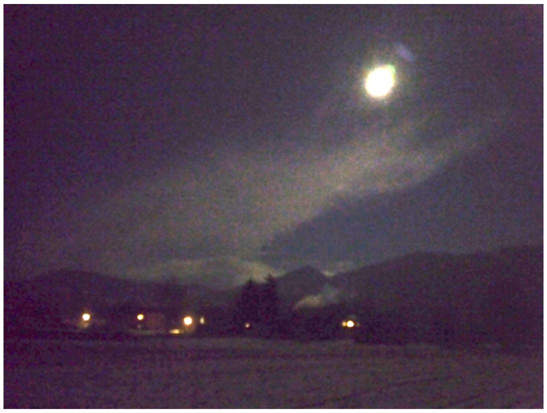
I then called my mother on the way. She told me she had been at the hairdressers, even though we had talked about it yesterday, that due to Corona everything is closed … she went anyway, and she slurred her speech. I thought I couldn't bear it anymore. Scares the shit out of me. Told her to not drink alcohol, she said she wouldn't ever. If I hadn't seen the bottles a few weeks ago, when she had told me she never drinks with the bottles standing there, I might believe that there is another reason for her speech impairment. I'm just scared.



While talking to her I walked up *a little hill* to an empty hunter's stand … and there were ***two pairs of Elster birds*** *(Eurasian magpie)* ***dead***, possibly frozen to death. They must have sought shelter there … they looked peaceful, in a way. (***__Note__****: Today, that I'm final-editing this part, is May 19, and this afternoon, I walked by that spot and* ***thought of those birds!*** *Today!)*

January 29, 2021 – **The Reflexion in the Book**

It was a strange **full moon** night. So bright as if the sun was shining. (Huh, there, I got it!) The moonlight showed me amazing cloud patterns right in front of my window … but I couldn’t photograph them. I spent some time in the dark kitchen, just “feeling” into the atmosphere that seemed so full of presence …

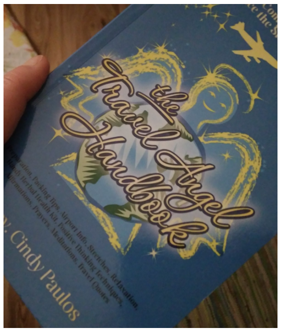


I talked with Elisabeth on the phone for one and a half hours. Elisabeth’s boyfriend has cancer … and the circumstances are very upsetting for me.

Then I watched a little bit of a TV-show I had just discovered, ***“Designated Survivor”*** about a fictional US-interims-president, because Bob would have liked that show.

Then I went to my *bedroom* and ***stood like petrified*** in front of the Ouija-board, without any special intention … not thinking, like without any willpower … but suddenly I *heard “You’re the sun, and I’m the moon, play me …”* And I realized that I ***stared*** a***t the sun and the moon on the Ouija-board***, and that I should probably play that board! *The “Play me” was what the board said to me?* I’d like to try. Not sure.

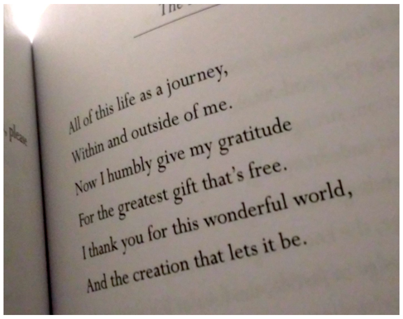
Then I saw the **blue color of a book** that I had received as a gift from Bob’s old friend Cindy a few years back, the “T*ravel Angel Handbook*”, …



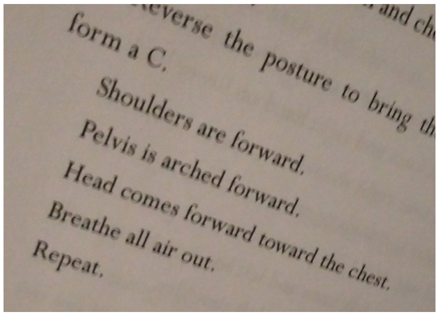
… and I thought, “*Okay, there is a message in it for me*”. I opened it on one random page and read:

I had to smile. Because that’s really exactly what I needed to “hear”. About life being a gift and such … the sentences resonated inside of me, big time. Then I closed the book, looked up and said *“Hey, Bob, now I need to know that you’re right here.”*

And I felt urged to ***open the book again*** … and then I was stunned: A **posture** of a person was described, and that was exactly **the posture I had as I was standing there**, with my chin on my chest as I was looking over the rim of my glasses, my pelvis shoved forward and my shoulders weird …



All of this life as a journey,
Within and outside of me.
Now I humbly give my gratitude
For the greatest gift that's free.
I thank you for this wonderful world,
And the creation that lets it be.



everse the posture to bring th
form a C.
Shoulders are forward.
Pelvis is arched forward.
Head comes forward toward the chest.
Breathe all air out.
Repeat.

There was a bubbling feeling inside of me, and I had to chuckle while I was standing just flabbergasted.

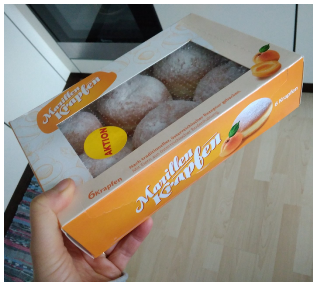
Yes … Bob was there. Definitely.

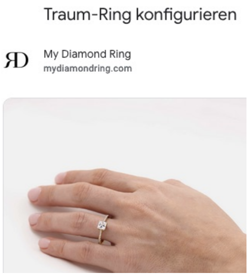
This morning I wrote a long letter to Elisabeth with my comments on the bullshit that's happening regarding her partner's cancer … And that will be it, I won't say anything else about it.

I feel a little less stressed today, about my mother. There is danger, there is worry and doom … but then, what? I'm going to die too, my days are counted, too. So … I'll do whatever I can spontaneously. From the gut.

(Later)

I picked up dumplings in an unusual packaging at the store just now, and as I looked at it at home, I was wondering if that's the **square "gift parcel"** I had "received" a few days ago "in my hand"?





Traum-Ring konfigurieren

ЯD My Diamond Ring
mydiamondring.com

Also, the "**diamond**" showed up, too, again, as an ad in my email. Of course that's what google does, "read" our emails? Just that I haven't sent any information about a diamond to anyone. So did I receive the diamond ring ad by chance? But then: See the **"RD" logo** with it? *Bob's and my initials.* And the **hand** itself is something very typical for Bob's and my relationship: *In many commercial shoots my hand was used* to present items, and once we did a commercial where my hand wearing a ring was even videotaped. It was for "Teufel" jewelry, and I had concepted the entire commercial, with a Plumeria flower opening and a woman moving her hand like one does when admiring one's own ring on one's finger, a flowing motion … and it was my first and only modeling job … So the "**diamond'** with the **hand** (I had used to right hand, though) seems to have significance.

Also, I saw a car license number with "77777" here in Griffen. Strange … given that I'm playing in the lottery as it's a 5x Jackpot …

Talked to my mother on the phone … she sounded great, not demented at all, not slurring her speech, just cheerful and smart. What a mystery.

(Later)
Oh geez, I really had to laugh just now.
Today, I asked for *“something to be put into my hand”,* and right away, **two dumpling-like balls** appeared again. It was food, but unclear, something like “Knödel”. And I actually dismissed the image, thinking “Oh, I’m merely remembering”, because those “balls” have occurred several times already.
So now, in the evening, I had prepared two round balls of dog’s food to throw over the fence to Marshall, like I’ve been doing occasionally to give the poor dog something to do. It’s perfectly high-quality dog food, like Jacqui gets it, and I have been watching Marshall eagerly run around sniffing out the morsels. Today I watched a cat climbing the fence and sniffing after whatever Marshall may have missed, and she also at the morsels on this side of the fence, because sometimes I don’t manage to shoot the balls over the fence and they smack against the stone wall below. Now I know that the cat has discovered this source of food and will always clean up that wall.
So I had made two perfect balls and put them out on the balcony to solidify and cool down so that they’ll fly better. I gave Jacqui the remaining food and opened the balcony door to get some fresh air in. Meanwhile, I made a tea – while Jacqui was out on the balcony looking into the garden. So I thought. But suddenly it dawned on me why he was out there when he actually dislikes being out there in the dark – and I ran, calling out “No, no, don’t!” But it was too late. Jacqui came in, licking his mouth, **and two dumpling-like balls were gone baby gone.**

In the first moment I was angry but then I had to laugh so hard looking at Jacqui’s happy face that turned worried and entirely confused. So he had eaten it all … and now he was so full that he may feel like bursting. He looked at me as I kept chuckling and patting him, like I had lost it, and he did his typical grunting and moaning of satisfaction, tuning into my laughing.
So those where the **two round balls of food** *I got “on my palm”* today! I’m entirely sure of it! Oh, geez, why am I still doubting those images?

January 31, 2021, Sunday – **The Hornet & the Boots Miracle & the Crown?**
This morning I woke up way too late, still with a headache like yesterday, aware, that I had had very intense **dreams** … but I only remember a **big hornet** flying by my face, and I was thinking, in the dream, “wow, it better not turn around, because I don’t know how to deal with a hornet”. It was very fat and it flew away … and I woke up. Can’t remember anything else about that dream except that it was very busy around that hornet, and I saw it from the point of view of my dream persona.

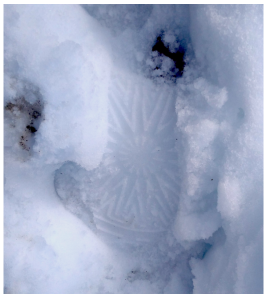
Yesterday, I went to visit my mother …
On the highway, there were amazing license plate numbers, like **“910 FR”, “40 MS”, “707 BB”, “42 SJ”** … and I was wondering if they have to do with the lottery … It seems impossible to determine what numbers are there for themselves, for me to choose them … I did one more tip today, just to take care of

those numbers that struck me … but I'm really not expecting anything. I feel very lonely, and I miss Bob so much … I have begun to flash back to the circumstances of his death today …

Yesterday, first, I took Jacqui on a tour around **Forest lake,** and it was very impressive. The landscape … and one strange **formation in the sky**, with one single line being embedded between cloud lines …

I had so intense feelings about Bob and I talked to him about how he should "play me" so that he can experience what I'm experiencing … and I hope it worked.

Also … yesterday, when I asked for *"something to be put into my hand"* I got – a **crown**! Like some kitschy king-crown … maybe even on some velvet cushion. I thought "Yeah right". So today as I was following the in-the-lake-trail at Forestlake … I noticed a pattern of someone's shoes who has walked before me … **a crown pattern**?



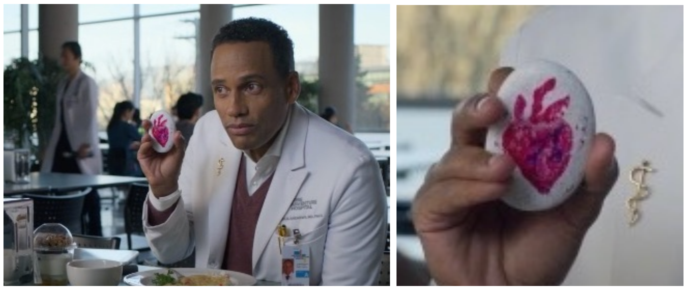
At my mother's … she was sweet and sharp and nice, and I was about to leave when I felt the urge to talk about her boots, and she mentioned that the sole was coming off, so I grabbed them – and I was horrified: The soles were literally coming off! Big holes in my mother's boots, no way to even walk in them, one step in the snow, and her feet are flooded! And it was Saturday, about five P.M.! And it's lock-down, so there are no stores open other than food stores and stores with items for daily use like soap, detergent and stuff. And my mother had no shoes for the winter! I was horrified, when I left her … and I drove spontaneously to two supermarkets, even though I hate driving in the dark on the country roads, and it was already 5.30, but no boots for sale there … I already imagined myself ordering boots online … but then I decided to try one last store, it would be on my way to the highway, if I chose a certain path … and it was close to 6 p.m. and store closing when I jumped in: there was ***one pair of lady's low-cut boots left,*** in my mother's size! No other boots at all! It was a miracle! I was so relieved, that my heart sang, and I drove back up to my mother's – only to find that her windows were entirely dark! I rang the door bell and called her, and she opened, in her sleeping gown. I was already a bit in shock and hoped that she wouldn't sound drunk – I had only left her an hour ago! And it was only 6 p.m., and she was in bed! She was entirely sober and ensured be that she didn't go to bed that early, but something she just lies down, she says, and lets her mind wander, and then she gets up again and eats something and watches TV. First she wanted to reject the boots, almost angrily, but I managed to persuade her to give them a try, and in the end she was actually happy and thought they were great, even though a bit too big, because she has very small feel. I was so touched and sad, when I drove back … I should not allow for her to live alone. I really want to have a good home and have her live with me!

I don't know what to think about my father … he hasn't called me like he had promised to do, I guess I'll have to ask. I saw a young tall man walk with a beagle like my father's Sandy … and I got so sad when I looked over at the house where my father and Edith had lived and before that my grandparents … I don't know what I'm even feeling about this situation … it feels so overwhelming so that I mostly just don't think about it. My father's grief … Edith's death … it feels like too much for me to be fully conscious about right now. But this coming week I'll have to clarify things with my father …

So today, Sunday …

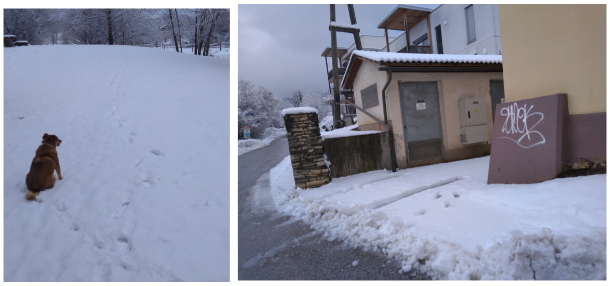
I woke up to a full load of **fresh snow!** I was so happy that my mother got her boots (I talked to her on the phone, and she was happy too, but she had not worn them, but her regular shoes … geez! But she said she liked the boots and would wear her from tomorrow on!)

After the morning walk with Jacqui and again, like yesterday, a lot of feelings about Bob and talking to him about how he should ***"play me"*** so that he can experience what I'm experiencing … I watched an episode of ***"The Good Doctor"*** even though I had intended to check out more of "Designated Survivor" … and there it was: A painted stone like the ones I've been finding! And **a heart is painted on that stone!**



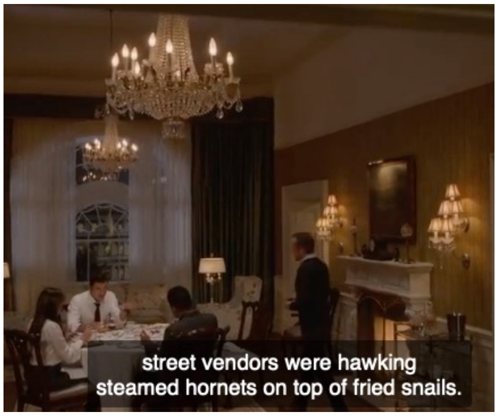
I really hope that's a message! It was so strange to see that in the hand of a fictional character, like I had so many of those in my hand last year … actually none yet this year. Wow!

Later I took Jacqui to the "Oasis of Quiet", and I looked at my **footprints** in the snow and thought that they do reflect how lonely I was.

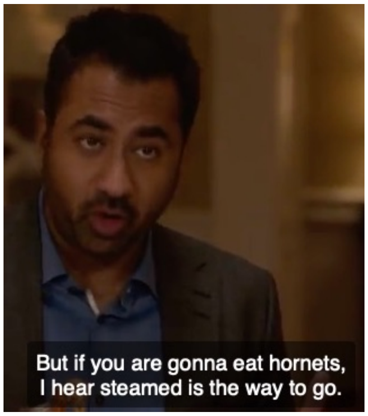


On a very lonely unique path … and I so much wished for Bob to help me with the lottery so that I could get into full working mode … and I thought that I really need a sign … and just then I walked by some drawing next to a street with a big "B" …

I made dinner and started eating and finally started season 3 of ***"Designated Survivor"***. And very early in the film, they talk about **"eating hornets". *HORNETS***! What are the odds to ever hear about hornets at all, anywhere, let alone in a movie! And I had dreamed of that hornet last night! And her it was! A **hornet** in my daytime awareness!



street vendors were hawking
steamed hornets on top of fried snails.



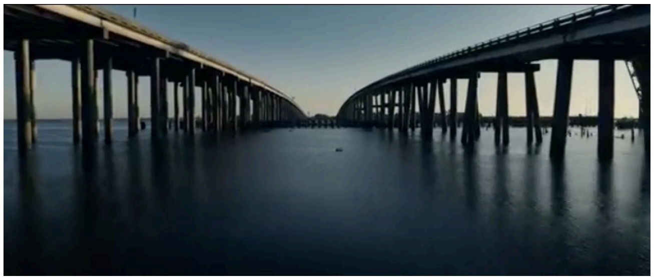
But if you are gonna eat hornets,
I hear steamed is the way to go.

After the "hornet"-bafflement I went to the place where little cat "Momi" used to be … because I had noticed that only her little mother cat is still there, and it looks weak and limping … the other cat who seemingly was the tomcat hasn't been seen lately, I was told by the guy who keeps feeding the cats and has the fishponds there. Poor little Momi-mom Ilona … if I see her and think she needs help, I'll take her in. I brought food over there and called the cat … and to my horror I heard a faint meowing somewhere. But I couldn't tell from where, and then it stopped. It's private property there, so I can't just stomp around. I can only hope that she is fine and will come out to get the food? Will check again tomorrow.

(Later)

I wanted to watch a New Zealand based historic TV-series, but it felt stressful … but the opening shots with all the ***gold*** so much reminded me of Bob's last music video project for a song called "***Stay Gold"***.

I also wanted to watch a crime drama, but it felt stressful too … but the opening shots with a ***double bridge*** also were intriguing.

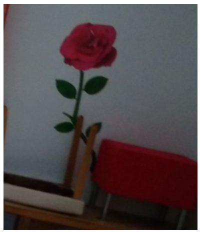


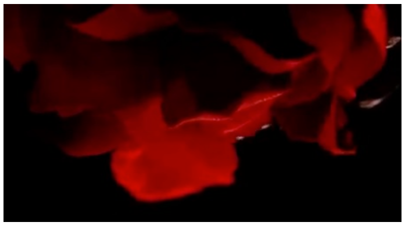
February 1, 2021

I think I found the sillies TV-series about death ever: ***"Pushing Daisies"***, about the love between a dead woman and an alive man. How come I found this? Also, in a movie there was a scene of a person holding another person who was dying … which gave me some startle but also a weird kind of satisfaction. I should have held Bob, I really should have. I'm glad his sister did.

Oh well. No win at the lottery. Nobody got the jackpot, so now it's 6x jackpot for 10 millions on Wednesday. Sigh.

Also watched the pilot of "**Castle**", a cop procedural show … the thing that struck me was the dead woman with the **sunflowers** on her eyes, covered in roses. When I saw the **rose** on the wall of the dead man's apartment, I thought "Wow, those **red rose petals** will sure show up in my life, soon". And here they are.





I keep seeing the ***ice palace next to the lit stone*** … as if Bob was telling me that where he is, truly, everything is "light".

just standing there with that Meenakshi.

Oh, geez, I skipped really briefly through a dumb Indian series, and the name of Bob's ex-wife showed up! ***Meenakshi*** … I cleaned her house before I even met Bob. Oh shit past.

February 2, 2021 – **Bugles**

My father called with the most inappropriate way of talking to me, something about "how I'm planning to conduct my life in the future and whether he approves" … geez, I was really bummed, until I read up on dealing with narcissist abusive parents, then I felt better. He is an old man with failing parts … and as that I'll see and treat him.

Inge gave me another *bag full with food stuff* that's expired but still good … I appreciate it, and, I got a surprise:

"**Bugles**." Yes, there is a kind of snacks called "Buggles". And that after I had talked to Bob *yesterday* (!) about the time when he had suggested a "**hugle bugle**", meaning having sex (or maybe it's spelled "huggle buggle") – after more than a year of not even touching and right after we came from the beach and I wanted to shower first, being full of sand. And then it never came about. I had given Bob a very bitter speech … about all kinds of shit he had imposed on me, also how he had accused me of "withholding sex" when this had been done by his ex-wife, and he had confused a lot of things … but then I kept flashing back to Bob in his younger years … oh, just now! I have a flash of a dream of last night, when I actually looked at a *very young Bob,* but it was rather a picture of him.

I checked out the movie "***Neverland***" online, just because I like Rhys Ifans … and there was that strange ***sphere*** … it reminded me of the moon and of the sphere I found long time ago …

lay's
BUGLES

… seeing the "Buggle" … it really touched me deeply. I've tried to "put something into my hand" with numbers, for the lottery. So far, the spontaneous numbers were "4", "6" and "18". A "41" on a car struck me as significant today, but can't remember the remainer of the license plate number …

Also … one sentence came up, in a TV-series called "Castle", that Bob and I have fond memories off, it's from "***Dexter***", early in his relationship with "Hannah", when she says ***"This is my story, and I'm sticking to it."*** And in another movie, "Gone baby gone", which I watched out of nostalgia, remembering exactly how Bob and I watched it together, the theme came up, that I'm dealing with every day … and night: ***We are souls and have bodies.***

That's your story, and you're sticking to it, huh?

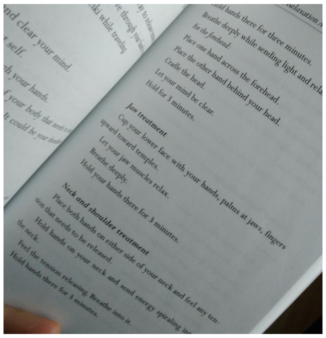
The bodies around their souls.

NEW TESTAMENT
CHURCH OF GOD
The cities wrapped around those.

February 3, 2021 **– The One**

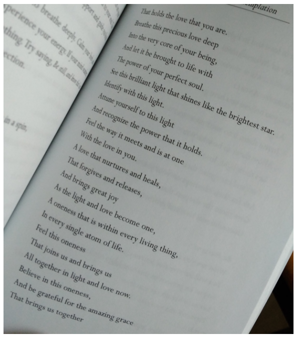
Impressions of **numbers** … put into my hand. And then: I found a wet *"Monopoly"-game piece* in orange with the **number 1** on it … taking a walk with Jacqui to St. Kollmann.

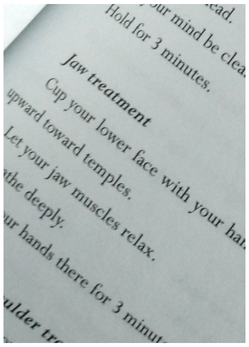
Later, back home, I took the book ***"The Travel Angel Handbook"*** (like I had done a few days ago), and said to "me" and to "them" that I want a message about numbers regarding the lottery. So I opened the book on a random page: And there were ***four times "3"*** on that page. So I figured "12".


old hands there for three minutes.
Breathe deeply while sending light and rela
for the forehead:
Place one hand across the forehead.
Place the other hand behind your head.
Cradle the head.
Let your mind be clear.
Hold for 3 minutes.

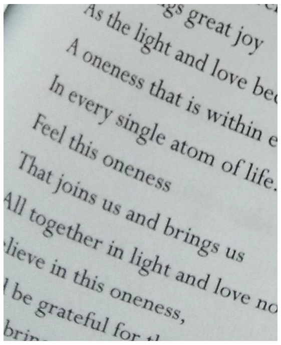
Jaw treatment
Cup your lower face with your hands, palms at jaws, fingers
upward toward temples.
Let your jaw muscles relax.
Breathe deeply.
Hold your hands there for 3 minutes.

Neck and shoulder treatment
Place both hands on either side of your neck and feel any ten-
sion that needs to be released.
Hold hands on your neck and send energy spiraling
the neck.
Feel the tension releasing. Breathe into it.
Hold hands there for 3 minutes.


That holds the love that you are.
Breathe this precious love deep
Into the very core of your being,
And let it be brought to life with
The power of your perfect soul.
See this brilliant light that shines like the brightest star.
Identify with this light.
Attune yourself to this light
And recognize the power that it holds.
Feel the way it meets and is at one
With the love in you.
A love that nurtures and heals,
That forgives and releases,
And brings great joy
As the light and love become one,
A oneness that is within every living thing,
In every single atom of life.
Feel this oneness
That joins us and brings us
All together in light and love now.
Believe in this oneness,
And be grateful for the amazing grace
That brings us together


Hold for 3 minutes.

Jaw treatment
Cup your lower face with your
upward toward temples.
Let your jaw muscles relax.


As the light and love
A oneness that is within
In every single atom of life.
Feel this oneness
That joins us and brings us
All together in light and love
be grateful for

I said to “me” and “them”: ***“And what about the one?”*** And I opened the book again, on a random page, and there it was! **One**! All over the place. There are no such odds that this is coincidence.

February 4, 2021 **– Nothing & the Toast in the Water & The Hand**

Oh geez. The ultimate message, I guess: **“Put something into my hand”** got real.

But first … No lottery win. Nothing. I feel so abandoned and disappointed … all bullshit, the numbers, Bob’s “help” … No way I’d have chosen the numbers that were drawn … so somebody now has a lot of money, and I still have none. I took a walk with Jacqui today, little dog Bruno joined us, and I was so desperate, I cursed and cried. I realized that I reall don’t want to be alone with my father in his house. I don’t trust him. I’m afraid of him. The way he spoke on the phone with me, so aggressive without the slightest care for me.

Taking that walk I crossed a **bridge**, and as I looked down, there were several pieces of **toast** (!) in the water! A very unusual sight. Especially since I’ve received a gift of whole grain toast bread from Inge, along with other food items, again. And yesterday I had started eating that toast, and I loved it so much. And this morning I had that toast for breakfast and shared it with Bob, halfheartedly, I admit, because I was so disappointed.

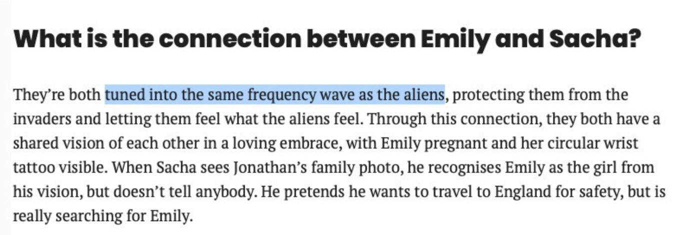
This **morning**, I heard Jacqui lick his mouth and swallow repeatedly, which means he must get out soon. I had to turn in my bed one more time, I just can’t jump up … and patient little Jacqui also lied down and curled up again. I fell asleep again … and I **dreamed** I entered **my father’s garden and house**, kind of worried, because the door wasn’t locked. Then I went into the house, into the kitchen and sat down, realizing that my father must be outside in the garden, as the door from the kitchen to the garden was wide open. And just as I got up again to check where my father is … he came walking towards that door, carrying what looked like a small gray dog, but not his dog Sandy, and he was about to say something to a neighbor (who I couldn’t see), in a very good mood and in a kind of joking way. I thought briefly (in my dream) “Wow, he is in good spirits”, but I didn’t get to think one instant longer, because my father spotted me, and he stopped talking mid-sentence, turned towards me, and with full spite and absolut rejective cruelty his blue eyes glared at me, as his face and voice the ultimate disdain, and he said: ***“Erhebe dich!”*** Which means “Rise!” or “Get up!”, but it meant, and I knew it in the dream, *“Get out of here!”* His face, when he saw me … it was full of disgust, and right away he asked me to leave in the rudest possible way. And I turned, heartbroken, and got up to leave …

I woke up, with his voice in my head, realizing that this was my subconscious asking me to take care of my dog … but deep inside of me, the behavior of that “dream-father” of mine resonated. He hates me.

As I walked, crying and cursing, I saw a **strange cloud** hovering … it didn’t comfort me. I was very very clear, suddenly, that ***the dream was a warning*** about what I’d have to expect if I’d meet my father. I’m not supposed to get into the house with him alone. I will not allow him to abuse me further. I will have to do what my spirit tells me to: I will call him tonight and ask what he meant with *“I’ll fall from all clouds”*

(Ich falle aus allen Wolken, a typical German expression meaning that one will experience something entirely unexpected, but not in a good way) when we meet … because that sounded like a threat. There is no way that I'd allow that old bitter man to abuse me any further.

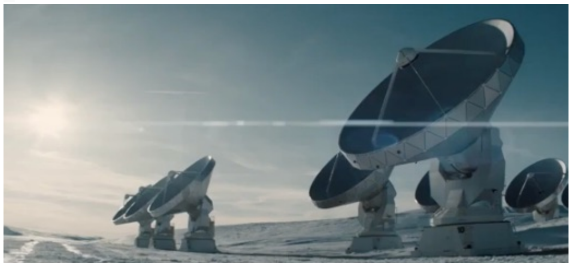
(Later)
Last night I had started to watch a **sci-fi TV series, "War of the Worlds"**, somehow it had shown up in some listing, and I thought I'd try it out. An alien invasion, where mankind is killed by a certain **frequency** that causes the brain to fail.



What is the connection between Emily and Sacha?

They're both tuned into the same frequency wave as the aliens, protecting them from the invaders and letting them feel what the aliens feel. Through this connection, they both have a shared vision of each other in a loving embrace, with Emily pregnant and her circular wrist tattoo visible. When Sacha sees Jonathan's family photo, he recognises Emily as the girl from his vision, but doesn't tell anybody. He pretends he wants to travel to England for safety, but is really searching for Emily.

WAR OF THE WORLDS

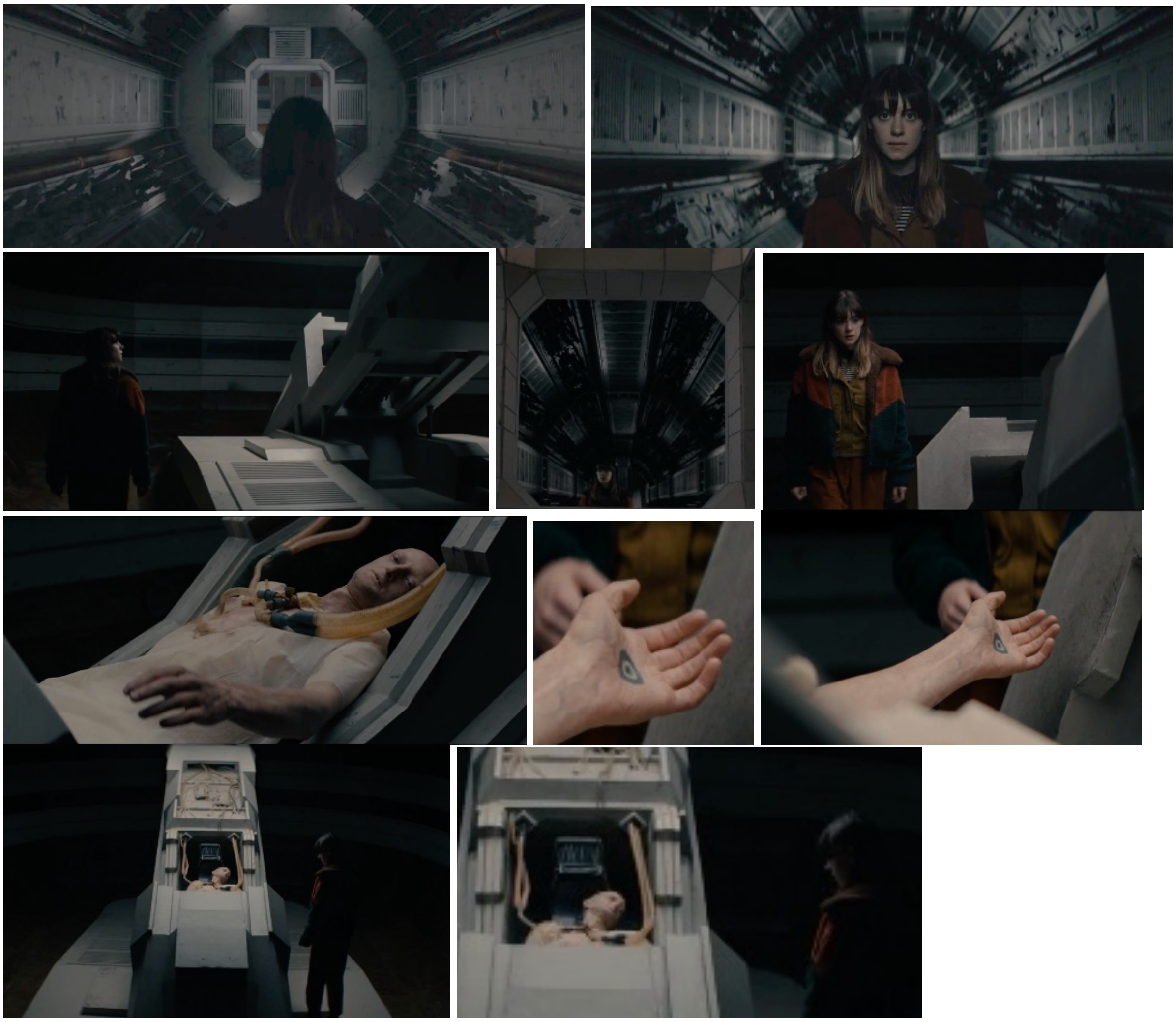


The episode 1 was okay, but *I couldn't stand watching* even episode 2. So I decided to at least ***read up*** on it and see what it was all about. The ending of season one I wanted to see, because it promised the view of some **"humanoid alien"**, with the reviewers' take that the whole alien invasion with robot dogs on the ground and no aliens to ever be seen was orchestrated by some last remaining humanoid who was trying to save his race … "What bullshit", I thought, thinking how urgendly the world needs "Regents of Clouds".

That said … as I read up I found it quite astonishing that ***the aliens and the humans interact on a frequency that's unusual for normal humans to hear*** … so that has been my topic for months now, the frequencies that I've been hearing. Yesterday, for example, it was so loud, suddenly, that I sat up listening … but it was really in my head, not from the outside.

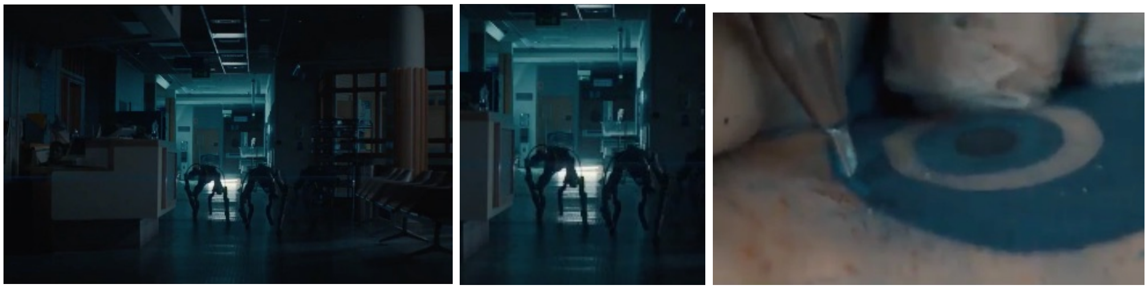
I saw a car with "S 8000" today, that suddenly reminded me of the frequency thing between Bob and me … and my wish to "understand" the discarnates … but today I was all into swearing and cursing and being desperate and horribly disappointed. What about all the fucking numbers?

So I clicked on the episode 8, the ***finale of "War of the Worlds***", right after I had challenged Bob to stand, invisible as he is, right in front of me, and I called him a "fuckhead" … and I scrolled all the way to the end of that episode, where the character "Emily", with some strange **tattoo** on her wrist, a young formerly blind woman who can see due to the alien frequency, walks into the alien ship, that's half submerged in the Thames in London …



Wow, the way she walks … through a **tunnel**, ***I flashed back so hard to visiting Bob for the last time in 2018,*** walking through the empty quiet house, when he was in his bed, so quiet, and I was afraid that he was already dead …

And the "Emily" saw the "**alien**": **A dying man, who opens his hand** and stretches it our to her, like I have been doing when I said ***"Put something into my hand"*** … and there was a **circular symbol** in that dying alien's palm. In that **palm**. Of the **dying man.** When I had been communicating with dead Bob by having him "put something in the palm of my hand".



(Later) I skipped through a movie entitled **"How it ends"** (because of the title) … and there were some fascinating ***destruction*** images.

February 5, 2021– **Fish 1 & the Carrot Sticks**

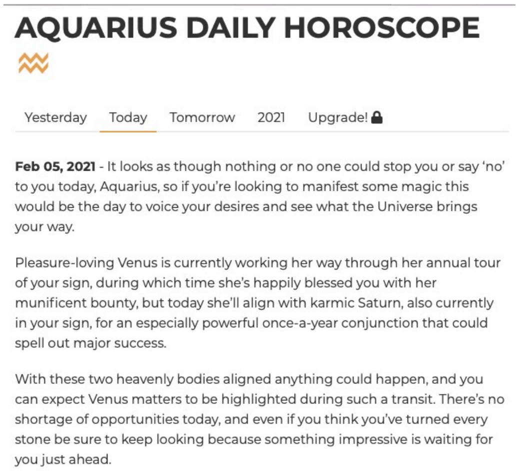
Wow. Breathtakaing. I guess I'll have to start thinking of myself as someone who can really well receive "input from them". I wish there was someone – a mortal – with me at all times, whom I could tell the impressions I get when I talk with Bob and ask him to "put something into my hand", so that later, when the "inner image" comes true, I have a witness. So I'm left to simply describe things and swear, it's all true.

I took Jacqui for a walk along *river Lavan*t on my way to shopping in Wolfsberg. Driving on the highway I thought that I really don't need to shop for much, except for dog food and maybe for another pair of boots for my mother, but then I remembered that I could use some ***pickled fis***h … and I said "Yes, fish, that's what I'm gonna look for at Lidl" … and I swear to God, just then, a car passed by me with the license plate number **"FISH 1".** It was uncanny. There are no odds that this is a coincidence.

I remember just now that on my recent drive to my mother's a car passed by me with the license plate number "**JO KRUG 1**", which means "JAR 1" and my name. Strange. I'm a "vessel", is that what it means?

I couldn't see "Haleakala Koralpe" today, walking along river Lavant, and I was very distressed because of speeding drivers on the road … I didn't even take a picture … I just walked and was happy that Jacqui had fun racing through the soft snow.

I told Bob that my **horoscope** of today says that *it's a day where everything I "ask for", I can receive* … so I told him again, what I want to accomplish in my lifetime and what I want …

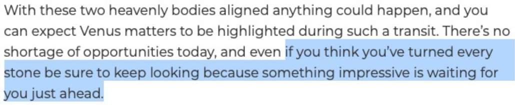


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

Feb 05, 2021 - It looks as though nothing or no one could stop you or say 'no' to you today, Aquarius, so if you're looking to manifest some magic this would be the day to voice your desires and see what the Universe brings your way.

Pleasure-loving Venus is currently working her way through her annual tour of your sign, during which time she's happily blessed you with her munificent bounty, but today she'll align with karmic Saturn, also currently in your sign, for an especially powerful once-a-year conjunction that could spell out major success.

With these two heavenly bodies aligned anything could happen, and you can expect Venus matters to be highlighted during such a transit. There's no shortage of opportunities today, and even if you think you've turned every stone be sure to keep looking because something impressive is waiting for you just ahead.



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Then I felt urged to ask for him ***to put something into my hand*** … and I hadn't even finished the thought, I "saw" ***many thin straight carrots next to each other.*** "Great", I said, "carrots … oh come on! It can be something else, too, like candles? But they sure look like thin carrots alright."

(Later)

Eating dinner and starting to watch season 2 of "*Snowpiercer*", I decided to check out some other salad dish that Inge had gifted me with, and it was "*Farmer's salad*" … so I opened it, and … see for yourself.

efko
Farmer
Salat
BUGLES
PAPRIKA
STYLE

Yes, those are **thin sliced carrots!** The carrot sticks I've seen in my "hand" in the afternoon.

Oh wow.

Just remember my intense **dream** of tonight, consisting of two parts … I met a young man, somewhere in a place that was like a **lawn** at a lake or ocean shore … and we felt very attrackted to each other, he had light brown hair and blue eyes … and we kept separating and coming back together, he also had a dog, like a German Shepherd mix … And there was a moment when I thought that we'd get together, smooch or hug, but he said he didn't want to get romantic, because we hadn't found each other in a romantic incident but by regular acquaintance and only slowly have grown fond of each other. My dream self thought how odd and how wrong … we can't repeat our getting to know each other and somehow make it more interesting …

Then the dream changed, and there was a very small baby, very fragile, that a woman was carrying around, and I think it was my mother. At times I managed to grab the baby, byt the woman didn't trust me with it and always wanted it back, but I knew that the baby would be safer with me. Somehow my mother and I had to get into very deep water … the setting was the same, as it seemed, like from the other part of the dream … and maybe the young man was involved too, somehow it feels like he was at the same time my mother. I only remember at some point coming out of the water … and I needed to find the baby and hold it and also be with the young man …

Then I woke up. There was something about being in that water, oh – now I know! I was on a boat on that water, suddenly, and there were huge huge big sharks in the water. Somehow I went into the water, to swim under them, … but there were also other people who were afraid of the sharks, but somehow I was not, even though I knew that they were very dangerous. I couldn't see them clearly, more like shadows …

February 6, 2021 – **Annihilation**

Went to see my father in Velden. Before that, on the highway, I asked Edith to please give me a sign … that she is with me. And a car passed by me that I had seen weeks ago and already had thought it was a *message from Edith*: She used to have horrible ***migranes***. And the writing on that van said: **"Migräne? Ich habe sie im Griff"** … or something very similar. **"Migrane? I've got it under control."**

I barely ever see cars with printed stickers on them, so big, that everyone can read them. And I think of Edith – and "migrane" drives by and that "it's gone now". Can be Edith … I felt an emotional flash seeing that van, and mostly that's an indicator that there is an actual energeitc connection.

His caretaker V. P. was there, too, actually a decent guy. My father said things about me and to me that were incredibly hurtful and to the most part fabrications. Things he said and did relating to contacting my in the time of Edith's death he keeps changing when he tells them from memory, and whatever I say he says isn't true, not even how long I was with Bob … it was very frustrating. He also cried a lot and told me details about Edith's death, she died at 7.30 a.m., and what he told me about her treatment at the hospital was not what the doctor had told me … My father was nasty and entirely ignorant of me, and I realized that it will stay that way . We ended up yelling at each other … and I was about to leave to never see him again. Then he calmed down and offered a coffee, I think he realized that I'd leave for good. Little Beagle girl Sandy was so happy to see me and Jacqui, and I heard my father scream at her, and he told me she had just bitten him, had a bandaid on, supposedly because of a chickenbone she stole and that he wanted to take from her. Immediately he said what he had often said over the years, that the dog is "too fat", but the dog is skinny to normal. I don't have a good feeling about any of this. He told me that he didn't mind me coming to visit … I was so glad that V. P. was there as a witness, quietly observing, not intervening, not getting involved, only speaking when asked. A strange big man, but kind of gentle. I must say he had a calming effect on me. He said he had been friends with Edith and my father for over 20 years, because Edith had done his bookkeeping and saved him from bancrupcy. So I'm thinking that he probably knows pretty well the problems they had had.

Afterwards, I visited my mother and found her in her nightgown, straight out of bed, and it wasn't even 6 p.m. yet. She was sober but barely able to say anything, just gazing blankly. I brought her nutrition bottles and felt so helpless. I saw an empty wine bottle in her shopping basked. But I didn't say anything. I saw that the foot that she had hurt looked strange, but she refuses to get it checked. She doesn't wear the boots I brought her, but her summer shoes are out, and she admitted to wearing them.

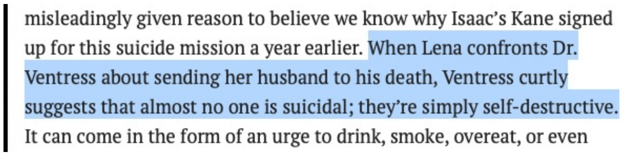
I just don't know how to handle it all.

Drove to Griffen, my father called me and asked me for help with his PC, I said yes, I'll come on Monday. I'll need tomorrow, Sunday, for Jacqui and me.

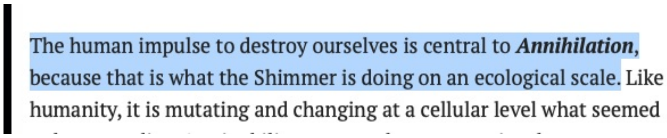
(Later)

I had read about the strangeness of a moviel called "**Annihilation**" … and I did watch it, fully, the entire movie, which I barely ever do. It's about an "**Alien**" entity that mimics human stuff, from psyche to physical stuff …

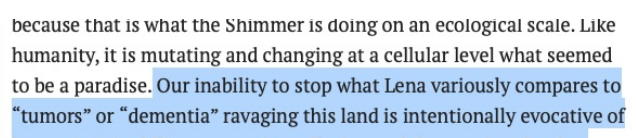
… and it basically says that we're all programmed to **self-destruct** and we do it in many ways.



misleadingly given reason to believe we know why Isaac's Kane signed up for this suicide mission a year earlier. When Lena confronts Dr. Ventress about sending her husband to his death, Ventress curtly suggests that almost no one is suicidal; they're simply self-destructive. It can come in the form of an urge to drink, smoke, overeat, or even



The human impulse to destroy ourselves is central to ***Annihilation***, because that is what the Shimmer is doing on an ecological scale. Like humanity, it is mutating and changing at a cellular level what seemed



because that is what the Shimmer is doing on an ecological scale. Like humanity, it is mutating and changing at a cellular level what seemed to be a paradise. Our inability to stop what Lena variously compares to "tumors" or "dementia" ravaging this land is intentionally evocative of humanity's inability to stop the pollution and devastation that has given way to climate change. Entire species and ecosystems are being devastated, and eventually rising temperatures will flood and bury

There is also a scene when a man, who was believed to be dead, returned (at least it seemed so). It was such a fulfillment for me, in a way … oh, Bob returning like that! Most interestingly, the **dead man returned** while the woman was **painting the wall** … and *painting walls of an apartment was a big subject for me just recently,* regarding that apartment that was offered to me and whose walls really needed to be painted, but the renting company wouldn't do it …

There was also a scene with exactly the **chairs** that Bob and I had had on the lanai, along with the **table** … and both I had delivered to Bob on the day I had met him for the first time.

I started to think that Edith, who had asked me for a form for a DNR (Do not resuscitate) decision more than a year ago, may have refused treatment at the hospital when she was told that she is deadly ill … it seemed that my father didn't know it when I mentioned it …

So the movie "**Annihilation**" was strangely satisfying, because it reminded me of the fact that we humans live "in" bodies, *we "are" NOT the bodies* … we are, in fact, energetic entities.

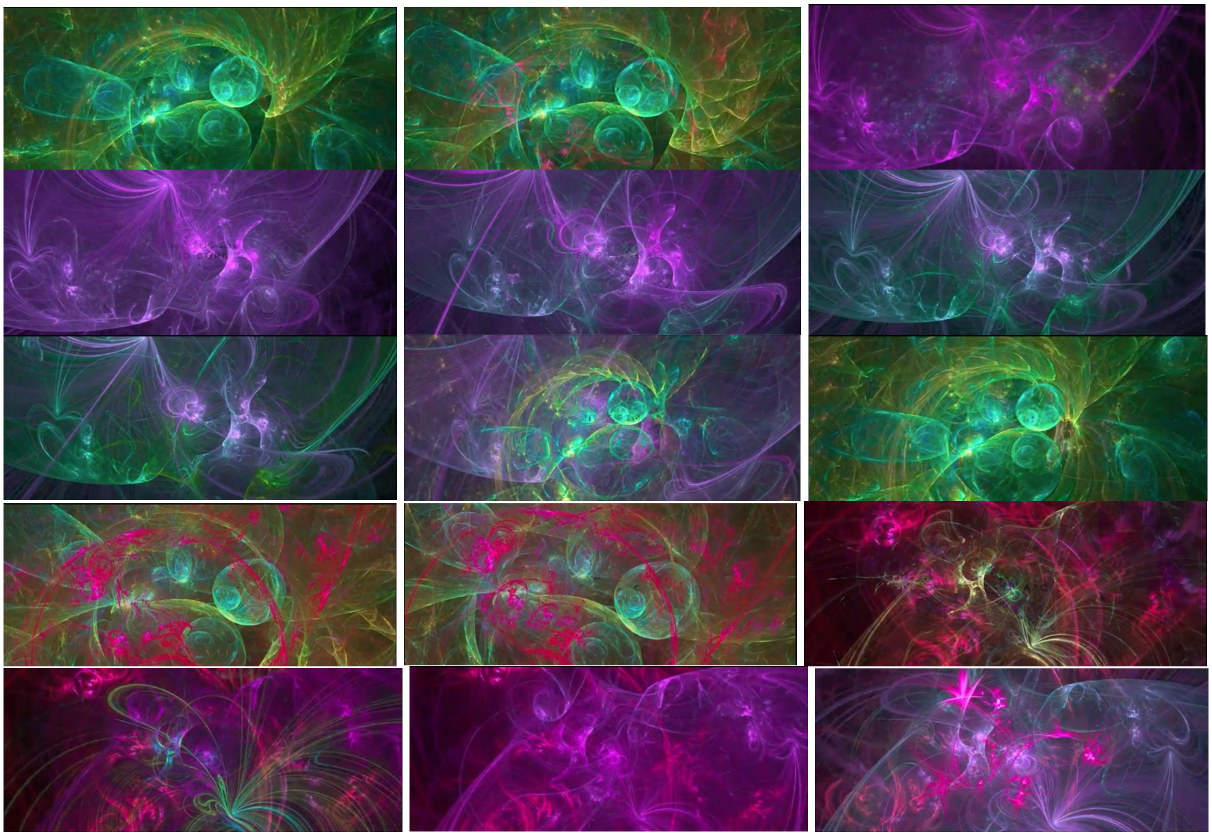
There was a scene with a huge **tumor** growing and changing into many cells …

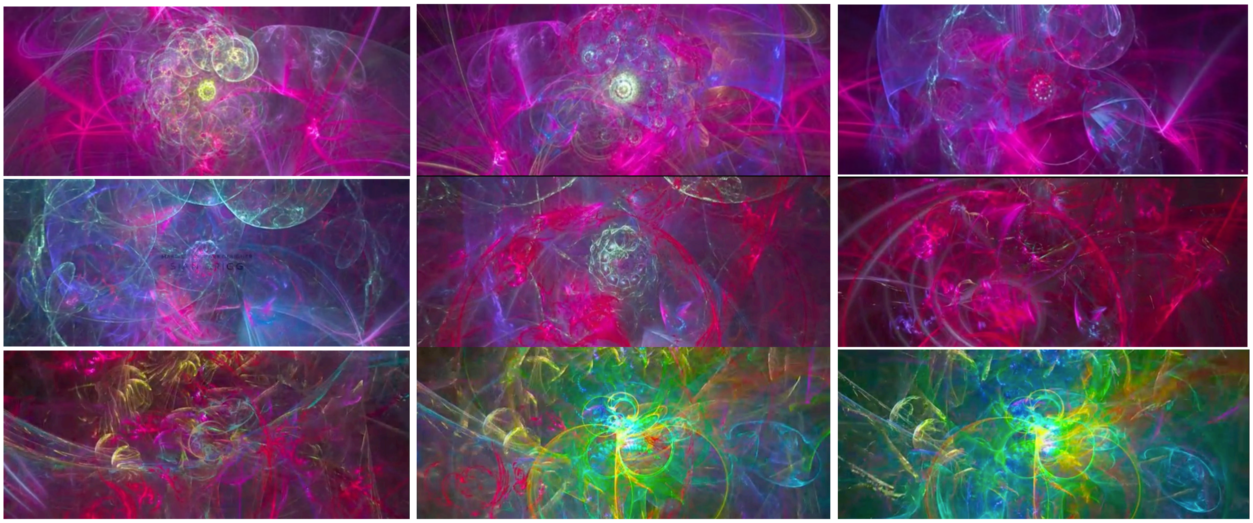
There was a scene that reminded me of a ***very early childhood memory*** … *the* ***glowing hole*** *in the blue floor* or my parents bedroom, where a blond woman with her hair tied into a bun tried to lure me to come closer and join her in what seemed to be a very hot and light place … I was always afraid my mother would one day be dragged into that hole, when she was making the beds … but she didn't even see that hole. But I saw it many times, and I even avoided to go into that room for fear of seeing that hole again and being asked to come and join that woman …

And there was the **woman** whose ***alien double*** was mirroring her but was eventually tricked into self-destruction … how interesting, when we think that we don't only have the material body that we know but are also energetic creatures …

Watching the movie, I was startled by that strange “**knocking**” sound on the exact spot of the exact same window where the knocking had occurred *on the morning that Edith had died*. My father had said that he had put all the clocks to 7.30, and that he’ll leave them like this. Not sure what that means. He also said that he found it ***uncanny*** that literally *all the old movies and TV-series that he and Edith had wanted to see again, are now being broadcast, one after the other*. I didn't say anything about Synchronicity, but I thought it …

I had managed to talk to my father about this, that I believe that Edith is still with us, like all who have passed on, and I told him to not think that “she is in that urn on the cemetery”, because “she” is not.
“***Annihilation***” gave me a lot of *energetic imageries and impressions* and the realization how short the physical life span is, and the ones of my biological father-body and my mother-body are coming to an end.





Lying in bed I found myself speaking out loud that I must remember my own life and my own path and that, in ways, I must distance myself from my mother and my father. I must not let go of my own self, or rather, my own urges, needs, plans and life's "kuleana". I do think that my father has a strong will of life and that he is pretty lucid. My mother … will to live, yes, lucidness … the way she looked at me, so quiet, unable to speak from her own impulse … I can only sigh.

ESCAPE PLAN

February 7, 2021 – **The Sun and the Moon**

Three months since Edith died.

I woke up crying, *literally physically really crying* … coming out of a **dream** where I had been in the ocean, maybe in Hawaii, picking a long "bird-of-paradise"-flower stalk from the water as it was floating in there, along with other flowers. I was swimming in that water, realizing that Bob was dead (yes, in the dream I realized it), and I tried to escape some yuckie turd-like plant that kept floating around and ended up close to my face as I was swimming. The dream changed to me trying to get a tiny *kitten* from a woman who was shoving a pram or a buggy with a baby in it and who had snatched the black-gray-white striped kitten away from the ground when a big dog had come running towards it. That dog had to do with me … but I was not with the dog, but I was somehow in a big *raw building*, like a construction site with several levels and at the same time attached to a steep hill, and I was looking through a window or door, and I couldn't get to that kitten. I called out to the woman to leave the kitten for, but she took it away with her, and I heard her more think than say that only when she'll be done with the kitten will she set it free again. I was so worried for the kitten, but I couldn't get to it. Somehow there was a huge huge truck with the driver in the cabin, and I knew I had to get in and take a long drive with that truck. I was kind of the prisoner of that driver, and I think I was in the back, tied up or something, but then I was dragged into the *driver's cabin*, and he wanted to have sex with me. So while he kind of exposed my genitals, I had to think of Bob so strongly, in my dream, and suddenly I was back in the water and crying and crying because Bob was dead …

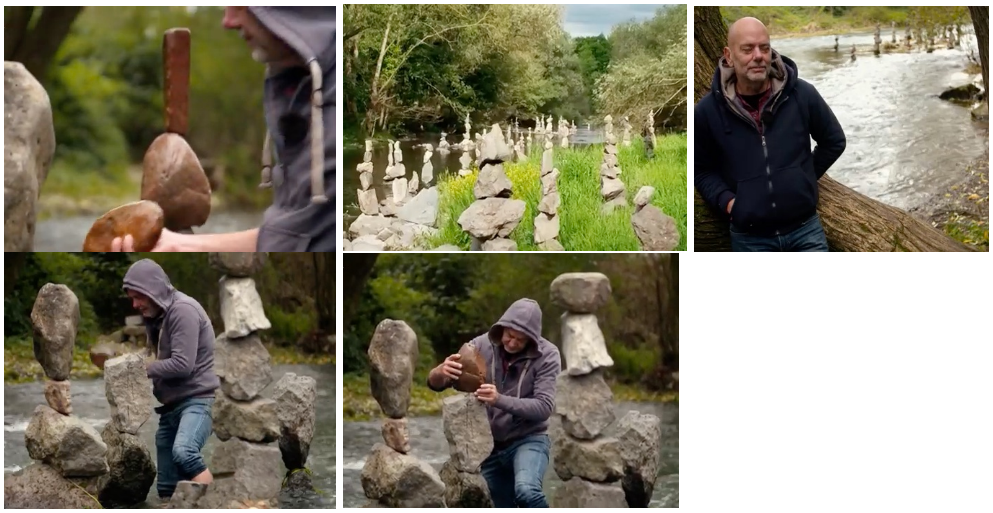
And then I woke up.

I took Jacqui for a walk, then made breakfast and started a movie that had just popped up, entitled **"Fear of Rain"**, about a schizophrenic teenager … a total garbage movie, and I skipped through it. But right at the beginning of the skipping I realized the message: The teenager "*Rain*" drew a card, asked to do so by a magician friend: "the sun" she picked. Then the magician showed her a card: "the moon". There. That was Bob telling me that it's all in the works. He is with me.

I'll have to believe it.

I'll have to "imua", somehow, although I really feel so … empty. And yet impatient. I've been waking up in sweat, and I have bouts of fever, can be hot flashes, only that my menstruation has been over since September 2018. So I do think that my body is … well, selfdestructing to turn into something else. Like shown in "**Annihilation**" … here is the ending sequence with the credits, kind of how I imaging "entering the beyond".

One more thing: With dinner last night I switched on a video of a **near-death-experience** on a channel unknown to me … and there was a *man, who came back from the realm of the dead and began to dedicate his life to* – **stones**.



February 8, 2021 – **The Puffer Fish**

Went to visit my father. Before that, stopped by my mother … found her slightly "strange", slurring her speech, it was noon. I brought her the perfect boots, she was happy about them.

Being at my father's I felt horrible thinking of my lonely mom. Seeing my father suffering, broke my heart. I did my best to cheer him up, and it's hard enough for me, too, being in that house and garden, knowing that Edith should be there, that she used to be all over this place. I must remind myself, though, that it's the place where I grew up.

Seeing my father making handles at the basement stairs, was touching in many ways. I had been thinking of those stairs many times since Edith's death, and I was worried for my father's safety. He told me today that he had in fact fallen twice in the last weeks. Geez. His dog, Sandy, was so happy to see us, my father said he has no patience with her, and that she is a problem. She was so thankful for the attention I gave her, and I took her and Jacqui on a short walk … I had to work, too, had brought my laptop.

I talked about various things with my father … and once again he cried and said that he does want to believe that she is around, but if she only would send him a sign.

Later on the highway, in my car, I stretched my hand out and asked Edith to *"put something into my palm",* and right away, a "**Kugelfisch**" (***Puffers***, Tetraodontidae) appeared! It did look like an actual "Puffer fish", but now that I think about it, it can also be a giant magnification of – a cell. A tumor cell. Or a virus. Even a bacterium it could be. The "Kugelfisch" is definitely a message from Edith's part. How can I tell my father that? I'm curious what will come next.

My heart is very very heavy. I would like to be there for my mother, too … but what shall I do at her place? I can't bring the dog in. I will ask her next time.

I so much wish for her to be fine and content, but I'm not sure. She swears she has a hairdresser's appointment tomorrow. But it can't be. There are Corona-related rules … I tried to make my mother aware of it … but she only gazed at me, and her face took on a desperate expression. I think that's when the dementia kicks in, and she kind of knows it.

The story that my father told me about Edith's hospital stint and passing, is, in fact, really mysterious. But it can also be that my father doesn't remember it properly anymore. Fact is, that she was brought to the hospital because of a sore foot, that had been treated surgically. My father didn't visit her for 2 days, because the doctor said that she was "asleep". She would never wake up again, though, kept remaining in a coma-like state. Why?

The doctor on the phone had told me other things than my father told me … fact is, that the last time my father saw Edith awake and normal, was, when she was brought from the house into the ambulance. Never again spoke he with her, at his visits, she "wasn't really awake" he said. It can be that they gave her medication that she could not handle and that put her in a coma … it can be.

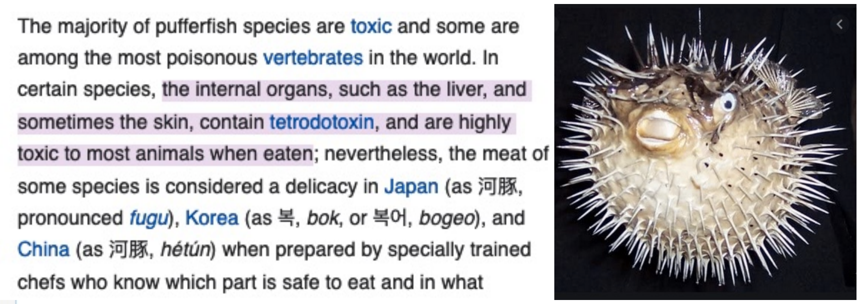
Fucking horrible shit. I do feel I owe it to Edith to try and help my father find out. But how?

Is the "Kugelfish" a clue?

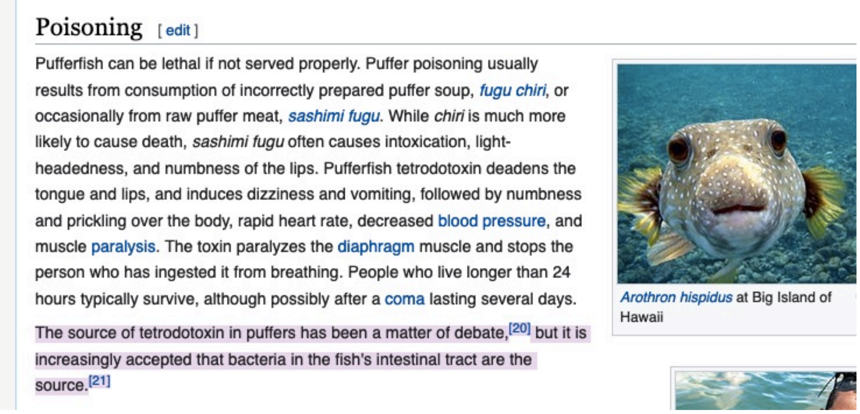
(Later)

Ok, I read up on "**Puffers**" … wow, I think it's a **multifold message from Edith**: First, Puffers have such strong teeth, it says on Wikipedia, that they can bite divers who try to grab them, "*which can lead to the loss of a finger*". *My father is missing a finger*, his left hand pinkie.

The Puffers are **poisonous**, and the poison is mainly in the skin and the **liver**. Now, the doctor at the hospital did say something about *Edith's **liver** being very sick leading to her blood being "poisoned"* because of much medication, and even my father had said that on the phone, before Edith died. He kept telling me the story that the doctor had asked him if Edith had been an alcoholic because her liver was in such bad shape. And here is the Puffer with his poisonous liver!



The majority of pufferfish species are toxic and some are among the most poisonous vertebrates in the world. In certain species, the internal organs, such as the liver, and sometimes the skin, contain tetrodotoxin, and are highly toxic to most animals when eaten; nevertheless, the meat of some species is considered a delicacy in Japan (as 河豚, pronounced *fugu*), Korea (as 복, *bok*, or 복어, *bogeo*), and China (as 河豚, *hétún*) when prepared by specially trained chefs who know which part is safe to eat and in what



Poisoning [edit]

Pufferfish can be lethal if not served properly. Puffer poisoning usually results from consumption of incorrectly prepared puffer soup, *fugu chiri*, or occasionally from raw puffer meat, *sashimi fugu*. While *chiri* is much more likely to cause death, *sashimi fugu* often causes intoxication, light-headedness, and numbness of the lips. Pufferfish tetrodotoxin deadens the tongue and lips, and induces dizziness and vomiting, followed by numbness and prickling over the body, rapid heart rate, decreased blood pressure, and muscle paralysis. The toxin paralyzes the diaphragm muscle and stops the person who has ingested it from breathing. People who live longer than 24 hours typically survive, although possibly after a coma lasting several days.

The source of tetrodotoxin in puffers has been a matter of debate,[20] but it is increasingly accepted that bacteria in the fish's intestinal tract are the source.[21]

Arothron hispidus at Big Island of Hawaii

It can be that Edith was given the wrong medication. She had suffered sudden hearing loss only weeks earlier, which could have been caused by a stroke, too. So maybe she suffered another stroke due to antibiotics dose at the hospital?! And that's why she wasn't responsive? And then: The poisoning by a "Puffer" has the ***effect*** on humans, that *they cannot move and not speak, but they are conscious!* Wow! Did Edith tell me that she did notice my father's presence all the time – which was a topic today, when my father and I spoke?

Here I found something on the English language Wikipedia page:

"The source of tetrodotoxin in puffers has been a matter of debate, but it is increasingly accepted that *bacteria in the fish's intestinal tract are the source.*"

Is that another hint? This is so very intriguing … the ***"Puffer fish in my hand"***, and now all that info!

I got to tell my father tomorrow. Or at our next meeting. This is exciting.

END PART 5 CONTACT DIARY "Naupaka Bunny"